

THE GREAT MOTHER
A GOSPEL OF
THE ETERNALLY FEMININE



BY C.H.A. BJERREGAARD







The Great Mother

A Gospel of the Eternally-Feminine

Occult and Scientific Studies and Experiences
in the Sacred and Secret Life

Good friends BY
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CHIEF OF THE MAIN READING ROOM,
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Author of "Mysticism and Nature-Worship"—"A Sufi Interpretation of Omar Khayyam
and Fitzgerald"—"Jesus, a Poet, a Prophet, a Mystic and a Man of Freedom"—
"The Inner Life and the Tao-Teh-King," &c., &c., &c.

WITH CHAPTERS BY

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Nature is a Presence felt everywhere.
Call that Presence the Great Mother and you do right.

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DEDICATED TO
THE HIGHPRIESTESS OF THE GREAT MOTHER

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I.
THE NATURE--MYSTERY
OF
THE GREAT MOTHER
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We can never have too much of Nature.—*Thoreau.*

To the Most High Nature

Oh! Great Mother: "Thy testimonies are wonderful; therefore, my soul hath sought them" (Ps. cxv). "I have meditated and thought on these things, and left them in writing" (Eccl. xxxviii).

To My Reader

"If thou knowest not nor hast heard" (Is. xl),—"come and behold the works: the earth's beauty proclaims the Most-High Mother!"

"The children of men,
Whom Nature's works can charm, with Godliness
Hold converse."

Let me point you to the "cloud of witnesses" everywhere
showing greatness and glory!

"Beautiful world
Shining around me;
Manifold, million hued!—
Wonders confound me!
From earth, sea, and starry sky,
Meadows and mountains,
Eagerly gushes
Life's magical fountains.
Thou quick-teeming world,
Though scoffers may blame thee,
I admire and worship
The God, who did frame thee:
THE GREAT MOTHER."

A Mystery Unveiled

All manifestations are necessarily masculine in character. It is so their nature. All appearance is in shape and there can be no appearance without shape. It is so its law. But this fact can not be demonstrated and need not be; it is its own demonstration. The very unfolding of the mind is demonstration and verification. Every mind sees the truth for itself and by itself.

Life can not be demonstrated. *It is*. Its being is an immediate fact. Any attempted demonstration makes Life an appearance or presents it as a manifestation and can do no more. When the mind will demonstrate Divinity, for instance, it makes it *appear*, or reveals it, as it is called. That is all it can do. No appearance covers the fullness of life. It is limited by the mind's character or quality and can be no more than mind.

Inasmuch as all mind manifestations or appearances are by an inner necessity masculine in character, so Divinity can only be demonstrated as being masculine. And so it has been in the past. Divinity is always presented as masculine. And it is still so that Divinity can not be presented except as masculine, (because the mind is masculine and works masculine).

But while our *presentation* of Divinity is by an inner necessity masculine, our inner *perceptions* are not. They are neither masculine nor feminine but inasmuch as our perceptions are feminine in quality, the Inner-Life inclines to perceive the Divine as feminine. And it was so in the past. It takes very little ingenuity to see that all the non-social religions (and they are the true religions) perceived the Divine under form of Femininity. Even in Christianity it is the case. The Holy Spirit is called masculine, yet the office, the work, the quality of the Holy Spirit is feminine, viz., a *Comforter*.

*Incorrect
The gender of
the Hebrew word
for Spirit is
Feminine!*

When we are roused religiously we immediately become feminine in our attitudes, viz., we devote ourselves to others, we sacrifice ourselves, we submit, etc., etc., all of which is feminine and demonstrates the inner quality of religion.

In the Mysteries this was understood and taught. Later social religions have destroyed the ancient wisdom and with the ever increasing outwardness of civilization, the Truth has been

forgotten and religion—such as it is—is without the Inner-Life power. It may properly be asked: Have we any religion?

Let us come back to the true core of religion! Let us read our Scriptures so that for Masculinity we either substitute Femininity or see Masculinity as merely a mind-form of the Feminine. By so doing we shall come to an at-one-ment of the Inner and the Outer, and life shall be lived in Truth.

In this book I have dealt with the Feminine which lies back of and is the power of the Masculine. The Feminine has been shown to be the cause and power. The Masculine is form and shape.

The Doctrine of the Great Mother is the Doctrine of the Unitive Way

As soon as mankind learns that its theories are only masculine mentalities and bare forms without the eternal life within them as their motives, then mankind shall come to the true life and no more be harassed by doubt and driven by every wind of doctrine hither and thither. The Mystics know this and have realized it in full measure.

The doctrine of the Great Mother gives life abundant and "more abundant life" because it raises us out of phenomenal extremes and thereby it gives us "the great active" force, which, if we use it, establishes all the heart's desires on the firmest possible foundation.

The "unitive way" does not destroy those realities which men cling to. It puts them in their true light and gives them their true value. It destroys all illusions created by the mind.

Like Light running through all the colors of the spectrum, yet also existing outside and at both ends of it, so the names for Nature run from extremes to extremes, apparently the most contradictory. With names follow conceptions or vice versa, hence opposite views of the Great Mother follow each other in my collection, all however having the same background, like the colors which all are light in their essences. The reason for this fact is to be sought in the complexity and inherent richness of the subject. Whether I use the term Nature, the Eternally-Feminine or the Great Mother, the subject is the same, and it is

an eternal one, probably not yet exhausted, nor ever to be exhausted, because of its inherent quality.

I have arranged my collection under the four main headings, which always present themselves when an eternal subject is discussed. (1) The natural, (2) The aesthetic, (3) The philosophical and (4) The religious aspect; but space forbids me, much to my regret, to extend the third, the philosophical, beyond a few statements.

Under none of the headings have I been able to place anything more than just enough to indicate the subject. It would have been easy to extend the scope from the abundance of material I have collected in the thirty odd years I have been busy with the subject. Space also forbids any extended elaboration of connecting thoughts between the paragraphs. My style and treatment is therefore both irregular and abrupt in many places. My readers can not feel that more keenly than I myself. My daily duties and limited time must be one of my excuses.

Not "Escape," but "Attainment"

Our relation to the Great Mother's multiplicity should not be one of fear and desire to "escape." Oneness is not brought about by running away. Asceticism and doctrines of "escape" are conceptions born of weakness. The Occident seeks "attainment" or the at-one-ing of all opposites, contradictions and divers views. We, of the Occident, seek "attainment," that unity-element which all opposites contain and our "salvation" consists in a life on the "Unitive Way."

Multiplicity is the Great Mother's way with us. It gives room at the table for all her children and allows all and each to choose for themselves the dishes they want, and, by that process all follow the law of their lives. Mother Nature teaches "attainment" and encourages us everywhere and at all times. I can not see that she ever teaches an "escape." Cowardice is not on her program.

All the methods of "escape" defeat life's end and purpose. There is no meaning in life for us, if it is not of positive value, but is only negative. Human action can not be illusory; ultimately it is only explicable by the action of an eternal conscious-

ness using brain, nerves, etc., as its organs and thus reproducing itself through them.

"Attainment" gives salvation. "Escape" is temporary. Let us therefore try to "attain" to the Great Mother and not seek to "escape."

This book has grown out of some lectures on the Great Mother, which I recently gave to small but select audiences. The lectures aimed at shifting the point of gravitation of most popular lectures from abstract thought to the concrete elements at bottom of the soul, because I think the American people is too subjective and intellectual and too easily satisfied with words and the glamor of words. There is need of more of that Objectiveness which answers the eternally recurrent questions "Who am I?" and "How do I find Myself?" and "What power can reconcile me to myself and my origin?" The answers to these questions, I have found in the realization of what and who the Eternal Mother is. That realization does not come in or by an intellectual process. It is an experience. When I have tried to express that experience in words, I have called it the Inner-Life and sometimes Mysticism. I prefer the term Inner-Life, and, by Mysticism, I usually mean the earth-form of the Inner-Life. But that "Mysticism" I speak of is not that hawked on the common intellectual platforms. It is that wonderful life lived by people who never called themselves Mystics, nor traded in glamor, but who from an inner necessity found themselves compelled to follow the Path of Suffering.

In this book I mean by the Eternal Mother the personal realization of the Deity as Mother. The Eternal Mother is not a god or goddess, but the power and ultimate-foundation of all gods, goddesses, Nature and Man: the Deity, both cause and effect.

The Eternal Mother is not the feminine side of the manifested Deity or God, a conception common enough in the various great religious systems. The Eternal Mother is Nature or the Eternally-Feminine. But whatever definition, I may give, no definition can convey the fulness of life suggested by the phrase the Eternal Mother. Any and all definitions are necessarily intellectual, and no form or effort of the intellect can contain the Infinite or the Deity. Nevertheless, in order to talk about the Infinite

or the Deity, it becomes necessary to choose some intellectual form.

I have chosen as my intellectual form for the Deity this term, The Eternal Mother, The Great Mother. The contents of my book will show why; and fully, I hope, demonstrate how much richer the conception The Eternal Mother is than The Eternal Father. My book will also show that which lies in the conception Father.

My book is a re-reading of past learning and a bold interpretation of it. I proceed on the idea that the past has not expressed itself correctly by calling the Divine exclusively Father or impersonally Nature. I re-translate many of such conceptions and re-state them in terms of the Great Mother and I claim that I am justified in doing so by the fact that a closer examination will show that Femininity has been expressed wrongly in the past, whatever the cause may have been. The Great Mother conception is the sum total of mythology and also its beginning. Back of all masculine conceptions lies the Feminine. An immanent Deity was realized before a transcendental god was thought of or could be thought of. Realizations of origins precede ideas of their cause. The philosophical *anima mundi* or World-soul is a personal not an impersonal conception. The Great Mother is the soul's own Intensity and that Intensity in objective form.

I claim that the Great Mother idea is the true foundation of all spiritual life; its starting point, the root of religion and the power of art.

My subtitle: "A gospel of the Eternally-Feminine" is justified by the forgone. The Eternally-Feminine can be none other than the Great Mother such as I have developed the idea.*

Finally, I call my book "studies and experiences" and so it is. The subject has been in my thoughts ever since I awakened to be a man and the numerous "occult" remarks I make in interpreting my subject are truly founded in experiences of the most

* Recently reports have come from the Pennsylvania University Museum that Dr. Arno Poebel has translated some of the tablets dug up in Nippur and the translations reveal the fact that it was a female deity who created mankind. She was coeval with two male ruler gods, but later tablets speak of these two gods as unimportant. Her name was Nintu and mankind is called "the black headed" (from the color of the hair).

If this shall be verified by further translations, we have at least one literal statement about the creator being a woman.

divers kinds. By experiences I mean Inner-Life realizations. The three chapters by my friends were written by request and are expressions of their experiences and philosophy.

My work may be called an essay in natural theology, but I am not opposing Revelation nor trying to substitute Immanence for Transcendence. But I do away with Theology, of whatever name it is, when it denies its own root and argues in the abstract. It has denied the Great Mother!

The Great Mother Nature has not received any death-blow by Darwin. She *has* designs and they are patent enough. Nor has Kant's rationalism done away with her and her plans and purposes. Our own day has an ever growing and profounder view of Nature than the past ages, and I am expressing the spirit of that reconstruction which is going on in religion. And I expect to hear harmonious expressions from my critics and not opposition. I use old phraseology but in newer senses. I lean to the Mystics and to all Inner-Life people and all that practical idealism which happily is so common in our day where the Academicians do not speak or write.

The Academicians will have no use for my work and will not appreciate my endeavors. But I am reconciled to that for the present. In the future they will probably learn from Nature herself to open their doors for fresh air and sunlight. They must sooner or later accept the modern concepts of Nature which emphasize the homogeneity of Nature, its identical structure and operation in all its parts, stellar as well as mundane. And when that has happened the Academicians will speak of the Great Mother.

I define Nature as the Great Mother and that implies the idea that Nature is a continuity, a single system of forces. I am opposed to all ideas of a break in the phenomena we observe. My exposition presupposes the law expressed by the principle *natura non facit saltum*, Nature makes no leap. I have on my side all the philosophical schools of Naturalism, Idealism and Monism and the religions which have not lost their character by ecclesiasti-

cism. Poetry and practically all aesthetic systems view Nature as the Great Mother, like I do.

The word Nature has always had a wide and vague sense though its general meaning has been that of a principle which explains the world. It is in this latter sense I use the term. But I have tried to gather as many subsenses as the word will carry. I have quoted subjects which are mechanical and material as well as those which are dynamic and productive, and, I have shown how the word is used in relation to those subjects. I have quoted authors who use the word to distinguish the world from God and also authors who do not distinguish the two.

With preference I have myself used the term Nature for the Ultimate Cause and when so doing I have called "God" the workmaster, the Demiurgos and I have done so with the hope of seeing the terms "Nature" and "God" translated in the future as "the Great Mother" and "Workmaster."

Instead of meaning "the whole world" by Nature, I use the term the Great Mother for "the whole world" and also for the cause and upholder of it. Nature or the Great Mother is to me both the eternal and permanent fact as also the transciency of that fact. Nature is to me and my presentation both physical and psychic, both living and material.

The Natural Man and the Great Mother

What is meant by the "natural man"?

Already before the Christian dualism arose, a problem had arisen in pagan thought: that of Reason and Nature. For some, the two were identical; with others, they were contrasted. In Christian thought the problem became acute. The "natural state" of man came to mean and means that state into which man falls when he is completely divorced from the divine life. It means he is carnal, base, worldly.

Common sense, sound religious thought and a devout interpretation alike protest against such a meaning. To make the "natural man" so completely severed from the Divine is against the idea of God's goodness and His work which "was very good." In God we live, move and have our being. To condemn the "natural" man and to make divinity in us dependent upon the

church idea, for instance, is an empty abstraction, a fiction, an error. It has resulted in that terrible dogmatic sentence *extra ecclesiam non esse hominibus salutem*, and also in the denial of the possibility of moral life outside of civil society.

The utter absurdity of the condemnation of the "natural" man may be seen in the "Imitation" by Thomas á Kempis. His chapter is headed: "Of the different stirrings of Nature and Grace." This is what he says:

"Nature is crafty, and seduceth many, ensnareth and deceiveth them, and always proposeth herself for her end and object;

— is unwilling and loth to die, or to be kept down or to be overcome, or to be in subjection, or readily to be subdued;

— striveth for her own advantage, and considereth what profit she may reap of another;

— willingly receiveth honor and reverence;

— feareth shame and contempt;

— loveth leisure and bodily ease;

— seeketh to have things that are curious and beautiful, and abhorreth those which are cheap and coarse;

— respecteth temporal things, rejoiceth at earthly gain, sorroweth for loss, is irritated by every little injurious word;

— is covetous, doth more willingly receive than give, and loveth to have things private and her own;

— inclineth a man to the creature, to his own flesh, to vanities, and to wandering hither and thither;

— is willing to have some outward solace, whereby she may receive delight of the senses;

— turneth everything to her own gain and profit, she cannot bear to do anything without reward, but for every kindness she hopeth to obtain either what is equal, or what is better, or at least praise or favor; and is very earnest to have her works and gifts much valued;

— rejoiceth to have many friends and kinsfolk; she glorieth of noble place and noble birth, she smileth on the powerful, fawneth upon the rich, applaudeth those who are like herself;

— quickly complaineth of want and of trouble;

— referreth all things to herself, striveth and argueth for herself;

— is eager to know secrets, and to hear news; she loveth to appear abroad and to make proof of many things by her own senses; she desireth to be acknowledged, and to do things for which she may be praised and admired;

— the more Nature is depressed and subdued, the better.”

I do not recognize any truths in the above definitions. Nature is not distorted, nor is the “natural” man carnal, base and radically evil. Thomas á Kempis and his followers use the wrong language. They should speak about sinful human nature and debased characters, etc. That is what they mean.

That which is “natural” is that which is regular and normal and the word “natural” indicates the “original” character of things. It does not mean sensual. The natural and the sensual are two things and not identical.

The Senses and the Sense-World

When I speak of Nature, I do not mean the sense-world. Nature is not sense nor illusion; is not to be denied and done away with, but to be discovered and obeyed. The sense-world is of our making; it is no more than the phantastic shapes we give to our desires. It has no reality. It is Maya, Evil and Falsity.

But while we say the sense-world is illusory and false, we should not condemn the senses. Nature comes to us in rhythmic form and in the senses. By the senses and the mind we get a full and complete understanding of Nature. The senses are a submerged world to most people and must be re-discovered. They are Nature personally expressed in man; Nature's Form in Man. “In the senses of the body, Nature mirrors herself to the mind,”* and “the human body is the highest blossom of all organizations.” But, of course, Krause did not mean those chains that hold perverted man in prison.

As for the senses, this is the key; Said the poet: “a bird flew across my path in the woods and I prayed, ‘come to my embrace; kiss my mouth and leave your yearnings upon my lips.’” Answered the bird; ‘My soul is song in your breast; myself you do not catch.’”

We worship progressive Nature; Nature full of stimulation;

* K. C. T. Krause, “The Ideal of Humanity” (Edinburgh, 1900).

full of bearing power. Mary bearing the Son is the type and as such she is *Natura naturans*.

But we do not worship or rest with Nature of yesterday, Nature decaying, *natura naturata*, matter. Nature in that form is only an illusion, is astral and demonic. *Natura naturata* is exhausted, dead and stationary.

Wherever we see anything which we call stationary and fixed we make a mistake in seeking it. Everything permanent is against us, because we cannot develop an independent character by it. It is in our way.

Let us seek the new, the exuberent youthful energy. That is the Mother Nature whom we will worship. She is increasingly renewing herself and us. She is doing that when she unveils herself or rolls off the wrappings she discarded yesterday. In her wrapped up or veiled condition she does not push us ahead.

To test Nature and the impulses from Nature, apply Goethe's words and you shall not be in doubt: "Das ist die Eigenschaft des Geistes, dass er den geist ewig anregt," "It is the character of the Spirit, that He (It) constantly stirs up (or stimulates) our spirit." If Nature does not stimulate or stir up, she is not the Great Mother, I speak of, but merely matter. And is not Presence.

If Nature is no more to us than continuously solid and divisible into tangible parts, then we are not in the Presence, but touch matter. Matter has no active power and is not vocal with redemption.

Matter is always the same, though it may be masked in various combinations. Energy is constantly changing the form in which it presents itself. The one is the eternal, unchangeable Fate or *necessitas* of the ancients; the other is Proteus, the Eternal Mother.

The Presence

Let us quit the dictionary and the wisdom of the intellect; they can not fathom Nature or the Great Mother. Let us try ourselves, our perceptions, etc., and see if they, as dictionaries, do not hold much wider information.

My reader! What do you look for in the world around you? Do you enjoy the beauty in the world or does it not hold any

beauty for you? Did you ever perceive anything personal or akin to yourself in leaves and pebbles? Did Nature ever solicit your company? Was there a Divine Heart in the raindrop that fell upon you? Did you ever find yourself in the Presence of a great Unknown, yet beneficent power, a Presence,

“Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the Mind of Man”?

A Presence, which “rolls through all things,” and makes “the whole world feel akin”; a Presence, which, though incomprehensible, nevertheless, “stares thee, in rock, bush, river, in the face.” A Presence which circulates “from link to link”; which is the “Soul of all the worlds”; a Presence which is not for the poet alone, but for all, who are full of a “deep love of Nature.” A Presence, which fills us “with the joy of elevated thoughts” and so impresses us “with quietness and beauty,” “that all which we behold is full of blessings,” and reveals, indeed, a Mind and a Heart. If you have felt such a Presence you have communed with the Great Mother. And, if so, you can understand what I am going to write.

In such a perception of Presence lies a realization of Divinity which existed in you as a peculiar life long before reflection, and it is infinitely more valuable to you than any reflective thought and its results. It builds for Life.

Richard Watson Gilder sang of the Presence:

A power there is that trembles through the earth;
It lives in Nature's mirth,
Making that fearful as the touch of pain;
It strikes the sun-lit plain,
And harvests flash, or bend with rushing rain;
It is not far when tempests make their moan,
And lightnings leap, and falls the thunderstone;
It comes in morning's beam of living light,
And the imperial night
Knows it and all its company of stars,
And the auroral bars.
Through Nature all, the subtile current thrills;
It built in flood and fire the crystal hills;

It moulds the flowers,
 And all the branchéd forests that abide
 Forever on the teeming mountain-side.
 It lives where music times the soft, processional hours;
 And where on that lone hill of art
 Proud Phidias carved in stone his lyric heart;
 And where wild battle is, and where
 Glad lovers breathe in starry night the quivering air.

In that song, the poet made his confession of faith in the Great Mother. It is to be lamented that he preferred the impersonal form of expression rather than the personal.

As Nature-worshippers we do not ask to be saved, we pray for the Presence, we ask "manifest thyself!" By the Presence we shall be regenerated. We have been told that we shall be saved by faith, by philosophy, by art and the Beautiful—we will none of them, they are not personal enough!

But Visions are not Presence

What if earth
 Be but the shadow of heav'n; and things therein
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought.*

This was Milton's vision, but no realization of Presence.

Schlegel perceived that "Nature is a book written on both sides, within and without, in which the finger of God is distinctly visible; a species of Holy Writ in a bodily form: a glorious panegyric on God's omnipresence expressed in the most visible symbols."

The churchfather, Tertulian (*De res.* 12) was not very far from the Mother: "All things in Nature are prophetic outlines of divine operations, God not merely speaking parables, but doing them."

Without the direct experience these men saw the temple of the Great Mother. Nature is her temple, yea her own body. "The hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun" are her plastic forms and "the vales stretching in pensive quietness through the still lapse of ages" are passionate manifestations of basic forces.

* J. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 574/6.

Rousseau

Rousseau is a disappointment in many ways. He has not given us anything clear about Nature objectively considered. He speaks in the main about his feelings, his sentiments. From his expressions it seems that he realized Nature as Will. Will moves everything and animates all. Will implies intelligence, he thought. He seems to have perceived the Great Mother as willing, acting, choosing and judging, but he did not comprehend her designs. He wrote: "my spontaneous attitude towards this Being (the Great Mother) is that of a feeling of awe and gratitude; and, according to a simple dictate of Nature herself, I worship this Being."

When I argue a "return" to Nature, I do not speak in the sense of Rousseau or about a return to his ideas.

Nature and Humanity

If a distinction is to be made between Nature and Humanity, then such an one is easily made. Humanity is part of Nature, but a separate and distinct power and existence and the crown. But Humanity is at present, and, on this earth at least, located in and largely dependent upon Nature. The future belongs to Nature-people, the Great Mother's pet children, if I may say so.

Nature-people, people from the soil, are primitive, that is, simpler, less sophisticated, more naïve than city people, the people of culture and civilization. They stand nearer the morning of the world. They are less refined because they inherit fewer traditions, less thought, less knowledge. They are childlike and like children, often deceitful and mistaken, but never full of illusions or sentimental. They go straight to the point both in questions and answers. Their directness is often embarrassing and unpleasant to culture people, though it brings with it lucidity, concreteness and disillusion. They are truthful in the sense of seeking the facts, the Real. They never pose, or indulge in pathos or affectation. The clear light they live in often brings with it coldness and hardness in its tone. They are seldom rich in variations or sympathies. Feeling might be said to be an unknown quality to them. As for love, it is with them primarily and principally "physical"; it may be called a passion of body which per-

colates through the whole personality and colors wit, imagination and all activities. But we must not pass too harsh a judgment on them for that. Their love is not lust. It is usually a family tie and we know how strong the genealogical sense is with many and has been in the past. It has often no supernatural character. It is often only desire and a desire-life, not symbolical or poetic, but not debasing or debased.

The Great Mother begins all her developments with Nature-people. They are natural in the true sense of the word.

Directness has been said to mean keeping the feet on the earth, to shrink from Mysticism, to be concrete and definite, not to dwell on the "imaginary" qualities of things, to see things naked, to keep the eye on them, to avoid sentimentalism, in fine, to have the outlook on life of a simple, naive, childlike mind. This is true. but people of directness do not ignore the infinite mystery of things; they only avoid the vague emotions which hover on the verge of consciousness. By directness we gain a keen sense of the beauty and interest of the ordinary simple things around us. And surely we ought not loose ourselves in somnambulism nor in sordid detail. We shall joy in simple things and learn their secret of sincerity. No opium eating must be ours. Hence the value of directness and naturalness.

Our relation to Nature is this. We can never—as long as we live in Nature—cease to be part of the All-Nature, but at the same time we separate more and more from Nature. We seek into or among Nature phenomena. The eighteenth century humanized Nature. The nineteenth century has tried to naturalize man but without success. The differentiation is going on. Yet we of the twentieth century differentiate from Nature in a very different way from the older Mystics. We assert ourselves. They wished to flee Nature because afraid of her. We work with Nature and the result is a new Humanity is coming to be. The new Humanity is that of the Great Mother's making.

Our attitude toward Nature is often falsely defined. In one aspect we must do all we can to adapt our organism to the environment. By so doing we gain power, because our organism is already, at the moment we start, an adaptation, superior in quality to the environment and therefore ahead of it.

In another aspect we should adapt the environment to our organism, impossible as that at first sight may seem. But it is not impossible. It is being done. We build houses, train animals, transform plants and even compel inorganic nature to do our bidding. Industry is the result. And so it has been ever since the crudest beginning of art and culture. In all this there appears a design, a method which has a personal foundation. The Great Mother is behind that method.

Nature a Sphinx and Cruel

I have in another chapter spoken about the Sphinx, to which I now refer and add the following:

The Sphinx with the cruel claws of a lion and the teeming breasts of a woman is the eternal parable of Nature. She is equally equipped to tear, to rend, to kill and to produce and nourish. Her stony gaze both repels and attracts. Do not the savages know this? Do they not know of ruthless and inexorable forces and of the survival of the fittest? It is among ourselves only, we the people of culture, (!) that the weak are allowed to survive.

How terribly actual Nature is! She has no concern with possibilities and potentialities; they are not her concern. She does not promise. She is unmindful and careless of debt and her pathway is full of failures and calamities. She has no emotion. If a small child plays upon the borders of a deep water, she does not prevent it from falling in and drowning. She does not care if the child is illegitimate, a mother's darling or a father's hope. They say Nature has no morals, but they talk ignorantly. Nature does not act according to the Catechism, to be sure, but she has laws far beyond the understanding of the Catechism. Of this I have written in another division of this book.

Here is a fitting place for John Stuart Mills' terrible arraignment. In his Posthumous Essays he wrote: "In sober truth, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another, are Nature's every day performances. Killing, the most criminal act recognized by human laws, Nature does once to every being that lives, and in a large proportion of cases, after protracted torture such as only the greatest monsters

whom we read of ever purposely inflicted on their living fellow-creatures——. Nature impales men, breakes them as if on the wheel, casts them to be devoured by wild beasts, burns them to death, crushes them with stones like the first Christian martyr, starves them with hunger, freezes them with cold, poisons them by the quick or slow venom of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Domitian never surpassed——. She mows down those on whose existence hangs the wellbeing of a whole people, perhaps the prospects of the human race, for generations to come, with as little compunction as those whose death is a relief to themselves, or a blessing to those under their noxious influence. Such are Nature's dealings with life. Even when she does not intend to kill, she inflicts the same tortures in apparent wantonness. In the clumsy provision which she has made for that perpetual renewal of animal life, rendered necessary by the prompt termination she puts to it in every individual instance, no human being ever comes into the world but another human being is literally stretched on the rack for hours or days, not infrequently issuing in death.—Next to taking life (equal to it according to a high authority) is taking the means by which we live; and Nature does this too on the largest scale and with the most callous indifference. A single hurricane destroys the hopes of a season; a blight of locusts, or an inundation, desolates a district; a trifling chemical change in an edible root starves a million of people. The waves of the sea like banditti seize and appropriate the wealth of the rich, and the little all of the poor, with the same accompaniments of stripping, wounding, and killing, as their human anti-types. Everything, in short, which the worst men commit either against life or property, is perpetrated on a larger scale by natural agents——. Even the love of 'order,' which is thought to be a following of the ways of Nature, is in fact a contradiction of them. All which people are accustomed to deprecate as 'disorder,' and its consequences, is precisely a counterpart of Nature's ways. Anarchy and the Reign of Terror are overmatched in injustice, ruin, and death, by a hurricane and a pestilence."

And as an answer, the words of Turgenieff are *apropos*. In his "Poems in Prose," he makes Mother Nature say: "Reason—

Good—Justice?— Those are the words of men. I know neither good nor evil. Reason is no law to me—and what is justice? I have given thee life,—I take it away and give it to others, whether worms or men . . . it makes no difference to me—.”

No doubt the words of John Stuart Mills are strong and have many facts to rest upon, yet Nature may be conquered.

Conquest of Nature

Nature is by her own volition so constituted, that when she is satiated, she withdraws from her lover to live alone till she shall have brought forth her child, a new transformation of herself. She does at large exactly as she does in the lower, the animal kingdom, where the female after conception turns against the male and fights him off. We say about ourselves when a reaction in feeling sets in that we recover ourselves and return to a rational attitude. But the truth is, we do not recover. Nature recovers herself in us, or simply changes her mode of existence, because it so suits her; because she does only one thing at the time, and does it well. After she has reproduced herself, she will again and again come forth and play with herself, or, as we say, match the Feminine with the Masculine. Thus Nature lives her life all day long and thus she spends her nights. This is her own kingdom and she exercises freely her power to draw Man into it and hold him captive in her embrace. If he be lost to his higher interests, it is solely his own fault, for Nature does not exercise any absolute power over him. She acts so that she must defeat her own ends, where these would bring evil to man. She is so constituted by herself that, though the dull wheel of existence turns forever on its axis and carries no burden that does Nature any good, it is bound every time it goes around the dial to pass the spots provided by herself and where she calls to man, that here he may make his escape and by “denying” Nature free himself.

This shows a law of Nature and where we may conquer.

In Harmony with Nature

Does a “return to Nature” imply “harmony with Nature”?
Mathew Arnold says No!

"In Harmony with Nature"? Restless fool,
 Who with such heat doth preach what were to thee,
 When true, the last impossibility—
 To be like Nature strong, like Nature cool!

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
 And in that more lie all his hopes of good.
 Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood;
 Nature is stubborn, man would fain adore;

Nature is fickle, man hath need of rest;
 Nature forgives no debt, and fears no grave;
 Man would be mild, and with safe conscience blest.

Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends;
 Nature and Man can never be fast friends.
 Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave!

Where and How We Meet Nature, The Great Mother

Silence and solitude have great and awful instructions if we only realized it. The fact is we are always in the Presence of a controlling, approving or disapproving power, whether we know it or not, whether we delight in it or ignore it.

Silence and solitude are normal conditions and it should not be necessary "to retire" to them. That necessity only arises when conditions are low. The spiritual minded do not need "to retire"; they are always in the Presence, both consciously and volitionally.

"True hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun."

Let us give the Divine Mother our first thought, that is the Inner-Life!

"Be still, my soul, be still!
 Something that ear hath not heard,
 Something unknown to song of bird,
 Something unborn by wind, or wave, or star
 A message from the land afar
 Comes to thee, if thou art but still."

And the poet's declaration is true. Stillness reveals the essential, the fundamental, all that which is behind the phenomenal to which the senses have admission only. But it is a lost art nowadays, except for the few that seek and live the Inner-Life. In the quiet of the night, the Silence also at times becomes eloquent. Sometimes the Mother "tries us in the night"—gives songs in the night—"instructs us in the night"—Would that people held on to the Mother as did Jacob and would not let go before a blessing and the gift of silence and solitude!

Nehemiah could lift up his heart in prayer, and get an immediate answer, too, while standing as cupbearer before the king and carrying on a conversation all the time. Silence and solitude are not matters of time and space. All that is needed is that we "shut the door" of the phenomenal and that we ought to do anyway and at all time. The mystery of Nehemiah's condition was simply this that the Divine dwelt in him. He was not thinking. The Divine was present and that is the character of silence and solitude. The Divine is always present and when the call comes "Where dwellest Thou?" The answer is always "Come and see." But before people go and "see" they have fallen into distractions because they wished to. There was once a great festal gathering in Jerusalem. Towards evening "Every man went to his own house but Jesus went to the Mt. Olives." Jesus went into the Universal Life at that time. An olive leaf means peace and that the flood of manifoldness and distraction has subsided and that the Spirit of Presence is upon the land. We cannot be in doubt as to Jesus acts on the Mount. He prayed, i. e., He communed. A prayer is the mountain top of vision such as silence and solitude gives vision. And what is the nature of the vision? It is a "God's-eye view!" And that view means our transfiguration.

The Divine has never promised to explain its mystery or give us lessons in metaphysics. The promise relates to revelation by nearness and that is realized in silence and solitude. Sings Tersteegen:

Hath not each heart a passion and a dream,
Each, some companionship for ever sweet,
And each, in saddest skies some silver gleam,

And each, some passing joy too faint and fleet,
 And each, a staff and stay, though frail it prove,
 And each, a face he fain would ever see?
 And what have I?—a glory and a calm,
 A life that is an everlasting psalm,
 A heaven of endless joy in Thee.

This is the Inner-Life singing what it has realized in silence and solitude. In the refrain there is nothing of desire, nothing fleeting. The song is sung in "the spirit of adoption." It is the Great Mother's song in the heart.

The ascending effort goes through the conditions of silence and solitude. There is nothing dynamic in knowledge; it is found in silence.

Nature and the Great Mother

I will now attempt intellectually to say who the Great Mother is. The attempt can only be a failure as far as giving an explanation that in any way can be compared to experience. But the attempt must be made by making an explanation of Nature.

Nature means origin, the great womb out of which all things come as if of themselves. Nature is both the cause and the process of the proceeding of all things, corporeal and incorporeal, and there is nowhere anything which is not Nature. Nature is both past, present and future, an eternal Presence.

But Nature is not merely a metaphysical principle. She is also the power of growth, the plastic force of existence; she develops all organisms and does it after her own pattern and she destroys them also and likewise after her own pattern and will. She may therefore be called the inherent necessity of all things. But necessity to her does not mean what we mean by fate or compulsion. She is the inherent order of all things as well as their freedom. All things find their freedom, or which is the same, their self-realization in her uniformity. Nature is changeable, spontaneous and irregular in the very midst of her uniformity.

Nature is not merely a metaphysical expression and the power of growth, Nature is also the form of the Great Mother even in mountains, seas, rivers, and the whole actual or real world as

it lies before our senses and is not produced by artificial means of man.

All man's products are artificial and only so far in truth as they are infilled with Nature or the Great Mother's energy. It is the Great Mother's Presence which gives Nature to all forms, institutions and shapes and preserves them from the forced, the conventional and the stunted.

In man's world, too, Nature is the *sine qua non*. For him to be truly man, he must relate himself most vigorously to his Mother. His instinctive sense of justice, benevolence and of self preservation as well as his other aboriginal qualities and tendencies are her gift. The more natural his thought, feeling or action, the truer and more active his humanity. "One touch of Nature, makes the whole world akin."

That which is thus true as regards mankind, is also true for individual man. Our personal dispositions, temperaments and innate character are inborn Nature or the Great Mother's Presence in us, both for comfort and benefit as well as for the office, to which she has assigned us. They constitute our essential vitality, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

That which I thus far have said about Nature is also said about the Great Mother. Intellectually I have transferred the characteristics of Nature to her. To prove the correctness of the method is useless. The intuitions of man must connect the two and experience must verify the assertions. No other arguments are of any value. Fundamental facts need no proofs, other than self-evidence. Self-evidence is a result of culture. The normal man may find a tongue in every flame, and hear a voice in every wave, the abnormal does not.

Nature, Theology and the Great Mother

Nature and man are God's two methods, so it is said. Nature's magic charm is her will to carry out law, design, plan and purpose. Her speech refrains with her own mystery. She is mystery to herself. Yet she is a kind of illuminated table of contents of Spirit, said Novalis. She can, however, not read that table herself. Everywhere she rests upon the supernatural and terminates in it, but she can not turn around and see where her roots strike. This is the declaration and philosophy of all dual-

istic thinking and therefore at the outset in conflict with the fundamental idea of my book.

But the dualistic method can indeed be made useful, and I have used it. The following pages serve in full measure to characterize the Great Mother. The sayings which come from the great systems and from genius are largely mediate. I transfer them to the plane of immediateness, viz., into that sphere which is an experience, deeper than science and which needs no demonstration. I add to them that which intuition has to say and I take away from them that which is limited, biased and lacking reverence.

Theology will admit that Nature is symbolic, orderly, progressive towards the realization of ideals and exists for a purpose, an end. So far, so good. That Nature is symbolic is evident from the fact that she can be approached by mind, consequently expresses thought. Every object in Nature is intelligible, real and rational. In this lies the possibility of science, discovery, invention, etc. This is admitted.

That Nature is orderly or uniform and continuous under law is an axiom theology has taken over from science and the expression suits theology's fundamental claim that Nature is created. Being created she must necessarily reflect the law of her maker. Neither science nor theology can prove or account for their assertion, however. For argument's sake, there is no objection to be made to theology's declaration. The definition does, however, only explain appearances of the Great Mother, not herself.

Some scientists also work the dualistic method. It is indeed a strange phenomenon that Huxley, so great an evolutionist, should speak in so strong a theological form as he does in the following quotation. However, his words need not be understood theologically. The finger he speaks about, is indeed divine; it is the hand of the Great Mother, the plastic force of her art. And the whole of the description is indeed a wonderful illustration upon her workings, and upon the personal character, I see everywhere in what is called Nature.

Nature reveals an activity towards the realization of ideals. In his *Lay Sermons* (pp 260-1) Huxley has given us an illustration. Said he : "Examine the recently laid egg of some com-

mon animal, such as a salamander or a newt. It is a minute sphereoid in which the best microscope will reveal nothing but a structureless sac inclosing a fluid holding granules in suspension. But strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid, and yet so steady and purpose-like in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilful modeler upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism. And then it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column and moulded the contour of the body, pinching up the head at one end and the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb in due salamanderine proportions, in so artistic a way, that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed of the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an acromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulations to perfect his work."

Following her dualistic method, theology tells us that Nature exists only for ends, purposes and uses. And she delights in being useful. Earth, air, fire and water offer themselves to man's service and every natural object serves another: see how the earth and atmosphere make the lily possible; how the sun quickens it; how rain nourishes it and how chemical agencies energize it, etc. Everything in Nature is intermediate, receiving from something gone before, giving to something coming after. Everything is ready to subordinate itself to something else. All this is perfectly correct. That which we are told describes the Great Mother's method of work, but not herself. And I am truly grateful that theology will grant so much. Without knowing it, it admits a personal character, an intelligence, a purposeful endeavor, just the very ideas the Nature-Mystic ascribes to the Great Mother.

Theology having conceded the point just explained, is therefore ready to declare that Nature is not antagonistic to spirit. On the contrary, it will show us Nature as the manifestation of

God, as His archetypal thought and sphere of activity. In order to prove the existence of God, theology will exalt Nature and enlarge upon the vastness and the sublimity of a great spiritual system of Nature.

But the foregone will not pass without objections from various sides. It will be objected that there is no directing intelligence in Nature and that she teaches no morals. That she is evil.

The first objection is met fully by the doctrine of immanence, which places the Mother as the motive power in the universe. Without going into the details of the argument, let a quotation from Goethe's conversations with Eckerman suggest all there is in the idea of immanence and more, too. "The teachers of whom I speak would think they lost their god if they did not adore him who gave the ox horns to defend himself with. But let them permit me to venerate him who is so great in the magnificence of his creation, as after making a thousand-fold plants, to comprehend them all in one; and after a thousand-fold animals, to make that one who comprehends them all—man. Farther, they venerate him who gives the beast his fodder and man meat and drink as much as he can enjoy. But I worship him who has infused into the world such a power of production that, if only a millionth part of it should pass into life, the world would swarm with creatures to such a degree that war, pestilence, fire and water can not prevail against them. This is my God."

As for Nature being defective in morals, let the objectors read for instance Arabella B. Buckley's "Moral Teachings of Science" and they find themselves contradicted and not only by her statements. Numerous other arguments have been brought forth elsewhere. The objector will learn that life is not a mere selfish warfare but mutual help and service and that these are among the very laws of existence. It will be seen that when a being ceases to be useful and industrious it becomes a burden upon others and falls out of existence. It will be shown that injuries recoil upon the injurer.

How wonderful! that even
The passions, prejudices, interests

That sway the meanest being; the weak touch
 That moves the finest nerve
 And in one human brain
 Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
 In the great chain of nature.*

As for the charge of being evil, Nature could, if she spoke in our language challenge the objector and ask for a definition. Whatever the answer would be, it would constantly come back to certain fundamental facts of Nature, which can only be called imperfection, privation, etc., all distinctions lying in Nature's general idea of being manifestations as finite and subservient to her own higher purposes. And even Nature's finiteness can easily be shown to work for the ultimate good. Only by being in time and space could Nature become the realization of the infinite purpose. Again, liability to pain is inseparable from being in time and space, hence not necessarily a deficiency in Nature.

Theology is compelled to be moderate in its judgments regarding Nature, because Christianity itself is only a limited and imperfect agency. Christianity emphasizes the imperfections of man's condition at the same time that it speaks of man as God's steward and direct image.

My son, the road the human being travels
 That on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
 The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
 Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines
 Honoring the holy bounds of property;
 And thus secure, though late, leads to its ends.**

Evil is not conspicuous on the part of Nature but a method subservient to the education and development of man and life on earth.

"Pain in man
 Bears the high mission of the flail and fan."

The sooner we recognize it the better, because

* Shelley: *Queen Mab* II. 104.

** Schiller: *Piccolomini*.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darkness hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow
He knows you not, ye high powers.*

Behind the Veil

I have in another part treated the mystical side of Nature and emphasized the value of phenomena. But the Great Mother has also been felt to be "behind the veil," an "invisible reality." Saints and sages alike have proclaimed that things are unreal and hiding the Real.

Let us hear the testimonies about "the things below" and "the things above," they too, witness about the Great Mother. Saints and sages alike rest their definition of Nature by saying Nature is the sum total of that which is observable by sense, or, in other words Nature is the Ever Changeable around us, that which is in a constant state of "coming to be" but never *is*. And Christian saints further characterize this "Becoming" as "this" world in contradistinction to what they call the supernatural. Their terminology moves between appearances and realities.

Beginning with the Greeks, I will review some of the more prominent systems dealing with this subject.

Parmenides observed that sensations of the same object differed according to the senses of different persons, nay of the same person at different times. Hence he concluded that all notions derived from sense are but seeming and that only the ideas of Reason can give us confidence and perfect reality. The sense perceptions are relative; the conceptions of Reason are absolute. Anaxagoras established these distinctions.

In our own day, psychology says that the senses perceive only phenomena, never noumena. Tyndall expressed this in his Belfast Address: "When I say, I see you and I have not the least doubt about it, the reply is, that what I am really conscious of is only an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that I can check my sight of you by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally by this second assertion transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really conscious of is that the

* Goethe: Wilhelm Meister.

nerves of my hand have undergone a change. All we hear and see, and touch and taste, and smell, are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a fact, but an inference."

So far so good. But Mystics declare that their "facts" are as real as the facts of science and the "inference" which Tyndall will allow them is quite sufficient evidence. But more than that. The very "change" of the Professor's hand proves that a reality is in and back of his hand.

Huxley (Lay Sermons 373) meant to assail all mystic knowledge when he said "Matter and force are mere names for certain forms of consciousness. What we call the material world is known to us only under the forms of the ideal world," but he did the very opposite. He has furnished arms against materialism. There is no matter as trees and mountains; there are however trees and mountains as forms of life: they are matter only as long as they are the phenomenal thing which we see, taste or feel. In themselves they are life.

With this clearly before our minds, it is easy to see how far the stated theory is helpful or not to realize the Great Mother's Presence. If nothing were, nothing could appear. Visible existences imply essences out of which they come to view. And such essences can not be products of our minds, because the forms to which they give rise are not in our power.

Let us not take the phrase "behind the veil" too literally. Let us remove for the time being all mechanical conceptions and all materialism and try to realize the following quotations on Enpantitheism or the Divine Mother as cause and life. By so doing the phrase "behind the veil" may be very useful for a realization of her.

In the Memorabilia Xenophon records Socrates as saying "There is a divinity so great and glorious that it at once sees everything, hears everything, is present in everything, and takes care of everything." And Xenophon declares it is "all eye, all ear, all intelligence and without the labor of thinking, moves all things by the force of this intelligence." Aristotle termed this divinity "the prime mover" and the Stoics named it "the working

force" in the universe or "the spirit which pervades the whole of things," diffusing everywhere "generative thoughts." Antoninus addressed this divinity in personal terms and said: "All things come from Thee, exist in Thee, return to Thee."

No matter whether the Mother is the Veil herself, or behind or in front of it, we feel her Presence everywhere. We are like God and God is like us. If the Human is defined in terms of the Divine, the Divine must be defined in terms of the Human. Said Schiller (Phil. letters) "The Universe is a thought of the Deity. I find only a single manifestation in Nature—that of Mind, the thinking essence. All within me and without me is only a hieroglyph of a Power which resembles me. Harmony, truth, order, beauty, excellence, give me joy because they raise in me the active state of their designer; because they reveal to me the presence of a rational Being, and leave me to define my affinity with this Being. A new experience, e. g. of gravitation, etc., gives me a new reflection of a Spirit—a new acquaintance with a Being like myself. I read the soul of the artist in the 'Apollo.'"

Intellectually we may correctly say that the Great Mother is unknowable in herself, but from experience we may also say that She is knowable by the Veil. Not all veils hide. Some veils reveal. Said Socrates (Mem. iv. 3, 6) "Just as the sun does not permit itself to be curiously pried into, punishing with blindness the presumptuous gazer—so the Supreme withdraws from all created gaze—seen indeed to do the grandest things, but not to be seen."

I sum up all the numerous quotations, I could furnish, but have no room for, thus: The Great Mother is absolute Spirit and also selfconsciousness in me; she is Thought prior to all other thoughts; she is the primal energy but also force in me. Marcus Antoninus' words (xii, 28) are *apropos*: "You ask where I have seen this wondrous god and how do I know of that god's existence, and my answer is: 'My own soul I have never seen, yet I bow in reverence before it. In like manner, every time I experience anything of the power of God, I conclude from that to God's existence and I bow in reverence.'"

In conclusion I will quote Fiske's Cosmic Philosophy (II. 470): "Deity is unknowable just in so far as it is not man-

ifest to consciousness through the phenomenal world;" it is "knowable, just in so far as it is thus manifested; unknowable, in so far as it is infinite and absolute; knowable, in order of its phenomenal manifestations; knowable, in a symbolic way, as the Power which is disclosed in every throb of the mighty rhythmic life of the universe; knowledge as the eternal source of a moral law which is implicated with each action of our lives, and in obedience to which lies our only guaranty of the happiness which is incorruptible—They who seek to know more than this, are in Goethe's profound language, as wise as little children who, when they have looked into a mirror, turn it round to see what is behind it."

This kind of reasoning leads to the idea, that

Nature is a System of Nuptials

Nature arises as a result of a dual influence which pervades it throughout. That influence is an infinite paternal and maternal principle, a bisexual principle. Religions and philosophies of the past have taught this. Christianity knows a little of this wonderful conception, but only a few of its sects and votaries have lived practically in it. It came into Christianity by way of Judaism and Judaism got it from Chaldea and Egypt. The books of Moses are quite clear on the subject and Christ was the fulfilment of this natural order.

Various names have been settled upon as terms expressive of the law; but the names are more or less indefinite, and uncertain because we know comparatively little about the Oriental mysteries in this respect. In India, the masculine has been called Varuna by some scholars, and the Feminine Aditi, and, the Word or their union has been called Mitra. Other scholars have used other names, but they all agree that the bisexual principle was well known. In Egypt, the masculine was Amun-Ra and the Feminine Neith; and the Solar God or the Word was Osiris. In the Kabbalah we hear of the Ensoph, the Sophia and the Logos. Among the Gnostics, the Abraxas, Sophia and Christos (or Gnosis). In Babylonia, Bel, Melissa and Tammuz.

The Meaning of the Eternally Feminine

I understand the Eternally-Feminine to be a romantic ex-

pression for the religious term the "Great Mother" and that again as a translation into Humanity of the older thought: Nature.

I use the three terms interchangeably and apply them to woman.

The term "Eternally-Feminine" comes as all know from Goethe's "Faust." If it did not originate with him, it came into vogue with him.

The term occurs in the last song of the tragedy, and is sung by the Mystical Chorus as follows:—

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent:
Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to event:
The Indescribable
Here is done:
The Eternally-Feminine
Leads us upward and on!

Goethe's phrase is the Eternally-Feminine; he is not merely speaking about Femininity or the woman in Femininity of time and space.

His thoughts reach far beyond mere actuality. He is seeing a vision in that phrase "the Eternally-Feminine"; he sees the Deity as Mother, as woman. He is himself drawn beyond the phenomenal world, "earth's insufficiency," and into the Indescribable.

The first two lines are simply descriptive:

All things transitory
But as symbols are sent.

Most idealists and symbolists will probably understand that and heartily agree. Nevertheless, though all things are only transitory and symbols—nevertheless on this earth the indescribable becomes an event, an act. That is the meaning of the next two lines

Earth's insufficiency
Here grows to event.

The Mystics are all familiar with this fact. Dionysius, the Areopagite, expressed it by saying "We do not know God, nor can we know God, but we can nevertheless keep communion with God." How does this happen? How is this possible? How does the Indescribable become an act? By

The Eternally-Feminine,
(which) leads us upward and on!

Goethe is not mystical. He is very plain, but sets forth what has become somewhat mystical on account of popular ignorance. He is teaching a fact, not indulging in fancy, when he states that the Eternally-Feminine leads us upward and on and is that potent factor which represents the Indescribable to us under the form of an act. He tells the same thing as the Areopagite, that though we may not know the Divine, we may nevertheless be in communion with the Divine through an act of life. To repeat, the general meaning is that all things are transitory and symbolical, and that earthly things get a real value by the symbol, and, that by the symbol the Indescribable is manifested. And the moving factor behind the transitory, the earthly and the Indescribable is the Eternally-Feminine, the Woman-Soul, which thus is set, as the connection between the heavenly and the earthly spheres. The Eternally-Feminine is the connection between the heavenly and the earthly spheres. By means of the Eternally-Feminine earth can be and is lifted out of the earthly spheres. That is Goethe's teaching.

What is the Eternally-Feminine? Goethe's phrase is impersonal, but it stands for the Personal. It means the Divine considered as Woman or Mother, not as a or the Woman, as a or the Mother, but as Woman, Mother, without the article: Nature at large.

It is an old conception that the Divine is Mother. The most primitive religions have it. It is not a deification or a personification of woman or sex. The process of thought was the other way: woman is personal because the Divine is person; woman is divine in proportion to the degree in which she manifests the Eternally-Feminine.

If we do not keep these definitions clearly before us we land in absurdities.

The Eternally-Feminine as defined by Goethe I read in a short paper of his on Nature, overlooked by most people.

The short paper I refer to is entitled "Die Natur." It was translated in full in "The Open Court," for July 5, 1894 by E P S as follows:

"NATURE! We are by her surrounded and encompassed—unable to step out of her and unable to enter deeper into her. Unsolicited and unwarned, she receives us into the circuit of her dance, and hurries along with us, till we are exhausted and drop out of her arms. She creates ever new forms; what now is never was before; what was, comes not again—all is new, and yet always old. We live in her midst, and are strangers to her. She speaks with us incessantly, and betrays not her mystery to us. We affect her constantly, and yet have no power over her. She seems to have contrived everything for individuality, but cares nothing for individuals. She builds ever and destroys ever, and her workshop is inaccessible. She lives in children alone; and the Mother, where is she? She is the only artist: from the simplest subject to the greatest contrasts; without apparent effort to the greatest perfection, to the precisest exactness—always covered with something gentle. Every one of her works has a being of its own, every one of her phenomena has the most isolated idea, and yet they all make one. She acts a play on the stage: whether she sees it herself we know not, and yet she plays it for us who stand in the corner. There is an eternal living, becoming and moving in her, and yet she proceeds not farther. She transforms herself forever, and there is no moment of standing still in her. Of remaining in a spot she does not think, and she attaches her curse upon standing still. She is firm; her step is measured, her exceptions rare, her laws unalterable. She has thought, and is constantly meditating; not as man, but as Nature. She has an all-embracing mind of her own, and no one can penetrate it. Men are all in her, and she is in all. With all she carries on a friendly game, and rejoices the more they win from her. She plays it with man so secretly, that she plays it to the end ere they know it. The most unnatural is also

Nature; even the stupidest Philistinism hath something of her genius. Who sees her not everywhere, sees her nowhere aright. She loves herself, and clings ever, with eyes and hearts without number to herself. She has divided herself in pieces in order to enjoy herself. Ever she lets new enjoyers grow, insatiable to impart herself. She delights in illusion. Whoever destroys this in himself or others, him she punishes as the strictest tyrant. Whoever trustfully follows her, him she presses like a child to her heart. Her children are without number. To no one is she altogether niggardly, but she has favorites upon whom she squanders much, and to whom she sacrifices much. To greatness she has pledged her protection. She flings forth her creatures out of nothing, and tells them not whence they come, nor whither they are going. Let them only run; she knows the way. She has few springs, but those are never worn out, always active, always manifold. Her play is ever new, because she ever creates new spectators. Life is her finest invention, and death is her artifice to get more life. She veils man in darkness, and spurs him continually to the light. She makes him dependent on the earth, dull and heavy, and keeps rousing him afresh. She gives wants, because she loves motion. The wonder is that she accomplishes all this motion with so little. Every want is a benefit; quickly satisfied, quickly growing again. If she gives one more, it is a new source of pleasure; but she soon comes into equilibrium. She sets out every moment for the longest race, and is every moment at the goal. She is vanity itself, but not for us, to whom she has made herself of the greatest weight. She lets every child tinker upon her, every fool pass judgment on her, thousands stumble over her and see nothing; and she has her joy in all, and she finds in all her account. Man obeys her laws, even when he strives against them; he works with her even when he would work against her. She makes of all she gives a blessing, for she first makes it indispensable. She lags, that we may long for her; she hastens, that we may not grow weary of her. She has no speech or language; but she creates tongues and hearts through which she speaks and feels. Her crown is love. Only through it can one come near her. She creates gaps between all beings, and is always ready to engulf all. She has isolated all, to draw all together. By a few

draughts from the cup of love she makes up for a life full of trouble. She is all. She rewards herself and punishes herself, delights and torments herself. She is rude and gentle, lovely and terrible, powerless and almighty. All is always now in her. Past and future knows her not. The present is her eternity. She is kindly. I praise her with all her works. She is wise and quiet. One can tear no explanation from her, extort from her no gift, which she gives not of her own free will. She is cunning, but for a good end, and it is best not to observe her cunning. She is whole, and yet ever uncompleted. As she plies it, she can always ply it. To every one she appears in a form of her own. She hides herself in a thousand names and terms, and is always the same. She has placed me here, she will lead me away. I trust myself to her. She may manage it with me. She will not hate her work. It is not I who spake of her. No, both the true as well as the false, she has spoken it all. All the guilt is hers, all the merit hers."

Goethe did not and could not say the Eternally-Masculine draws us, because the Masculine does not draw. The supreme masculine quality is to be formative, mental and organizing. It deals with facts as these are represented by phenomena and defined by logic. The supreme feminine quality is its vitality, its sensibility, its emotion and subjectivity. Femininity rests in itself like the supreme energy. Masculinity is ever moving and restless and seeking its rest. The Feminine draws it there. Goethe's philosophy is correct and the key to woman is this, that the Eternally-Feminine in her draws the Masculine. And through the Masculine she draws all that which the Masculine stands for, viz. all phenomenal existence, its laws and powers.

"The Eternally-Feminine draws us." This word "draws" is of special importance. The purport of the sentence is to assert, that it is the personal element that draws. And so it is. Impersonality can not draw; it never did. It chills; it starves. No scientific fact can compensate for a personal smile, a friendly handshake or a love expression. And where is that personal element, which has that power? In woman, rather than in man. Why in woman? Because she as her personal characteristics seeks the Human, the Personal, while man (the Masculine) seeks

things. He wishes to own, to possess the tangible. The real woman seeks the essential, the romantic, the Indescribable, which as the Mystic Chorus sang becomes real by means of her.

Nature and the Eternally-Feminine are synonymous terms to Goethe. What he says about the one applies equally to the other. Both create ever new forms; what now is, was never before; what was, comes not again—all is new and yet always the old. We are surrounded and encompassed by both—unable to step out of Nature and unable to enter deeper into her. We live in her midst, and yet are strangers to her. She speaks with us incessantly but betrays not her mystery to us. There is an eternal living, becoming and moving in her, and yet she proceeds not farther. She lets every child tinker upon her; every fool pass judgment upon her. Every woman who has ever realized herself as a representative and expression of the Eternally-Feminine knows how true this last sentence is even in her individual case.

Again. Goethe further defines Nature by saying, "She delights in illusion. Whoever trustfully follows her, him she presses like a child to her breast." The correlative to this in the Eternally-Feminine is the darkness in which she envelopes man and yet ever spurring him on to the light. The clever individual woman does the same. She creates wants in order to have them satisfied.

Let individual man boast as much as he pleases. "Man obeys Nature's laws, even when he strives against them; he works with Nature, even when he would work against her." It is the same in his relationship to the Eternally-Feminine. It draws him into the dance of life and hurries him along till exhausted he drops out of her arms. It is the same with his relationship to the individual woman.

The Eternally-Feminine is everywhere and who does not see it everywhere, sees nowhere aright. But this is the increasing wonder how that she draws us upward and on! And why is it that individual woman has no value unless she represents this Eternal Nature? Why is it that individual man is drawn to her in virtue of that power, when he in most cases can not define it and tell us what it is that draws him and why he is lead into a fate unknown to him?

In individual woman, the Eternally-Feminine is an organic harp and its notes tremble into thought in the man. The individual woman holds sway over man because she is not what she seems; she is in the last analysis not a separate soul, but a general soul: the Eternally-Feminine. And why has the Eternally-Feminine such a power that it draws and all resistance is impossible? Because it is the Presence-chamber of the Everlasting Mind: it is the dynamic manifestation of the Ideal: it is the realization of ourselves: the conjunction of the Ego and the Non-Ego.

By the term "The Eternally-Feminine" I mean the Mother-Principle, and the Mould of all things; the rhythm of time and the genius, active and passive, which is the God-Power.

And now about woman. I make a distinction between woman as a phenomenon and the feminine principle; a distinction which must be made. If it had been made long ago much confusion of language would have been avoided and the present day Woman Question would be much clearer and simpler than it is now.

As I said the subject of my writing shall be a presentation of views on woman's qualities as bearer of the feminine principle. Note this, it is as bearer of the feminine principle that she becomes so eminent, as I shall make her. It is not the phenomenal woman I shall speak of in particular, although the phenomenal woman very largely does present that eminence. The phenomenal woman I have in mind is of course not the commonplace creature who for various reasons never has guessed what possibilities she holds within herself. I speak of women in actual life—not mere ideals—women right here in this community and our daily life, of married and unmarried, women of leisure and women of work, professional women, etc., etc., but mainly of women of the Occident; and among Occidental women, I refer to those of culture and civilization, those of the so called higher classes, those who at present stand in the front ranks as leaders in the Woman Questions. Unless these distinctions are kept in mind and the limitations of mine are observed, much of that which I am going to say will be ridiculed by men and the true facts proving woman's superiority will be lost sight of and I can not hope to have helped to elucidate any point in the Woman Question.

In the degree with which the individual woman realizes that "Each woman is Eve throughout the ages" she becomes a realization of that immortal form and power called the Eternally-Feminine and not otherwise. It is in virtue of that magic that the individual woman is fair to at least one person. It is that element in her that can cause a man to grow, to expand. Walt Whitman declared "Unfolded only out of the illimitable poem of woman can come the poems of man." And another sang of the Woman-Wine he needed before his lips could swell with the fire of interpretation.

The Eternally-Feminine is not all sweetness, softness, etc., etc. The roses have thorns, the lilies are fragile, honey is apt to clog. But the Eternally-Feminine is not anarchic. The wife wants to say when it is dinner time. She does not want him to eat at all times, simply because he sees the delightful fruit. The individual woman may interpret the will of the Eternally-Feminine in sunbright words, with a smile and a tear, but also in sounds heard across the street. The Eternally-Feminine has power to transmute masculine dust into solid form and make him realize once more that

"the visible fair form of a woman is hereditary queen
of us all."

Men look down upon a woman who is masculine. Women look down upon a man who is feminine. And that is correct and a proof of soundness of character. Let each be as they are by Nature. It is woman's glory to be feminine and man's triumph to be masculine, each within their own limitation. But this interesting question may be raised: which of the two is most able to develop into the Universal? Does the Feminine or the Masculine hold most possibilities? I propose to answer the question by saying that the Feminine holds the most possibilities. And I can prove my assertion by pointing to the fact, that in our own day it is woman, who in virtue of her femininity, leads in all the spiritual progressive movements. Look around. Everywhere Theosophy, New-Thought, Christian Science, Mysticism, etc., etc., and all the originators and leaders were and are women. Look around again. Everywhere municipal house-cleaning, purification of politics, universal suffrage, etc., etc.,

and all the originators and leaders are women. For short, the idealistic wave that has come over this country and which Europe is now welcoming is fed by feminine blood. But it is not merely the idealistic trend of to-day, I wish to call attention to as being feminine and owing its existence to woman. Nor is it the municipal and political housecleaning that glorifies woman of to-day. These two, important as they are, are nevertheless more or less external and indirectly related to life. They are not personal enough. But in the Personal the modern woman is also a leader as woman never before could do it. Women have tried it before, but could not overcome the brutality they met. I mean that in the personal life of to-day woman is a leader and the one who has taken up the question of sex purity. And the sex question lies at the root of all other questions; it is the very question of life and death, no matter how you examine it. Involution ends in sex. Evolution begins in sex. Sex is Life's Libra, Balance. I shall not enter upon any details, but this is what I have gathered, and I have excellent authority to back me up, that woman of to-day has seen the modern danger to society and wants to stem the tide of degeneracy by demanding that all realize the mental element in sex. The modern woman has realized it in herself and demands that man realize that sex is more of a mental passion than a physical expression. The Great Mother has taught her that. She knows that if sex life is not transfigured and cast in a mental mould, it will degrade her and him. And this is the meaning and purport of all the present day sex agitation. Everybody who has the welfare of the family and the state at heart ought to welcome the agitation.

It is the Mind, viz., Will and Wisdom, or the Great Mother in us who seeks company and union and beauty. The flesh can not do that. The flesh has no such power of its own. The mind is so constituted, and such is its law, that it can not stand alone, but must mingle with another; neither can the Mind work alone, but must needs co-operate; for short, the Mind is always seeking a relationship. But the Will and Wisdom of the Mind is not towards the physical and is proved by the fact that it finds itself bound and in prison, and alienated from itself when it has descended into the physical. It feels that it has lowered

itself if it went there for self-gratification, for joy or for spiritual satisfaction. The Mind, according to its inherent law, goes into the physical only for its own purposes, not for purposes of the physical; and when it does that, it does not suffer.

Men's difficulty in the way of the realization that sex is really mental passion and not physical expression lies in the unfortunate character of all modern education: it is piece by piece and technical. People learn about trees, animals, money, mathematics, etc., etc., but never, either in school or in the church, anything about themselves essentially. Ignorance on that point keeps men on the lowest possible plain: the physical.

For woman to gain her point, she must begin by educating her brother and her husband in soul life and she can do it, because she has the Eternally-Feminine in her, or, which is the same, the Eternal Woman behind her. The Eternally-Feminine is her intellect and her will. From that source she can draw any and all the power she needs. Let her study this subject!

The fact that sex is more of a mental passion than a physical expression is nothing new. As a fact it is co-eternal with human nature, but it has been forgotten and its present day proclamation makes it almost a new gospel. The fact of the mentality of sex it intimately connected with the subject; the Eternally-Feminine.

Masculinity seeks Life, the life-principle. Femininity seeks Form, the plastic principle. Masculinity desires to plunge into the Ocean and the Ocean is not deep enough. Femininity aspires to be taken into the arms of the great moulding, shaping God who is the creator. Woman is personal. The man is impersonal and physical.

The Eternally-Feminine,* The Central Will

In an age like ours when so much is done to reach the natural facts of existence, it seems desirable that we should re-study the question of the relationship of the feminine and masculine principles. I do not mean any question relating to man and woman as we know them biologically, socially etc. Much has already been done and much is being done in those directions, and I

* Comp. my article in *The Woman's World*, Washington, D. C. 1886.

shall make use of those studies in the following chapters. I mean to go deeper than the mere facts, standing, as they do, only too often isolated. (I) I will try to generalize on a large scale. I propose to show not only that all reasoning and all facts point to the Feminine as the primary and fundamental basis of existence, but also that that term represents the Monism we are looking for. (II) I shall, however, not be satisfied with mere generalizations, I shall test the doctrine ethically. Life is the test and verification of all theory. (III) The ultimate outcome of these chapters will be an address to woman to leave her passive conditions and enter the *via affirmativa*.

My philosophy is as follows and is a last analysis of facts and forms of existence. (I) We realize something which we call a base, a root; something which seems to be the Protean basis of all forms. I will not name it. "The name which can be named is not the Eternal Name." (II) Some think too realistically of this something and describe it only in terms of space; but others are forced into another conception of it; they see it only in relationship to itself or to its own parts. The dynamic characteristic of these two views is motion. Motion therefore is the second category. (III) The conception time, or relationship, quickly reveals the original something as endless in riches and evolution. Riches therefore is a third characteristic; or, to express it more philosophically, the third category is form. (IV) These riches and evolution suggest an internal harmony, a final Monism, an End or Purpose, originally hidden in the primary Cause. Harmony is the fourth form or category. With this conception closes the logical train of thought. These four forms are the abyssal roots of existence or the Mothers to whom Mephistopheles advised Faust to go for the key to life. But they are only forms or manifestations of the Something. The Something itself remains unknown. We do not see it in its esoteric reality, we see only its movement or evolutions into the four forms of manifestation. This movement or Central Will is therefore to us the ultimate reality. Philosophers call the four the *natura naturata*, the accomplished result; and the movement they call the *natura naturans*, the creator, the producer of the four. It is also called the Becoming, viz: "The coming to be";

and in daily language we call it Nature. Whatever we call it, we mean that it is the Feminine Principle and instinctively look upon it as self-procreative.

The Real we do not know in any other form than that of the Feminine or Central Will. We take for granted that there is a Substance or Subject. This Substance or Subject we say is in a state of inertia, rest or Being. In physics they teach that Energy—the same as that I have just called the Feminine or Central Will—is never found except in association with matter.* So here the Feminine or the eternally gestating Movement is never isolated from the Something, Subject or Substance. The two are one. While this preserves its identity, the Feminine is its manifestation in the four-fold forms of transformation. As in physics Energy is the only thing known, so in reality the Feminine is the only life known or definable. Hence the Feminine or Central Will is by necessity the center principle of all philosophy and is the Monism we all search for.

But it is not abstract reasonings alone that give this astonishing result. We see it everywhere in our surroundings. We are all familiar with the four stages in the life of the Psyche, the butterfly: (I) egg, (II) grub; (III) chrysalis; (IV) butterfly. All four are mysteries, to be sure, but there is one all absorbing mystery in or behind the four: the movement, namely "the coming to be," its Femininity or Central Will. That mystery is truly the mystery because the four are only stages of evolution and nothing in themselves if taken apart. "Nature hath neither shell nor kernel; she is both at once." What we see is the dynamic movement of Being. We can study it, live in it and adapt ourselves to its rules. It furnishes us with bases of knowledge, for ethics, for religion and beauty, the whole circle of mind life. The same Femininity or Central Will is seen in the plant seed, its growth, its fruit and the nourishment it furnishes for man and beast. It is truly Divinity in the forms of life, light, love and self-sacrifice. We can know no other Divinity; Life is so constituted. Whatever

* Matter means *mater*, the mother, viz. the abyss whence and out of which all substance flows. Substance is identical with *mater*. Hence physics teaches the same doctrine as I am demonstrating philosophically.

there be, if anything, outside of life, we do not know it. At best we guess at it. We do not know it.

When we turn from the Ideal and True to our concrete world we find it ignorant of its own best purposes and ideas. And when it becomes "this world" it is even antagonistic and fiendish. Moral diseases disturb the vital functions and dishonesty has taken away from the living representative of the Feminine, Woman, all such influences and honors which she were entitled to in virtue of her position as ambassador in "this world." She is a stranger in her own house and a handmaid to her own children: the men. It was, however, not always so, nor does common nature as we know it in daily life favor such social and moral actions; but ultimately it will triumph over "this world."

The earliest social organization was founded on Mother Right, (*Mutter Recht*) substantially as shown by Lewis Morgan. Early society, under the primitive institution of the *gens* or clans, was established on the basis that each man or woman traced his or her origin back to the head of the *gens*, which was not a man and the father, but a woman and *the mother*. Woman was supreme and her influence the predominating until the close of what is called among anthropologists, the middle status of barbarism. During all this time, at the death of a male, married or not, his possessions descended to his sister's children; at the death of a female, her property went to her sisters and her children and the children of the daughters. The children of her sons were not included among her heirs. The son's children belonged to the *gentes* of their respective mothers. Children received nothing from their fathers, they belonged to the mother and looked to her for everything. Even in later times when tribal honors were confined to certain families, all descent was traced in the female line and the male was absolutely dependent upon his female relations for all and any privilege he enjoyed or might attain.

The reason for this peculiar state of things is to be sought in the fact that descent from the mother could be traced with certainty, while that from a father was uncertain. It is always so and necessarily so. The supremacy of Mother Right was lost when marriage originated.

It has been claimed by opponents of woman and those who glory in the so called civilization* that this state I just described, is the lowest of all and is degredation itself; that it is a state of utter destitution of morals and now happily overcome by laws and customs which make the Masculine the superior and the chief of social and moral life. The argument against these people is, of course, that they beg the question and assert the truth of a condition not proved to be superior, nor one which gives equality to all concerned. The ancient and primitive civilization condemned by these people is misjudged and ill understood. For people who live in present day philosophy and who are under the influence of modern tendencies and social forces it is exceedingly difficult to understand what the original human condition, the natural one, was. Modern society, however, must be dissolved and the relief from its hopeless condition is to come from a return to original forms of life. Not a return to an imitation of any past historical existence, but to the aboriginal human nature. We have come into a false position in relation to Nature. We have misconceived Mind and condemned Nature to slavery as if she were something vile and degraded. Man has fixed himself as the centre of creation and proudly proclaims himself as master, though every step is taken with some regard to its laws. Instinctively he knows that he holds his sovereignty in fief at Nature's pleasure, yet he acts as if he were the autocrat. I can, of course, not here go through the whole of mankind's false development and point out how or where the mistakes were made. Space will not suffice for that, and except to the "few," the exposition would only be a Cassandra call, at best. The "few" will understand me and with me they lament that civilization has gone so far astray as it has; that sentiment is laughed at and that degenerate, morbid and slimy subjects are chosen for conversation, for the drama and art. The "few," however, are the chosen ones and the seed for a new age in strong contrast to present day artificiality, insincerity and unnaturalness. The "few" will bring us back to enthusiasm and the Energy of the Original: the Feminine or the Central Will.

* The readers will understand what I mean by civilization if they will study Edward Carpenter's "Civilization; its Cause and Cure," or if they will listen to some of the modern teachers who preach self-communion attainable in silence and solitude.

I will now show how the ideas of mankind have changed from matriarchy to patriarchy, from the Large to the Small, by an illustration taken from philosophy; and it will show the general drift of our mental and moral movement away from Nature or the Feminine. It will also show that we must retrace our steps if we will save ourselves.


The most ancient life was lived in the Open and in constant communion with the stars, the winds and the streams. Sun and moon were father and mother and the earth was the gentle nurse. Highlands and mountain tops lifted the mind up and out into the free. Deep forests taught the secrets of the silence and the ocean enforced the lesson of the ever-changing surface of things. Man stood in awe of the sublime, but he knew not fear. Death was but a sleep and an absence. Fruitfulness in children and cattle was an honor and riches. The thoughts of those days were "cosmological," viz.: expressions of the goodness, truth, beauty and greatness of existence. They were not reflections but intuitions. "Being and thought were one and the same." As man did not live in cities, so his thoughts were not circumscribed or his morals dictated by policy. His conversation was not critical or gossipy, much less reportorial of the neighbors doings. Images of fancy did not disturb his union with the Divine, and sickness, that dreadful child of city life and civilization, did not exist, at least not under any of its known forms. The senses did not usurp an empire of their own, but all sensation meant a direct contact with the Great Mother. The Godhead was the moving spring of the universe. Everything was a living force and every living or thought force was a real substantial something. Sun and stars as well as stones and mechanical forces were personalities, and on the other hand all virtues, even silence and walking were corporeal things. This was not materialism or some other heresy, as most moderns will say. It was a universal brotherhood or sisterhood of all things "in the heavens above and the earth below." To the ancients fancies and abstractions were nothings. That which had no objective existence was no thing. By objectivity must not be understood vulgar materialism; on the contrary this objectivity is the purest idealism. As late as Plato we hear, for instance, that matter is denied

because it is so mutable and perishable and partaking of all the characteristics of mind.

To the ancients there were no dualisms in thought, but only monistic conceptions. They lived in pure immediateness and did not create worlds of their own by such mediate means as, for instance, by fancy, as we do. No analysis disturbed them; to them there was no reflection upon the "One" or "the Many." They did not "learn," but "felt" the things of God, and instinctively they lived in the likeness of the Great Mother. Immediateness and immanence are the two terms which characterize man and God in that state. Translating these philosophical terms and methods of life into terms of our present discussion, I say that ancient life and philosophy was Femininity and as such it was in union with the Original, hence both great, good, true and beautiful.

Let me add that the types or symbols by which the ancients expressed this philosophy and theology were all of generative character; the cow-symbol was a favorite one and so was Chaos, the original source of all things, and so was the World Egg, the cradle of the world. In later times, when the Masculine had assumed the leadership of things, the Mysteries still preserved the old teachings of the Mother-Goddess and the favorite gods of humanity, no matter what be the disguise, are to this day Ceres and Aphrodite. All of which shows how fundamental the Feminine or the Central Will is and how impossible it is to get away from it. It also shows how remote our civilization is from the Natural and that the remoteness is not a gain, but a loss. A true development would have brought out the contents of the Natural and not produced something antagonistic. The development should have been so, to use Schelling's words, that the Divine would have "Opened its eyes in man." Civilization as it is known to "this world," rather closes the Divine eyes and presents to man his own phantoms.

I have already said that inertia is not the characteristic of the Feminine. Its nature is mutability and endless transformation. In other words, the inherent craving for "otherness" transmutes the mother into the child, the flower into the fruit and the seed into the new organism. No "otherness" in the sense of radical-



ism takes place. It is only the inherent Nature that transmits itself; it is bio-genesis. It is a "widening of Nature without going beyond it." The child is not the introduction of a new element into the universe. However individualistic the child may be, it is after all only an "extension" of the mother. The inner cosmic principle of Femininity re-creates itself, and by that evolution it starts a "fatal" opposition to itself, viz.: it enters upon a long career of self-diremption. The male child, in particular, has been "fatal," and has caused "a fall," from which there is only salvation by a return to the Original. That return will have been accomplished at "the end of the ages," (N. B. Not the end of the world!) We are now in the process of this self-diremption, but the signs are many that a new consciousness is awakening. When it shall have become fully awakened, di-remption will be replaced by union and that again by unity.

Antiquity expressed this process of self-diremption in mythological conceptions. Zeus-Jupiter dethrones Cronos-Rhea. Cupid disputes the rule of Aphrodite; Horus reigns where Isis used to be supreme; Buddha, the Enlightened, preaches against Maya, Illusion, his mother, and the Christ is professed openly where Mary is only worth-shipped in secret. In our own day we say (and many glory in the fact!) that the old philosophy, the cosmological, ended when the brutal vigor of Descartes *Ego* gave it the *coup de grace*. At his time self-assertion and reflective thinking took the place of immediateness and intuitive feeling. A centre (and a false one) was established "outside" the nature of things and around that false centre the new civilization has been established. This new order of things (which ought to have been of Mind, but which is merely fancy) struggles hard to hold its own. Being set against the natural order of things it buys its freedom only by perpetual watchfulness and it holds its domain only by constant warfare. It is pitted against the cosmic order and can only build its house out of subjective materials, which of course are only the real in a state of transformation. It is therefore only an unreal existence, one of show. The strongest form known of this subjectivism is the theological, but that, too, is coming to an end. We are beginning to see the fallacy of our reasoning. The New Psychology is the eye-opener. It shows that the emotions are the real expressions of life

and are not to be condemned; that the will is the mother of deeds and not to be negated and placed under obedience to another; that the intuitions reach directly to Divinity and are not false guides. The New Psychology is thus doing much to restore that sweet naturalness of ancient days, which I have called the Feminine. Let woman, the highest representative of the Feminine, study this movement and listen to the Great Mother!

The whole difficulty of the Woman Question and of masculine misunderstanding lies in the ignorance of the diremptive process. It is not understood by woman herself that by her own inner necessity she must bear a child, that is to say, must give expression to herself and must see herself reflected in order to awaken to self-realization. It is not seen that this necessary diremption is only a process and no more, and most women fail to attain the self-consciousness they seek. Their child becomes that self-consciousness. Many a woman even glories in it, but most lose themselves in that process. After the child is born let them return to themselves and the new life attained will be their light. In that light lies their redemption or return to the Original.

In the misunderstanding or non-understanding of the process of diremption lies also the cause for the common masculine misjudgments. Even a man like Amiel is so blinded that he can say without comment, "woman never speaks out her whole thought and really only knows part of it," and declare her a "sphinx, a mystery and contradictory; a *monstre incomprehensible*." He can not see that these very characteristics are those of Nature in diremption and that woman in the making can not be otherwise. When our preachers and teachers shall have become familiar with the larger life, the life of the open fields, and throbbing heart of Nature, then our educational processes will be rational and the travailing woman of self-birth shall not be heard any more. The Woman Question will be no more.

In speaking of our diremptive process I have expressed myself in terms of ordinary experience and have done so in order to be understood by everybody, even by those who have not yet risen beyond the actual sex lines of this question. There is, however, a far more universal plane on which this diremptive

process is to be studied before it can be said to be fully understood, and it is a plane on which all women, whether actually mothers or not, pass through that process to self-realization. That plane is the Inner-Life plane. Let me call it Universal Consciousness; that term carries us farther back than others. It is also less modern and individualistic.

Every act of consciousness is self-birth or substitution of something ourselves for a something not ourselves, and when this process has its cause and effect in the Universal, it is Universal Consciousness. It is not something from outside that attains expression in us, nor is it added to us, or transforming us by powers of its own. Consistently we can not admit the reality of anything outside ourselves. We recognize Something. Not ourselves, it is true, but it has no reality to us beyond that which we attribute to it. What it is we do not know, but real it is not, though some of us in our ignorance may call it real. It is something dynamical; it is Thought hiding behind itself; it is an organic activity which unfolds from within. In its self-reflection it appears other than it really is and thus creates an illusion for those who do not know. They take shadows for realities.

Consciousness is not the limited perceptions of individuals. It is the going out, the self-creative activity of the universe and the self-centred soul. The universe both thinks and wills. The self-centred soul thinks and wills; a soul not self-centred does not. It may, at best, reflect and re-echo a thinking and a willing of a larger entity.

It will readily be seen that consciousness is and must be the main characteristic mentally, morally and physically of that Movement or Central Will, which I before have called the Feminine. The Eternally-Feminine is Universal Consciousness or the all-permeating Thought, Will or Mind. Individual woman being the symbol or representative of the Eternally-Feminine becomes the manifestation of this process. Potentially every woman, be she mother or not, bears children and in these children she attains the new life, self-consciousness and self-realization. The names of these children are our sciences, arts, philosophies, industries, our homes, manners and morals, and our thoughts and deeds in the great, good, true and beautiful; in

short the whole human life and activity. I am not overlooking the elaboration of these ideas given by her male child; of that I shall speak at length later; but at present I am emphasizing the fact that these come from women, be they mothers, according to the flesh, or not. I am not advancing anything new, either. Antiquity understood all this. Are not the Fates, the Muses, the Graces, as well as those terrible avengers and purifiers, the Furies, Nemesis, Themis, Nike, Eris, etc., all women? Say what you will; is there anything more terrible than these women? Did any of them bear children in the flesh? No! Do not be deceived by antiquated or by biased theological teachings and say that these women were only blind Nature forces. How ridiculous to believe these rulers to be blind and unconscious! If they had been or were so, how is it that they rule to this day and their detractors have retained them, still presenting them to the people, only having changed their dress?

There is still another aspect of this subject. Neither childbearing nor consciousness depend upon the physical bond. To be sure, they do as we are constituted at present, having descended into spheres of time and space. But potentially and originally it can not be shown that the human form needs the fleshly shape in order to realize itself. Consciousness is its own inner and outer and the child is simply man over again; nothing out of or into a new or radically different plane. It is a metamorphosis, strictly speaking. The sum total of the human must be as it always was. As we speak of Eternity as the everlasting Now, so we may say that man *IS*. Essentially that must be the truth, relatively, we may, however, speak of man as an evolutionary existence. "The Son" was "begotten from eternity", viz: man *IS* and always was and will be.

Of these three planes of life of childbearing and consciousness the first is the physical; the second is the psychic and the third is the spiritual. The first reaches lower strata of life than those on which man lives; it does not always produce rational humanities. The second is the plane of personality and eminently human and double in character; it produces both men, angels and demons, and also their mental and moral surroundings. The third is pure spirit. It is without determination, but not a negation,

as some have said. It is a true and universal plane of life; it is spirit, form and contents. It can exist without the other two; but they must have some ray of light from it in order to exist. Self-realization on the two is conditioned by its influence, but it is itself Self-realization. Physical self-realization is only a reflex; psychic self-realization is communion of 2 in 1, and something high and eminent from the standpoint of this life. Perhaps the highest can be reached. Spiritual self-realization baffles investigation and is the primordial mystery.

Now, to sum up, I have shown that the Feminine or Central Will is the only Energy known, and as such the only manifestation of an unknown reality. I have also shown by an illustration, that the Feminine was thus known in antiquity and that the advent of the male child brought a disturbance in actual life, corresponding to the inner necessary process of diremption in the Feminine. I have pointed to the means of redemption or at-onement and thus shown the philosophical solution of the Woman Question. Modern biological studies have also shown the Masculine as secondary. Of this I shall speak later. In the meantime will the reader pause and think about the subject thus far presented. It is not only of momentary interest, but it is the real basis for a discussion of The Woman Question and is the philosophy of the Eternally-Feminine.

I have thus far been concerned only with the nature of the Eternally-Feminine and the process of diremption, the inner necessity. By diremption was meant the appearance of consciousness or a state of an apparent antagonism between the I and the NOT-I. Diremption is no real antagonism but only the form of Self-birth. In it the Eternally-Feminine evolves to a higher (or highest) condition.

Diremption spoken of under the physical bond means child-birth. Understood psychologically it is self-evolution, and metaphysically it is the world-mystery: creation. It is therefore the same whether we say child-birth, self-evolution or creation. The Eternally-Feminine and its representative, the woman, comes into self-evolution by bearing a child (be that child in the flesh or not), or, which is the same, becomes a reality by it. The child is the expression of that evolution but not a substitution.

It substitutes forms to be sure, but not essence. A mother in the phenomenal appearance dies and her place is taken by the child and that again becomes mother and dies, but the Eternally-Feminine never dies nor does the real mother, for she is like the Eternal centred anywhere and has her circumference everywhere. A real or self-conscious mother is distinct but not separate from the Eternally-Feminine. She is related to the Eternally-Feminine in the same way as we are wont to look upon Nature: seeing everything distinct but nothing defined into absolute independent singleness. We must not look upon Nature as priority and sequence, or, as the One and the Many, in such a way that we introduce our notions of time and space as essentials and fundamentals. They are no more than relatives. Nature is an everlasting continuity and generation is no more than self-evolution.

A real or selfconscious mother is distinct but not separate from the Eternally-Feminine. She has attained full personality, or, which is the same, a conscious existence. She has saved her life by losing it, which is the mystical way of putting it.

The emphasis lies upon the child then. What is it? Creatively or fundamentally it is a perpetuation or continued revelation of the Eternally-Feminine, a revelation both to the mother and to the world.

Primarily in this process of diremption, self-evolution and self-revelation, the question of sex plays no part. It has nothing to do with it, viz.: it is not necessary. The child product is neither male nor female. The distinction or further diremption into a phenomenal sex belongs to another or much later, the physical state. And the law can even be verified under the physical bond of child-birth. We know that the distinguishing sex in the foetus comes in long after the child has begun its existence. It is a sort of after thought, a decoration of the building, not essentially necessary. But even allowing the phenomenal appearance some weight, why should one decoration be of more value than another especially one which has no direct relation to the primitive or original motive of the whole process? It seems but rational and just to give the priority to that sex which in idea, purpose and form corresponds to the original

Centre-Will or Mother, the Eternally-Feminine. The woman, be she conscious or not of diremption has her prior claim on Life and all its forms, simply because she is the type of the Central-Will: The Eternally-Feminine.

This fact will be admitted readily enough and if the Woman-Question hinged upon that alone it could easily be settled. Man is willing out of gallantry and formal courtesy to admit the greatness, beauty and true position of the sex, but for the individual woman, he will not grant the admission. Cosmologically he will go into poetic ecstasy, but morally and socially he swears by brutal might. India is an illustration in point. It speaks in inflated enthusiasm about the motherhood of God, and teaches a doctrine about the earthly mother as looked upon as the living deity. It sets forth the teaching that "one mother is greater than a thousand fathers." But that teaching is pure metaphysics or abstraction, it is not a moral or social doctrine; it is not realized in practical life beyond the sexual truth it contains. It is not a doctrine of freedom, of human equality, and of daily reverence such as we would preach it. History in general and the history of India in particular has proved that that doctrine had no regenerating power. Excepting what England has done, India has sunk back into that primeval abyss of mud which also swallowed up Syria for the same reason! Violation of woman's eternal rights and her reduction to sexual slavery! The same fate overtook Rome and it is now passing judgment upon France.

The real point of the Woman-Question is its moral and social aspect. This of course, rests upon the cosmological. The logic of the case must therefore be taught first of all. Next it must be enforced that woman's present position must be changed and made to accord with her inalienable rights vested in priority of existence and the universal and intrinsic value thus conferred upon her by Nature. That is the ethics of the Woman-Question.

Why do not women, the representatives of the Eternally-Feminine, make use of the tendencies of the many movements of our day: most of them are in the direction of the Natural, that Central Will which I have called the Eternally-Feminine? Organized efforts are wanted to steer those movements and their progressive teachings into direct work. Let all those who teach that

Mind is supreme concern themselves with the process of diremption and the consciousness that results from it! Let all those who heal attend to the terrible wound which drains the best and superior forces of mankind. The Wholeness they offer can not become a fact until mankind is taken out of that disease from which it suffers and which is caused by its fall from truth, order and natural law! Let those who proclaim the Motherhood of God rise above a mere sexual understanding of that doctrine and proclaim it individually and socially! Let them live as they teach and prove that their doctrine is Light, Love and Life and that to woman it is given "to garden the earth with the roses of heaven", and that she is "Nature's most exquisite child"! Let those who hold that metaphysics must rule and that the transcendental must take the place of the sensual, the phenomenal and the passing show, let them, I say, cease to talk in abstract terms and let them turn the modern influx of the transcendental into the one channel that the well-wishers of woman have dug! The combined waters and the momentum of the influx will overturn and break the dams erected by falsity, hatred and destitution of true honor! Let individual woman arise and ascend the throne prepared for her! Let her stand erect in the strength of the *I am*. Then it shall be seen that there is a universal law revealed in Goethe's words:

Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.

The Christ and the Eternally-Feminine

The work of the Christ is to bring the Eternally-Feminine within reach of every human being. Jesus is the preacher of the Eternally-Feminine.

Who is the Christ? He is Humanity.

"The Christ of Humanity is no dream, no intellectual chimera; no theological hypothesis. He is a fact, to which everything we possess and are bears witness. History is His autobiography; literature is His effort to utter Himself; painting and sculpture attest His feeling of beauty; philosophy and science are the blooming of His reason; the stages of civilization are the deep

foot-tracks He has left on the surface of the planet; the great religions demonstrate the scope, quality, and fervor of His soul: society—that vast, continuous spreading organization, that mighty web of interests, institutions, codes, habits, and practices—proves how real, permanent, and persistent His energy has been. This Christ is at once visible and invisible: visible in actual form of living men, invisible in the shadowy recesses of antiquity, which once throbbed with life as intensely as our present day does. He can be thought of as in heaven and at the same time as on earth. On earth you can see and touch Him; we are part of Him ourselves;—in heaven, for there in their serenity, are assembled the innumerable company who rest from their labors. The Christ of Christendom is a great assembly of powers, personified in a single man. The Christ of Humanity is a single power distributed among a multitude of men.”*

The Christ being no individual, but humanity, explains why he did not marry like other men. Being humanity he had his counterpart within himself and did not need to seek to find himself by means of another person. He was an at-one-ment.

That which he was, we are or ought to be. We are fallen apart, but are essentially one. But there are Mystics of to-day who live like Jesus without marrying in order to find themselves. They live a life of self realization, a life of self communion and out of that realization they are able to help others.

Man, Woman and the Eternally-Feminine

Woman is the soul of man. Man without his soul (—woman—) is but a mere animal and uses his animal methods to subjugate woman to his animal instincts. He succeeds, because through her mother-instinct and love of offspring and fidelity to “God’s command to replenish the earth,” she has given in to him. But, now is her time! She will no longer allow him to prolong his sensual sleep. “Of inner laws which women must know for themselves, there are these: however deep within the Nature that point may be at which occurs an interchange of love, that is, life—between the closest bond of souls, fraternally, conjugally, or otherwise, in the case of the woman there remains

* O. B. Frothingham : Religion of Humanity.

beyond, a depth into which man can never penetrate.—In that 'within' she is eternally alone with God.

"Whatever she knows within that depth is forever to man a mystery, save for what God, for ends of service, instructs her to set forth; but it can never be known to man except through woman. In the deep and inward man-woman union of pure essences, she touches God herself: through whatever atomic chain of beings this union is affected, man touches God through her.

"Hence arises a most solemn science, in which she must be educated now by the wisdom of the angelic womanhood—for without her understanding it, men can not be saved. The inner life-currents of God pass out through the woman's form radiating from her centre, to which no other life-currents can have access but the Divine One. She is properly and only a radiating orb, and her life is passed immediately into the enveloping outer form of herself,—her Sympneuma; and then mediately, by countless methods of distribution, into the universe at large.

"Let woman, with spirit consecrated to the Holy One who first designs to love or visit her, seek for her World-Service that it may no longer be hourly violated, as it is now, by every method and custom of the man-womanhood of the race."*

The Feminine Principle is Double

With the Hebrews both the masculine and the feminine principle were double. The Goddess of the Earth was double, both fruitful and non-fruitful; a goddess both of life and death. Freyja was both life giving and the receiver of those going to Death, like her dark anti-sister, Hela.

The manifoldness of the Great Mother is also represented in the Balder myth. Three women or three forms of existence need him for completion: Frigga, Hela and the giantess Thöck. Frigga wants to preserve the beautiful soul; Hela to remove him from life and Thöck to destroy him. And such is Nature.

In the Hero tales the unfruitful Brunhilde and the fruitful Chrimhilde both need Sigfrid. Semele and Hera struggle about Backus; Alkmene and Hera about Heracles. Aphrodite and Per-

* Dictated by Mrs. Oliphant. See "Oliphant Scientific Religion" page 337-8.

sephone both want Adonis and Kybele and Agdistis strive about Attis. Numerous other mythological illustrations can be shown. They all illustrate the double nature of the feminine principle.

The Hebrews, the Torah and the Feminine

With the Hebrews we can not expect to find such bright and lofty goddesses of the Eternally-Feminine as with the Greeks and Teutons, because their Mosaicism did not allow any feminine principles near Jahveh. Nevertheless, their human nature was too strong; it broke away from the Jahveh limitations and in later days returned to Femininity in the Godhead.

In Aserah (Axieros and the Athnara in the Cabiri mysteries) they worshipped the fruitfulness of the earth. Images were dedicated to her. Recently a nude clay figure of her has been found among Moabite ruins. On its half moon formed diadem stands *êl 'ummat* (,'L, 'MT) which Schlottman translates as "goddess of union." Trees were also dedicated to her. At Bambyke and Joppa she was honored as Atergatis or Derketo and represented as a woman with a fishtail. Derketo or *fissura* was planted with trees; hence arose forest mysteries and their practices and the rites connected therewith seem to have been familiar to the patriarchs and their times. Abraham planted such a forest (Gen. 21; 33) and worshipped God in it. The word Aserah in its root *as-ar* is pronachic. In Greek it is *Isor-a* a laconic by-word for Artemis.

The mission of the Jews was the promulgation of the Law. The Law is not (and was not) a mere codex of regulations. The Torah was a living body to the Jews; it was the Word or verbal covering of the Presence of the Divine-Feminine, The Shechinah, the Great Mother. The Law is a form of the mystery of womanhood and woman shall not be the savior of man till she embodies the Law as the most perfect form of the Eternally-Feminine or the Divine-Feminine. The Law is Spirit and the same which is called Pneuma in the New Testament. The word *Pneuma*, falsely translated "Spirit," "Ghost," "Holy Ghost" signifies either Divine Feminine Principle, or, sometimes those beings who emanate from it, or, the infusion of the power of the Divine Principle into created beings, in all cases the Great Mother.

That influx or the afflatus which is infused into Mankind's consciousness in our day is the Divine-Feminine, the Eternally-Feminine. It seeks women as its natural bearers and forms of revelation, and individual women have responded nobly, but womankind has not.* It is, however, necessary that all woman-kind should respond.

Is the Eternally-Feminine Manifest? Is A Science of Woman Possible?

In order to answer this question: Is a science of woman possible? it is necessary first of all to define science and what the scientific method is.

A scientific statement of woman, her nature, etc., involves (1) first of all a systematic statement of ascertained facts, facts which would cover or attempt to give an adequate expression of her nature, etc., (2) Such a systematic statement must be a complete generalization and its goal the discovery of a principle that shall connect all phenomena of woman and her life.

The question then is: is such a generalization possible? Can such a principle be pointed out, a principle that can connect all phenomena of woman and her life? Is it possible? I answer yes!

I will show how all feminine phenomena find an adequate expression in a certain principle. And my argument is this, that if I can show how woman has lived and passed through history from the remotest days until to-day and always lived through the most varied—and let me say the most cruel experiences—and come out as she is to-day, unconquered and really the master of man (in spite of appearances) then there must be a principle which has been the power to sustain her. And that principle must express her character or in other words be the formula for a scientific statement of woman.

To show that principle, I am compelled to roll up the curtain that now covers horrible scenes of the past; it is necessary that I reawaken the cries of despair, which filled the air of old, and most unwillingly I do it. I shall not indulge in many anthropological details. It would be unnecessary. Any one of you can easily enough find the facts that prove my generalizations.

I will divide history into three great sections: Antiquity, the

Christian Era, the Middle Ages, and our own day, without fixing dates for any of these periods. The question then is: how was woman in antiquity and what principle characterized her in those days, which is still a characteristic mark to-day? Some illustrations will show it.

There is a uniform tendency, singular as it is unscientific, to speak in unqualified terms about primitive man. The writers, be they anthropologists or mere scribblers, all speak of primitive man as an animal, a beast in the semblance of man, but without even the necessary fundamentals, which they themselves presuppose necessary to constitute what we call Man. That method and procedure is false, of course. It rests upon a very defective psychology.

I shall proceed on the idea that woman has always been woman, and not merely a being in the semblance of man. But for argument's sake, I will even begin where the anthropologists begin. For argument's sake, I will take for granted that her culture was animal—absurd as it is.

The animals to which she is compared are, of course, the so-called higher animals. But I will go even lower. The fishes and almost all insects are usually characterized as utterly indifferent to the fate of their seed and a great deal is made out of the fact that they never know or can know their offspring. It is argued that here is an emphatic proof that Nature cares only for the species and not for the individual. Supposing even, for argument's sake, that primitive woman satisfied her sexual instinct without regard to the future possible offspring, the comparison to the low forms of nature is wrong if a theory against her is made out of the fact of lust, for the reason that the fishes and the insects all seek the proper places for a depository for their eggs. That fact proves the motherly instinct, however imperfect it may be. The motherly instinct is thus not only desire or lust, but also Aspiration. And in the case of the woman, the aspiration has a conscious character which is evident from the agreement among all anthropologists and psychologists of sex. They all agree that primitive woman (—or woman according to her essential character—) seeks for her mate the strongest, boldest, handsomest and best man. For her to do that corresponds to the animal's blind instinct for the best place on which to deposit the eggs.

By this argument I have found the connecting principle; the principle on which a science of woman can be built. That principle I will name Aspiration. Woman means Aspiration! And what is Aspiration? Aspiration is a name for the law which irresistibly lifts us.

The changeableness of woman so often referred to as fickleness and unreliability is man's misunderstanding of the working of the law of Aspiration, which works so irresistibly in woman. Her restlessness is another expression of the same law. Her inconstancy is also another expression of the same law.

Back of her changeableness, her restlessness, her inconstancy, lies Aspiration, her ideal tendency, and it is the very vasilation that moves the world. Vasilation is an ugly word. Rhythm is better. Let me therefore say, let men learn to understand that woman's changeableness has a method in it; that her restlessness is vibration and that too has a law in it; that her inconstancy is an ever forward procession and that in all there is rhythm. Aspiration or the ideal tendency means a perpetual, irresistible expansion.

To-day some woman is so charmed with a friend that she thinks the ultimate has been found. But to-morrow the charm has lost some of its power and the day after to-morrow it is all gone. All this looks bad to an observing but narrow minded intellect. But a truer psychology sees expansion in it. It is expansion that creates the change.

It is to woman's glory that she responds so readily to the law of expansion. If she did not, darkness, sterility and death would come soon.

We must live onward, if we wish to live and come into our integral place in the universe. Woman is the natural leader on that Path. And the Eternally-Feminine within her causes her to love onward. It is woman's Aspiration or ideal tendency that causes her to withdraw from the man, who is not able to cut new paths for her or too weak and selfish to lead her to all that which is most worthy of her. When she first met him, he was her hero and seemed to be the realization of her dreams, but soon, too soon for her, he proved too limited and without the perpetual fire she wants to warm herself with, and which she

has a right to ask for, because she is Mother Nature's daughter and has the Great Mother's fire nature in the heart.

It is not always a fault, though it is always an uncertainty, to marry an expectation. When a woman does it, it is her Aspiration, her ideal tendency, that leads her to do it. And it is the same inclination that leads her to forsake him and wander on, either alone or to other loves. The woman who is true to her Aspiration or ideal tendency remains independent of her husband, neither leaning on him, nor borrowing from him. By so doing she lays the surest foundations for the future of both, and he, if he is a true man, will never cease admiring her. A certain independence and remoteness on her part is the strongest guard against degeneracy of the marital relationship and of both individually. The woman who says "let him go, if I cease to be all to him," speaks from her ideal tendency and Aspiration and not in licentiousness. It will be best both for him and for her, and for the children if there be any, because in the final analysis, he can not love downward, as he says, and she can not be untrue to her Aspirations and ideal tendency as she says.

Aspiration seems to be so fundamental in woman's character, that not even fear of death can destroy it. I know of a woman condemned to be hung, and who, being allowed the customary grace to ask a last favor, requested that she might go to the gallows under a parasol, the pleasure of which she never had had. The request was granted and proudly she walked to her death and to the last she was true to her Aspiration and ideal tendency.

Where culture, however superficial, has reached the sex, we find Aspirations very prominent. In fact culture is inconceivable without Aspirations. Wherever we find a woman without Aspirations, we find there merely a wombmán and not a woman. Culture and Aspirations make the distinctions between a woman and a wombmán. Even the scullion is ambitious and has Aspirations; the cook takes pride in best cooking. Even narrow minded and cold blooded, but truth loving Kant felt himself obliged to admit woman's Aspirations and her powers.

Aspirations are not desires. Desires are of the flesh. Aspirations are of the soul, the whole man. A. le Braz said: "The World is large, but the dream is larger; heaven is large, but aspirations are still larger."

Individual woman is not respected much for her own sake in India. If she were, the Brahman would not hold her in sexual slavery. But woman in her Aspirations, woman as the Eternally-Feminine is the hidden mystery of the Hindu soul.

In Persia she was "the strong woman." In the Avesta the angel of the law is a woman. Souls are feminine Fravashi or Aspirations. The ideal of purity is a girl and the chaste spouse. Egypt was an immense image of Isis, the Eternally-Feminine. Antiquity figured Life as a woman, because like Life she is irresistible in her Aspirations.

"Life may molt many feathers, yet delight
To soar and circle in a heaven of joy."

Who can annihilate Aspirations? They may be deadened, but can not be destroyed. Customs may mock at laws. A woman full of romantic Aspirations is like an Arab woman, "the wild Arabian mare of Pharaoh, more terrible than an army in array of battle." By law a woman may be declared "incompetent," but by Aspirations Tullia, Volumnia, Cornelia, Agrippina were queens as ever a woman was a queen. ✓

If anthropologists force the theory that woman was common property in most ancient days, then there is no way of explaining the rise of the home and the family. That theory must therefore be abandoned. Psychologically it would be a better theory to say that the family idea was first, simply because it would rise in the order of Nature and the mother's instinct, call that instinct desire or Aspiration, or do what is better still, say that the family arose on the call of desires and the mother's Aspirations perpetuated it. It would be good psychology to say so, because woman certainly means the family, its main stay, its glory, and moral value. It is so to-day and there is no theory which can do away with the other one that woman was woman always. However varying and variable she may have been, woman has always been woman. This is a truth, so simple that it is often forgotten for more fanciful notions.

It is well known that ancient religions were intensely sexual. I need not recite any details. It is also well known how conspicuous a part woman played in those religions. They all had

goddesses, numerous in number and variety. These goddesses were literally present among men in the shape of women. Religion was an actual affair, not a dogma. And what did woman represent? She always represented the great bearing power of life, fruitfulness, or, in other words, the power of uplift, of continuity, of centrality, of rejuvenescence, for short, she was an emblem of life: Aspiration!

What is life but desire, Aspiration, ascents? Do you not perceive the feminine character? Life means want, need, inclination, leaning, longings. Do you not see the woman? Life means passion, magnetic attraction, yearning. Do you recognize the woman? All these characteristics of life were also the characteristics of numerous ancient gods and they are thoroughly feminine. They are so comprehensive that a science of woman can be built on them.

In Eden there was no love. Adam and Eve were mated before they were married, if ever they were married. In such poverty begins the sacred history and its tale about woman. And the records from other religious centres are no more encouraging. Woman's history in the hands of man is primarily a history of his domination and not a history of love. Nevertheless, the observant eye of the psychologist can read the history of an unbroken spirit behind all tyranny and abuse and the Mystics can trace a life of Aspiration and uplift even in degradations.

It is worth while to follow the inner history of woman and it is necessary that it should be done in order to show what the feminine principle is and that woman is more consistent with herself and her life-idea, than generally admitted. Finally it is worth while to analyze woman's soul that we in our day may set her in her right place and do her justice. For these reasons especially I will run through a few pages of the history of antiquity, the Middle Ages and the Renaissance and tell you what I have read.

Ancient art attempted to embody Aspiration and succeeded to some extent. It was of course Egypt that did it; Egypt the land of occult studies and penetration into Nature's mysteries. That art has been called the Sphinx.

The Sphinx's body is animal, excepting the breasts which are a woman's. Its paws are simian and the wings those of some mysterious bird. Its face has all the traits of a sage's countenance; it is grave and great and serenely looks into the far future. Aspiration is in the breasts, that is clear from their shape. The face interprets the breasts and also speaks of Aspiration. The whole figure is Mystic with beauty. All lines breathe a deep procreating and feminine spirit. The mysterious surfaces of the giantess spell rejuvenescence and eternal war on death. She is bold and ready to challenge time to combat. Who can not recognize these traits as the same he has seen in those women he has looked up to? And who has not met with a Sphinx or a giantess? Those who have not, have not yet an idea of the daemonic in woman, the best element that attracts the real man.

Say the Sphinx is a beast—well! But what of its “comeliness, not of this world?” Say woman is an animal if you dare say it to a woman. The expression of sovereignty of the Sphinx which you never saw before, you shall then see—and you will never again lower yourself. In her expression of sovereignty, you shall also see—if you have eyes to see with—that she is a temple-soul, built in flesh and blood, to be sure, and liable to tremble under sexual and sensual imaginations, but none the less a temple from which a soul's Aspirations arise to communion with the Highest.

The word Sphinx is Greek and means the Squeezer or Strangler; not an inapt name for woman, if her dreadfully passionate smile meant only death. But it does not. Woman is the true Mystic and therefore meets the suppliant with requests that he negate all lust and inordinate affections. And that is meant by her inquisitive smile and look. When a satisfactory answer has been given, the smile changes to a love-call and her dreadfulness becomes an uplift.

Does not all this mean uplift? Aspiration? It does! “The soul in union with God” is not a motto for cowards, neither is a real woman a playtoy. To sustain her character, she is willing to suffer pain and her history spells agony on every page. Her sovereignty has never been crushed; however brutal man has

been, she has always mastered him, because she knows he is brutal and she turns his brutality against him.

All this which I have just said, I have read in the Sphinx's face and on the faces of women of giant character and I am not perplexed. Woman is only a riddle to the ignorant and the weak. Her very complexity is a solution of her mystery; it is affirmation, not negation. Woman is the full grown soul; the man is not, I think. He has yet to learn to regenerate his desire-nature and substitute Aspirations for desires. Aspirations carry creative energy in them. Desires can only impel, but not complete. Aspiration means perpetual and irresistible expansion, but desires kill and give sorrow.

No matter if we name woman Ashtaroth, Tanit or Aphrodite, the fact is evident that the ancient religions had more female deities than male. And no matter whether we talk about the Kama-dasi of India, of hierodules or bayaderes, this fact is also evident, that practically all the occult rites of the ancient religions and mysteries were of a feminine character and woman indispensable for them. And what did woman represent? She always represented the joyousness and beauty of Nature—states of feeling called bliss—and those

“Huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men,”

but appear to the savage as openings into the world of mystery, a world the modern man, who calls himself cultured, calls Paradise. In other words, woman even in her degradation means Aspiration or is man's medium for his Aspirations or uplift. She is always the type of the Eternally-Feminine or the Great Mother.

The Greeks used to say that the sea was terrible; that the blasts of hot fire were terrible; and the rush of rivers was terrible; but none of them so terrible as a terrible woman, and, for that reason no painter could adequately represent her, nor any language fully describe her. Not a mean view of woman! Back of it lies ideas of the Great Mother. Aphrodite, as the Greek sculptor knew her, was one type of the Great Mother and of woman's Aspirations. To the Greek sculptor, Aphrodite

meant a temple of beauty, not a mere female, beautiful and wicked. And Pheidias was right in his austere conception. Praxiteles was right too when he carved softer lines and gave them the air of melodies. High aims are Aspirations. Viciousness is desire. Plato said that both came from heaven.

In virtue of being a woman and intended from the beginning to have the care of the race in her hands, her brain cells have a capacity for complexity, for penetration, for alertness, for deep insight, for far reaching designs, for accomplishment by a hundred means, that man's brain cells have no capacity to follow, even afar off. A man's brain weighs and measures more than a woman's, but hers is one of spirit, which has neither dimension nor density. The head of the Venus of Melos, probably the masterpiece of Praxiteles, is too small, they say, but where is there a man's head like it? ✓

Another aspect of the Aphrodite-idea may be seen in Helen. Helen is like the allegory of beauty; beauty is for all, yet for none. So Femininity. She is for all, yet for none. Aspiration has no earth-form, but Aspiration is that subtle intensity which reveals love and beauty. Helen is also a type of woman. Before she matured, even as a child, she was abducted. Theseus violated the sanctity of the temple in which she was dancing to abduct her and carry her to Attica. Her brothers brought her back, but Achilles then took her, but had to cede her to Patroclus who again lost her to Menelaus. Paris took her and she followed him to Troy. After Paris was killed she wedded Deiphobus; betrayed him into the hands of Menelaus and with him she finally returned to Sparta. And that was the end of her adventures in matrimonial life, if I may so call her experiences and Aspirations.

Not only is Femininity like beauty for all and yet for none, but in Helen, history can show a woman who seemed to be for all, yet for none—at any rate while she was young. But I have not yet told the whole story about Helen. The legend tells us that when Menelaus saw her again he rushed at her with drawn sword ready to kill her—but was disarmed by a look from her eyes. That is my point. What was that look from her eyes? Certainly not one of fear, nor a cry for mercy. Helen was con-

✓ scious of her power. Her eyes flashed sovereignty, a sovereignty born of feminine Aspiration. And that conquered as it always has conquered. The legend tells still more: Paris in Hades, haunted by the memory of Helen's beauty, escaped and that Euphorion was the child of their mystic nuptials. See how persistent the idea haunted the mind of antiquity! The idea dominated it. It had read woman's character and expressed its understanding of her in the tale of Helen.

The story of Helen may be history or not. It does not matter. I am looking into psychology. I see in her ever varying fortunes, the ever changing emotions, and for that reason I look upon Helen as a type of Femininity and I claim her as an illustration upon the principle, which I say makes a science of woman possible.

At Mytilene, the girls cultivated the idea of immortality more than motherhood. Sappho was born at Mytilene. Plato called her the tenth muse. He might just as well have named her Aspiration for that is the meaning of a muse. The scandalous stories circulated about her are unwarranted by facts.

Who would ever think of representing the muses and the graces as men? The nine muses all represent spirituality and the immortal life. Mnemosyne was a giantess and goddess of memory. Memory to the ancients meant the power to recall all the results of past incarnations; the power to present the various rounds of experience that lead up to the present moment. Mnemosyne is therefore the synthesis of all life-history, both cosmic and psychic.

Look this definition in the face and you shall read woman's history as an expression of the Eternally-Feminine element and you shall see that face illuminated by an Aspiration that has all the world's secret behind it, and in it you shall perceive what an ideal tendency is, what Aspiration is. Any fair minded observer will, in Mnemosyne, see with me a principle that contains the whole science of woman.

When mythology tells us that the muses "prompted the memory" it means to tell us to interpret the Nine as phases of Life and Hope, two eminently feminine characteristics, two terms

signifying Alpha or the Beginning and Omega, not the end, but purpose and forward reach. And what are these two but what I already have called Aspiration and ideal tendency. Look upon them singly. Clio is "she that extols" life; Calliope is "she of the fair voice" who sings the praise of life; Euterpe is "she that gladdens" us by life's riches and pure blood; she dances hand in hand with Terpsichore, who is like Hope never restless but ever joyous and trying to move Polyhymnia, sister Hope who is more pensive and always veiled. Thalia and Melpomene go hand in hand and in comedy and tragedy they tell us about Erato, her of the love-nature and erotic character. All of them pay due respect to their celestial sister Urania, who measured man's fate by an astronomic measure.

If anyone should think that my imagination has run away with me, let me tell him that that which I have just said is only an elaboration of an earlier idea which is not mine. The most ancient catalogue of Muses includes only three names: Remembrance, Meditation and Song. What else can the two first be, but Life and the last but Hope?

See how wonderfully Life and Hope can be expressed by womanly types. The chemists' atomic table is not more exact than the character of the muses. The muses being fundamental forces, one is almost tempted to see them as correlatives to the chemists'. They are the Great Mother as the Eternally-Feminine and every individual woman is related to them in her Aspirations.

Put yourself under the influence of the spirit that permeated the surroundings of Pericles and you find Aspasia to be the aspiring genius of the age and the soul of it. Do not look upon her as a shameless hetaira. If you do, you do not know what an hetaira was or is in the universal economy. She represents and is the cup of wine which quickens the blood and the heart.

There was another also commonly called an hetaira. Her name was Phryne. She too possessed elements that could regenerate Greeks. She was a delicious creation and most significantly overruled the Areopagus by her beauty. How could sages condemn her for imitating Anadyomene rising out of the sea? When they saw her naked beauty they realized that she was truly the aspiring spirit of their Aphrodite and that she was shaped such

as Greek Nature wanted woman to be both in body, soul and spirit.

I have not space to mention more than these two typically Greek examples upon Aspiration. The Greek type of woman, Aspiration and the Eternally-Feminine, were one of love, of subtleness and exuberance. As a type it was so different from anything the modern world knows of, that moderns can not even imagine its bent and animus. Moderns are afraid to show their longings; they will rather crush them in tightlaced conventionalities. They do not know what love is or can be, when the yearnings of the human heart sigh for the clear air of Arcadian mountains or Athenian culture. The moderns restrain all eagerness, dampen their ardor and fear their own magnetism. For such reasons the majority can not understand why or how I can speak as I have spoken and defined Aspiration as I have defined and illustrated it. But I stand by my words and deeper studies will prove me to be in the right.

I now come to Rome.

Numa Pampilius was not the founder, but the first Priest-king of Rome; it was he who gave Rome the first laws and her constitution. His guide was Egeria. Egeria was a nymph and is quite famous in Italy's earliest history. That she was a nymph means that she was the embodiment of inspiration, the living and present matrix or mother of life. Being a nymph or an earthform of wisdom or intensity she was naturally Numa's instructor. The same Numa also had a visit of a Sibyl, who offered him nine books containing the future history of Rome. But Numa did not consult Egeria this time. In his own wisdom he refused the Sibyl's price for the nine. As a result she threw three of the books into the fire and asked him the same price for the six remaining but Numa again refused with the result that she threw three more into the flames, still demanding the same price for the three in balance. Numa now paid, and thus demonstrated man's shortsightedness and how life compels us to pay the price, whether we will or no, at any rate whether we get the sought information or not. The Sibyl is the feminine principle, embodied in woman, which never knows of a more or less—in love. Wants it all! Wants her price, even though she finally gives

only one third of what might have been had in the beginning if man's actions had been free, frank and trustful.

The feminine principle is too simple to bargain. It is really not a very remarkable incident that Numa Pompilius should have been directed by a nymph, a woman. If we can learn to look upon the cosmic economy in the right way, we can also come to see that the Feminine, if not prior to, at least is consubstantial and co-eternal with the Masculine, and being the most sensitive, it, as a consequence, more readily than the Masculine, can see into things, hence naturally becomes the guide. And it was so in antiquity. The masculine principle even when it officiated as priest let itself be guided by Sibyls, Volas and Alrunes. The Roman priest and his rites came from the Great Mother in the last instance and always through individual woman prophetesses. These were instinctively recognized as the proper recipients of the Divine Voice, because of their Aspirations.

The inside character of Rome is revealed by these words of Cato Major. "Everywhere else women are ruled by men, but we who rule men, are ruled by women." To understand these words and the subject of the relation of the Roman husband to the Roman wife, a sharp distinction must be made between that which was law and that which was practice or custom. The two differed radically and to the honor of the otherwise brutal Roman man, it must be said that custom and practice resting upon natural order prevailed against the man and state made law. The Roman acted better than he thought legally. This I give as a general statement. I am not ready to press my point. The Roman law on marriage is not easily stated. But that does not matter. I get my point on woman's superior quality and typical representation of Aspiration very easily if my reader realizes that from the moment the married woman has responded *Ubi tu Caius, Ibi ego Caia* to the husband's call when she was lifted over the threshold, she was indeed a master as much as he and even more so, because the Home in Rome was the centrality for everything Roman.

The Home was dedicated to Vesta (or Hestia) and the special devotees of this goddess were the matron and the virgins called

Vestals. (Of this I have written elsewhere). The Roman matron and vestal were another type of Aspiration.

Rome as a city did not know love. Some think that Rome's mystery is revealed by reading Roma backwards as Amor or love. But facts do not bear out that poetry. Rome's mystic name was Pan symbolized by the god of the Woods or rather the Whole, the Universal. Rome was Pan in the sense of the word panic: terror.

Rome spread terror, panic, where she came because her mission was to destroy everything effete, everything old and worn out and spoiled by wrong use. She also spread terror, panic, by her gospel of substitution. She placed herself where she did away with that which was useless among the barbarians, whom she conquered. Her gospel of substitution was later translated into a gospel of vicariousness, but that was not Rome's idea when she lived her original life and ideas. She really substituted a new life; made the weak function with infused vigor. And in all that she revealed the Great Mother's character and woman's Aspiration.

From Rome to the Middle Ages there is a gap in history which is not easily filled up in any way, least of all by a record of woman except I turn to doubtful ecclesiastical records for which I have no space.

Aspiration or mobility is woman's characteristic and daily experience proves that as an essential. Man expects that of the woman he loves and reveres and in that lies my proof of having found a principle, which explains woman and that proof is stronger than any argument possible.

Man demands of her that she shall create aesthetic feeling, sweet sentiments and be incarnated attraction. He expects from her to receive such stimulus which can keep him afloat, a buoyancy, that he shall not sink. And he expects that because he himself is hard form, immobility, a staying power, and unsentimental, yet needing the opposite.

Aspiration or mobility is that power in art which enlivens the lines, tinctures the colors, modulates sounds, creates rhythm, for short, the life of all art or which is the same, beauty. Beauty is the life of art. Because woman is Aspiration or mobility and ex-

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ercises such a power, men have always called woman Beauty. We do not speak of a beautiful man. We may call him handsome, dignified, etc., but not properly beautiful. Woman then is a synonym for Beauty. The transition from antiquity to the Middle Ages and the Renaissance is easy. It is made by means of Beauty.

The Middle Ages cultivated Beauty in several forms. Its cathedrals are grand symbols of woman. That is a subject Occultists and Symbolists are familiar with, but which can not very well be discussed here, at present.

While the cathedral builders were true worshippers of beauty, there was another form of Beauty culture far more universal and extended and reaching down to the lowest layers of human society. That culture was the adoration of the Virgin Mary and the worship offered her. No matter under what form or by what ceremony she was hailed as man's ideal of Femininity, her rites were essentially beauty-rites and her worship created in the public mind the sense of Beauty, uplift of heart and feelings.

All this is mystic deification of woman under the name of the Virgin Mary and is in perfect harmony with the romantic spirit of the Middle Ages and its deep emotional religiousness, its asceticism, its Goethic art and heaven rising church towers. And back of it I feel a revival of the essentials of Orientalism.

This mystic deification of woman and the romantic spirit of the Middle Ages are only other forms of the words Aspiration or mobility. It was a reaction against classical form and regularity. It sought to bring into actual life that intensity and dimly felt energy which moves nations and individuals. It cultivated that passion which always looks beyond present boundaries and sought it as a new and fresh soil for new ideas. And the new ideas interpreted the world and man in the spirit of freedom and human worth, two ideas hitherto crushed under formalism and never fully born into humanity. What simple religious enthusiasm did not form or create, was done by Art. Art, too, glorified Mary or rather the Eternally-Feminine expressed in the doctrine of Mary. The very manifoldness of expression found among the religious enthusiasts, I just now men-

tioned, proves that Mary is not one woman, but all women, not a fact but an idea; and what idea? The idea of Femininity, of Womanhood in general. And what are the various conceptions of Femininity expressed? They are so many and so varied that I must forgo any details. But characteristic expressions any one can readily see by looking through a book collection of pictures representing Mary in Art. The sum total of the religion of Mary and the art types of Mary is the Eternally-Feminine. As early as the middle of the second Century the Virgin appears as the antitype of Eve. One gives birth to humanity at large; the other is the means of its regeneration. By a curious transposition of facts and psychological ideas Mary is both a mother and a virgin and it is hard to say which is the most prominent idea; but artistically it is of course the Virgin idea that prevails and psychologically it is hard to see any other justification for the adoration offered her, than the romantic conception of her as an ideal woman and type of virginity. And while that idea is prevalent in the early Church, it may well be said that the chivalry connected with Mary's name arose among the Germanic peoples and it rests now on ideas that have been awakened and which seem to be indestructible, because they express a central character of humanity.

The veneration of the martyrs led to make Mary the queen of the heavenly hosts and from being a lowly recipient of grace she became the source and giver of grace. The second Council of Nicea, (787 A. D.) declared that the veneration paid to her image passed on to her and that he who adored the image adored her, the original. That is the climax. No wonder then that Peter Damian who was born 1006, could assert that nothing is impossible to her and said that she restores hope to the despairing.

Devotion to Mary was promoted by the introduction of the recitation of the Angelus three times a day, and, by the Teutonic Knights who chose her for their patroness; the Dominicans who aided with the Rosary; the Franciscans who advocated most ardently the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; the Carmelites who boasted of her special favor, etc., etc.,

All this enthusiasm is explainable psychologically; it was the enthusiasm of the Eternally-Feminine, and men felt Woman as

the power of Aspiration. It was so when the man was a Knight not a tradesman. How is it now?

With the Renaissance it seems woman first becomes woman. The sense of reality which awakened everywhere also gave her a character she did not have before. Whatever faults may be found with the romantic atmosphere which surrounded her and all the false love and misunderstandings connected with the worship of beauty represented by woman, the very fact that she was a central figure proves that eternal elements must have appeared. The Renaissance period did not present us with a finished system or inaugurate definite ideas, but it was nevertheless a period of power and health, and that was its secret. Its power was revealed in its human conception of Nature, and thereby it knew the Great Mother and woman. Notice I said its human conceptions of Nature and I will add its human conception of human life. The statement seems ambiguous, but it is not when looked at a little nearer.

The Middle Ages gave birth to romantic feelings but not to the specific human. That age sought the Inner, the Mystic, in a most onesided way and never even discovered human worth. The common mind was earthly; the superior mind was transcendental, and there was no connecting mind or transition from the one to the other. The Middle Ages were restless for that reason; they were dualistic and extreme. The Renaissance brought the connection and Man was the connecting link. Nature was seen in a form of man and Nature was feminine.

With the worship of the Virgin, the history of woman as Aspiration naturally comes to an end. The Church has thereby placed her before the world as its highest expression of uplift.

Science will dispose of all the thoughts set forth as mere animism and thus deny all mentality and personality. It is therefore proper that I should meet the subject. I do it as follows:

God as Person, Animism and the Great Mother

"Nature only discloses her whole self to a whole man," because, according to the Pythagoreans "like is only understood by like." Nature, as Jean Paul said "we can not look at impersonally, we must needs give her form and soul, in order to grasp and

describe her." But that does not mean that we must personify her and that she has no other personality than that we give her. The opposite is the truth. We have personality because Nature is Personality and we are created in her image. Jean Paul means that only in the degree in which we are confirmed in self-realization can we understand Nature. Nature is reflected or imaged in us and not vice versa.

Personality is the root of creation; the measure of all things and builds the Temple.

By personality I understand the Greek *Hypostasis* and not the Roman *Persona*. The latter means a mask and stands in modern language for the human ensemble in psychology. The former means substance, man as Soul or a spiritual form of the Eternal. I consider Nature as an Hypostasis or Personality and claim that the remotest antiquity thought likewise. Only by so doing do we get to the real root of religion.

The subject "God as person" has agitated the thought of mankind from the remotest days and progressively we have gained some clearness. Clearness has come in the degree we have discovered that we ourselves have only a true valuation of ourselves if our god is personal. Personality in our God and personality in ourselves condition one another.

What does it mean: "God is Person"?

In the first place the sentence does not read "God is a Person." It means that Divinity is not a generality or a far off abstraction, but an "individuality" having the highest reflective, intellectual, moral and spiritual qualities such as man has individuality in a narrow and much circumscribed form. But it does not mean that Divinity is a human individual or a person like my reader and myself nor a fetish like that of the savage.

I use the words Personality and the Personal for want of better terms, when I want to emphasize the idea of an eternal consciousness and will behind all things.

When we learn that Nature is but another name for the Eternally-Feminine or the Great Mother, then we begin to understand what Nature is and that she is neither blind nor mute. When that is learned, it is also learned what Personality is and that Nature and Personality as terms mean the same.

If any of my readers have dropped the idea that God is Person—I advise that they recover the conception. “Universality” is not our food. We are still in the flesh and must rise by the flesh. Do not undervalue limitations!

Most of my readers if they are dualists will be with me if I say that Nature is Spirit invisible, personal, they will also follow me if I say that invisible Spirit is manifested as Nature. To say that Nature is Spirit visible, personal, is better than to talk about Animism as the Key to Life and Life’s manifestations.

The conception Animism is a poor substitute for Spirit and Personality and utterly inadequate.

The crudest form of the theory of Animism is that which holds that all bodies in Nature are animated by something dwelling in them and distinct from them. Another form holds that bodies are full of ghosts of departed men. Herbert Spencer has developed this theory, the Ghost-theory. A more universal and rational view is that which holds that all Nature is animated, but it does not make a distinction between the object and its animating principle; rather identifies the two. This view is held by some anthropologists and in philosophy.

The *anima mundi*, the Worldsoul, in philosophy is but a thought-form of the Great Mother. It is thought, not life; it is an abstraction, not an experience. But the term denoted originally that intelligent, moving, directing, organizing and sustaining life or Presence which philosophers no more call Mother, because they have lost the primitive immediateness. The Great Mother is practically an Unknown God to the modern world.

Among the Greeks, Heraclitus and Anaxagoras still knew of the Presence, though they spoke only about *Logos* and *Nous*. In the *Timaüs* Plato speaks explicitly about Soul as a timeless principle, which is the mediation of opposites. The Stoics had a fuller conception of the Worldsoul, *Pneuma*. Many Scholastics spoke about the Worldsoul. Abelard changed the customary phraseology and spoke of the Holy Spirit where others used the word Worldsoul. Maimon and Schelling are especially prominent, and so is Emerson, as exponents of the Worldsoul, the *anima mundi*. But, though they imply a personal factor, they nevertheless talk impersonally. All of these are animists in the

sense I used the term above, but their studies and experiences rightly valued may become very useful.

It is not possible here to enter into more details. The works of the authors mentioned are easily accessible in libraries and ought to be studied by my readers there. Among modern scholars it is especially Tylor's work "Primitive Culture" which has given currency to the animistic theory. His theory is an exposition of the belief that there is something dwelling in bodies but distinct from them; this something, however, may still be material. In other words, Tylor holds that primitive people attributed all the characteristics of personality to natural objects and points to mythology and comparative religion and philosophy for proofs. He holds that primitive people looked upon Nature as personal like themselves, variously either physically, forcefully, socially, mentally or as moving, opposing, arranging or planning.

Familiarity with Animism and some of the numerous studies of the life and psychology of primitive people leads invariably, in my opinion, to the Great Mother, as the Reality back of the theory.

Reverting to that which I said above, my reader will agree with me that the primitive people no doubt meant that Nature was Spirit visible. Under whatever form they lived with Nature, they could not avoid the realization and experience of a great living personality, greater than themselves. If my reader has ever lived in the Open a long time and has been in personal contact with the Power of the Open, he is in even more than an agreement with me. If he has had no experience, let him go into the Open and he will understand by and by.

May that book, Nature, prove helpful! Its subject has been so to me. I know what I believe and I stand on a foundation that can not be removed.

Let me end by quoting* that enthusiastic Hindu, Mozoomdar, who better than any Occidental can speak about Kinship in Nature.

"A living being is this vast Nature, with the Presence of the Spirit for its life, one with me, yet distinct; an august not me

* P. C. Mozoomdar: *The Spirit of God: Kinship in Nature*. Boston, 1894.

that puts this unquiet me to rest,—the deep rest of communion,—because to its remotest fact Nature has a wonderfully human aspect. The farthest sweep of the telescope, the minutest research of mathematical instruments, discover and realize in their operations an intense family likeness between the observer's mind and the delicate adaptations of which he takes account. The soul is continually finding itself, finding the order of its own laws, feelings, and reason wherever it finds admission in the universe.

"God in Nature's economy is profoundly human. Might not that account for a great deal of primitive worship? In all her faults and fulnesses, Nature is strikingly like man. He who feels fully at home in Nature; feels in it the satisfaction of his deep instincts. Things call out to him as Kinsmen to a Kinsman; and in perfecting himself, he perfects all that is around him. Commune with the old mystic mother, ask and search, penetrate from sanctuary to sanctuary, plunge from depth to depth in spiritual absorption, you will find in Nature further revelations."

Let us return to our Mother!

Poetry and the Great Mother

From Animism there is but a step to the poetic conceptions of Nature. Poetry is essentially an interpretation of what we have felt or feel to be beauty. It is "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge" and as "immortal as the heart of man." Its substance is always beauty. And beauty like goodness and truth, is one of the Great Mother's manifestations.

The poet is distinguished from another person by being an intense soul or which is the same full of the Great Mother. The Great Mother is intensity. He is therefore naturally the Mother's living expression. Poetry as art deals with the real in the actual. The poet is therefore like an infant in the lap of his environment or the workings of the Great Mother. If he be true to his inspiration, he can therefore tell us more than philosophy can even think of. His feelings are truer than metaphysical abstractions and when he expresses his feelings, he reaches our heart rather than our brain.

Philosophy according to its fundamental idea has always had

a tendency to regard Nature as a self-subsisting thing. It lives by distinctions. But the poet is synthetic; he gathers and looks for kinship. Nature is constantly wooing him and he returns the love. The philosopher may well sit still in a city and meditate and find logic in things. But the poet can not do that. He must be in motion and feel motion. To him Nature is never a lifeless mechanical thing, but a throbbing entity seeking an intimate relation with him. The philosopher is inclined to treat imagination as vague dreams; but the poet knows it as an image-making faculty not guilty of deceiving him with man-made fancies. Imagination may not be reasonable and self-corrective to others, but it is so in his own case because he cultivates it and worships it as a divine faculty. The poet's imagination is in a profound sense pervaded by the universal life. Hence it exhales golden streams and it can express the deep tones that lie in the silences of Nature; it can figure the Uncreated and bring us into the Unseen Presence, the Great Mother. Hence poetry is one of Mother Nature's great ministers.

I have already alluded to imagination as reasonable and self-corrective. To repeat the same in another way, I will say that it is Reason in us that kindles scientific wonders. By it, the poet becomes the Great Mother's priest. Through him we realize that the universe was made for man and that the soul was made for the universe. In other words, that the two are parts of one another and when we realize that, we may be sure the Great Mother is very near.

A story* is told of a Westmoreland dalesman who, as he was walking with Wordsworth by the side of a brook, suddenly said to him with great spirit and a lively smile, "I like to walk where I can hear the sound of the beck!" Beck is the Westmoreland word for what in England is called a brook and in Scotland a burn. "I can not but think," adds the poet, "that this man, without being conscious of it, has had many devout feelings connected with the appearances which presented themselves to him in his employment as a shepherd, and that the pleasure of his heart was an acceptable offering to the Divine Being!"

This is Wordsworth's reflection, and Principal Shairp adds:

* J. C. Shairp: *Poetic Interpretation of Nature*, Edinburgh, 1877, page 37.

"I shall but add that his liking to hear the sound of the beck was mere commonplace to him, but passing inward had awakened and imaginative echo which is the birth of poetry." And I will add as a commentary to both writers, that the shepherd heard the language of Nature or the Great Mother. Her language is not dictatic, but full of soul guidances, direction and assurance. It establishes eternal relationships. Sometimes it clothes itself in forms of bird notes or in the sounds of a beck, or in gentle whispers from leaf to leaf, but ordinarily it is immediate and direct. It is, as I said, the poet who helps to make us realize the mutual relationship of soul and the universe. An illustration upon this may be found in Wordsworth's "The Excursion."*

To the glory of Wordsworth's boy be it said, that it was not his ignorance of the science of light which enabled him to rise to a sublime height. He possessed a science indeed; one of the heart and one much more certain than those of the senses. He had an inner and personal realization of the union of his own soul and that of the universe. Neither his unconscious certainty nor his realization could be taken away from him. The ordinary scientist's certainty is one of sense and memory and can be lost because the senses and the memory can fail. The Inner-Life never fails. The Eternal Mother is in the Inner-Life as well as in the Outer-Life. The two are one to her and to us when in ecstasy.

Truly the Proverbs said (xxix: 18) "Where there is no vision, the people perish." How could they live without the Great Mother?

If the Mother can not reach the people by "the starry heavens above," she tries it by the moral and religious nature within. The Law is everywhere the same. All her works are co-ordinate. Homer, Aeskylos, Sophocles, Euripides, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, David, Isaiah, Job, etc., etc., are all religious teachers and all speak of the secret things of the Mother and of her workmaster, the Redeemer. They all preach the same godly fellowship of God's Men and Nature and all establish "a new heaven and a new earth." They are all themselves practical real-

* The most characteristic part is quoted in my lecture on Art.

izations of the kinship between religion and poetry. They keep us awake to the movement in music and speech and exclude all who have no clean hands and pure hearts, no justice and goodness. They not only teach us how to feel the Divine operative in human life, but through them the intolerable burden of joy utters itself.

"Oh, Thou (Mother) bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thy gifts the crown!
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away."

And finally, if the Mother has no opportunity to reach a worthy pupil either by the stars above or by religion within, she may find a way by means of art. An illustration from Goethe's autobiography will make this clear.

V "While residing in Strassburg," he wrote, "I happened once to be in a large party at a country house from which there was a beautiful view of the front of the Minster and the tower that rises above it. 'Tis a pity,' some one said, 'that the whole is not finished and that we have only one tower.' I replied: 'To me it seems quite as great a pity that this one tower is not completed; for the four volutes end much too abruptly. Four light spires should be added to them, as well as a higher one in the middle where the clumsy cross now stands.' As I made this declaration with my accustomed earnestness, a lively little man addressed me, and said, 'Who told you that?' 'The tower itself,' I answered. 'I have observed it so carefully, and have manifested so much attachment to it, it at last determined to confess to me this open mystery.' 'It has not informed you untruly,' he responded. 'I have the best of means for knowing, for I am the superintendent of the public edifices. In our archives we still have the original design, which says precisely the same, and which I can show you.' "

It is evident from this confession that Goethe's imagination recognized the law which should regulate the entire construction. The primary lines demonstrated of themselves to him what was in the original designer's mind and heart. Even in art

there is nothing arbitrary; if there is, then the art is imperfect and not after the Great Mother's heart.

When E. A. Poe wrote the following he must have been filled with influences directly from the Great Mother. His words are the palpitations of a human heart. Their power is not from the imagination. They really picture the Presence of the Mother. The ambrosia is the Great Mother.

"We shall reach a distinct conception of what the true poetry is, by mere reference to a few of the simple elements which induce in the poet himself the true poetical effect. He recognizes the ambrosia which nourishes his soul in the bright orbs that shine in heaven—in the volutes of the flower—in the clustering of low shrubberies—in the waving of the grain-fields—in the slanting of the tall Eastern trees—in the blue distance of the mountains—in the grouping of the clouds—in the twinkling of half hidden brooks—in the gleaming of silver rivers—in the repose of sequestered lakes—in the star mirroring depths of lonely wells. He perceives it in the songs of birds—in the harp of Aeolus—in the sighing of the night-wind—in the repining voice of the forest—in the surf that complains to the shore—in the fresh breath of the woods—in the scent of the violet—in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth—in the suggestive odor that comes to him, at even-tide, from far-distant, undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored.

"He owns it in all noble thoughts—in all unworldly motives—in all holy impulses—in all chivalrous, generous and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman—in the grace of her step—in the lustre of her eye—in the melody of her voice—in her soft laughter—in her sigh—in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments—in her burning enthusiasms—in her gentle charities—in her meek and devotional endurances—but above all—he kneels to it—he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty—of her love."

All this so objective, so real that it must have come to him from the Great Source. Such language and its power of suggestion is deeper than any intellectual construction. It is enthusiasm (or rather entheasm) or God-Possession. It is a description, a painting of the Great Mother.

Vital Force and the Great Mother

If it be necessary to find an impersonal term for the Great Mother or her activities, none seems better than "vital force," even though the "modern world" has declared against it. In spite of objections, there certainly is a "vital force" which, as far as possible, repairs an injury to an organ and does the repairing according to an original "schema" and never haphazard.

Instead of saying with modern scientists that all power is impersonal, I use "vital force" as a term for that force which builds up all vegetable and animal (human) organisms, because that force acts personally by will and thought; it is not a blind force; it is conscious and deliberate in its actions.

The Great Mother is the Power of Life

Angela of Foligno, the Mystic, identified in experience the Holy Spirit with the Indwelling Christ. So did Paul and the Gospel of John. With these great souls, I declare the same identification and further identify them with the Great Mother. It is she who gives us personal religion and without her there is no partaking in Life. Without her, Life merely passes over us, but we give no sound like a bell struck by a power. If we oppose her or her Will as manifested by her Workmaster, we are balked and baffled everywhere. The ignorant and vulgar feel life vigorously enough, but in the way of a beast. But Nature, the Great Mother is *Magnus Homo*. Pindar, Plato, Wordsworth and Emerson knew that.

Pindar had realized that "one is the race of men and gods, and from one Mother we both inherit the breath of life." (Nem. 6.1). This was Orphicism. In that conception rested the Greek idea of a life in harmony with the Whole (Nous). Plato and the Stoics defined that life. Marcus Aurelius put it this way: "The soul (our daemon) or faculty of reason is the genius, which Zeus has bestowed on every man to be a ruler and guide, even a fragment of himself."

The Great Mother's Gift to Her Children

Love, The Leveller and the Uplifter

BY GRACE GALLATIN SETON


To me, Love is all the Great Mother, but the Great Mother is

not merely all Love; in addition to all power and wisdom, including Love itself, she is the great undifferentiated Plus.

We are all her children—men and women, animals and flowers alike, up and down the ladder of evolution; fair of brow and crooked of back; those from whose eyes glance the power of Love; those who look out blankly upon their world—uncomprehending, struggling against the darkness of their own making and therefore hating—poor hunted souls, driving back the Love that heals and harmonizes.

Hard indeed is it for the Soul Stuff to impress upon evolving man the lessons it learned among the animals, the flowers, the little multitudinous leaves, the grasses and the tiny crawling things—what you will. The lesson of joy in life and the particular form of expression of life is a lesson of love: The lesson of patient submission when the forces beyond their strength buffeted and punished—when the elements turned from friend to foe. This the lesser created thing endures if possible, and accommodates itself to if possible, if not, resignedly lets go of its particular form of expression, willing substance for the angel of the Wild Things to mould anew. Some call this death. It is the alchemy of the Great Mother—Love—it is ceaseless activity of all created life, Her children.

Can one look at the maple tree yonder and doubt? Certainly none who has begun to make friends with trees. Many messages are awaiting from them for those who have the hearing ear. The Indians founded some of their most beautiful legends on the tree spirit. A favorite is that of an Indian Maiden who lost her lover on the eve of marriage. She used to go to a particular tree, a straight-trunked sturdy oak, and lament and long for her lost love. Leaning against the tree she seemed to find comfort as she poured out her soul. Presently she began to feel the presence of the tree answer her with gentle murmurings of comfort, and she wept no more but listened and talked to the tree. All the hours she could steal from her duties as daughter of the teepee she spent with her tree lover, until one evening, as the after glow was fading from the sky, and every created thing seemed to hold its breath in the twilight hush, she turned and flung her arms around her tree and poured out her love to it. And as she



did so, the trunk seemed to be alive with a human thrill. The lower trunks became arms that embraced her, topped by a cap with princely plumes. It was the face of her ideal lover, not the one who had deserted her, but the ideal which had lain next her heart, in all her maidenly longings. By her love had she created it—and by love are all things created.

And so, my friend, the tree opposite my window typifies to me the spirit of the Wild Things, the Great Mother's children.

Being a maple, it is content to be a maple, and glories in its multiplicity, it being at that stage of its development. Some day its Soul Stuff may be expressed in the simplicity of the great single stem of the upstanding pine, with its trunks towering laterally aloft. Who knows? But now it has a dual trunk, springing a few feet from its base and wide spreading symmetrical branches, dowered with a wealth of perfectly formed leaves which provide a grateful shade for those who would tarry beneath. Its bark is smooth and healthy, its roots reach out for sustenance, and share it with the grass and ferns; all are harmonized. This tree expresses beauty, patience and peace, and it is never more peaceful than when a wild wind storm is tossing its branches and shivering its leaves in rhythmic delirium. It is basically, fundamentally rooted; if the sun beats, it is well; if the storm blows, it is well; if the lightning strikes, it is ready. And in the days and days of patient being, in heat and cold, it is the same; and so in the nights and nights of standing upright, holding out its multiple self in the darkness, just being what it is, a tree, attuned to cosmic harmony, and responding to the surge and flow of the life pulse. But in the moon-light it takes on a borrowed glamor. Under the red, red moon of harvest it shines with added promise: A friendly ear can fairly hear a low rhythmic hum, ascending spirally into the brooding air. And in the pale white light of a winter's moon, its branches, outlined *black*, speak, again, patience, beauty, peace. "All is well with my soul," it expresses. Is it not priceless, this gift of the Great Mother?

There is a prophecy in the Hermetic Books* to the effect that

* The Divine Language of Celestial Correspondences, by C. Turnbull, page 101-2.

woman being the last created form must be an improvement on man, and in due time her superiority would be demonstrated. Here are a few extracts :

"And now I show you a Mystery and a new thing, which is part of the Mystery of the Fourth Day of Creation.

"The word which shall come to save the world, shall be uttered by a Woman.

"A Woman shall conceive, and shall bring forth the tidings of Salvation.

"For the reign of Adam is at its last hour; and God shall crown all things by the creation of Eve.

"Hitherto the Man hath been alone, and hath had dominion over the earth.

"But when the Woman shall be created, God shall give unto her the kingdom; and she shall be first in rule and highest in dignity.

"Yea, the last shall be first; and the elder shall serve the younger.

"So that Man the *Manifestor* shall resign his office; and Woman the *Interpreter* shall give light to the world.

"She is the Eyes which enlighten; the Power which draweth inward to God.

"And her kingdom cometh; the day of the exaltation of Woman.

"For the Woman is the crown of Man, and the final manifestation of Humanity.

"But the creation of Woman is not yet complete: but it shall be complete in the time which is at hand."

This is a very difficult doctrine for one whose thought has become crystallized by modern materialism, to whom might is right, and the under dog is under dog forever. It is however the Great Mother speaking.

Let me illustrate by a simple sketch, how it appears to some, this gospel of the Eternally-Feminine. The painting was done in ordinary India ink on an ordinary Japanese fan by a Japanese artist, presumably ordinary, if a human being is ever that. It represented the inevitable snow covered Fuji Yama in the background. A stream ran from it to the foreground; over it a

✓ bridge; on its banks a single pine tree; both mountains, bridge and tree reflected in its tranquil surface of steady, slow moving water; that was all: but the impression left on the seeing eye represented the epitome of Life and Love. The upstanding pine symbolized the Masculine and Dominant. The water, the horizontal line, the *surface* reflecting the pine, the bridge and the mountain, represented the Feminine.

Small wonder, that the pine, *knowing* itself to be and seeing itself reflected by its opposite, conceived itself as the *whole*, quite forgetting that it was even then drawing its very life from the moisture of the stream at its roots. Finally the towering mountain symbolized the blending of the two, inextricably, into an emblem of power, of beauty, of patience and of peace. It is Being and Becoming. It is the uprearing, impressive force of the Masculine. It is the low lying retentive *foundation* of the Receptive and Feminine. Together, tier on tier, goes the dual creation, even as Fuji Yama, coursed over by rushing torrents, draped by primeval forests, white-crowned by the child of the sun and earth. A poem in the Great Mother's Book of Love.

But why concern ourselves with the better or worse of the case. The world proceeds on its upward spiral and the Hermetic prophecy is near its fulfillment mayhap, may not. Just listen to the heart beat of the spheres and all things fall into their ordained place. Is the lion of more importance in the scheme of things than the mouse? Cleopatra than my cook? The chances are that the one who presides over pots and pans, has learned the lesson of life quite as well as the lady whose haughty spirit cast her slaves to death when they brought ill tidings. *Except* for the capacity for *loving*. There, the Egyptian queen proved herself a fitter vessel for the cosmic activity. Is it not so with all great people?

Is it, that in such measure as one responds to the call of the Mother,—one is great? Varied only by the infinite change of media through which the divine afflatus has passed during the ages. Has not the greatness been the same—the capacity for loving in some form?

Thus, step by step the Mother, through the magic of the Great Leveller and of the Great Uplifter, does She teach her children

their superlative greatness, their infinite littleness and eternal place, in the cosmic symphony!

Mothering the Race

By EUGENIE R. ELISCU, M. D.

I have asked myself the question and reason why the Mother is everything to us, and why her love transcends all love and affection which the animal and human world knows of. Is it because we, from the day of birth, look into her loving and endearing eyes and in her embrace feel the whole world? Is it because she nurses, protects and teaches us? Is it because she loves us when we are good, and suffers when we are bad, yet loves us the more? Is it because she rejoices in our aspirations and happiness? Or is it because she seeks to right us when we go wrong? When we are condemned, despised and forsaken by our friends, she is the only one who still believes, shields and pities us. Or is the reason more significant and deeper than that? Yes—she is the root and substance of our very nature, the inseparable essence of life, and we the facsimile of her. Her purpose, virtue and function are written everywhere by the great universal Mother.

The universal genetic purpose is distinctly motherly, constructive and conservative. Each cell seed bespeaks the universal Mother idea.

Science proclaims motherhood in the biologic mother cell; chemistry in the mother crystal; philosophy in the primordial mother substance; philology in mother tongue; business in mother pearl, and religions in mother gods. In Holy Writ, the first two chapters of Genesis introduce us to Adam's Man's Mother.

Woman's name is love and reverence from the first to the last breath of life, and her influence is felt in the very marrow of our being. Is it a wonder that from time immemorial, art, science and literature worship at her shrine? Everywhere her image, in form, color and sound are set up. In fact through all avenues of sense, emotion, mind and spirit we praise her. How to reconcile this fact? Only by the knowledge that through mothering the progress of cosmic evolution is furthered. Un-

less we grasp this truth there is no reason or intelligent explanation of the purpose of evolution and generation.

✓ The mystery of life is this: that Mother-Nature everywhere snatches life from the fangs of death and the gapping grave. Can any rational being explain the reason in any other light than that Mothering is and must be a universal divine creative impulse? The infant born bears the mammary eternal mark upon its breast, and the little baby girl plays mother to its doll.

In the Mother as in the child, the future Mother, both past and present blend into a radiance of hope, trust and immortality. That is why all living beings love the Mother. It is something we feel we are. It is the allness or wholeness of her. It is she who inspires divinity in us and lifts clay unto gods. Wherever she is, we think of God. In the tongue of flame, in the gust of wind, in the rushing waters, in the melancholy bleat of the innocent lamb as in the smile of a nursing, cooing baby looking into its mother's face, her voice is known, her strength appreciated. Heaven and earth is her abode and where she goes, her memory is linked to eternity.

✓ Man may foolishly deny the evidence of God; may frankly say, "I know not my father," but of his mother, he can not deny. Upon his breast and navel, he bears the double maternal sign which he can not deny. It proclaims from whom he issued and to whom he is attached.

All genetic cosmogonies have their central growth and development in the matrix of the Mother, and the Great Divine Mother places her seal upon each unit, be it a grain of sand, or a blade of grass, to bear the everlasting germ of maternal conceptive propagative life into expression. In the human specie, even before consciousness, as we know or understand it, as early as the fifth month of pregnancy, the child has been heard to seek vocal expression with its premonitory cry of A-I-M, a yearning, lamenting sound of the unborn soul, meaning Mother in the Hebrew tongue.

In the universal language A-I-M is Mother. In fact, it is the first sound uttered by babies—A-I-M or E-M-M. Later, through human reflection mirrored upon the optic and accoustic conception.

it spells back as Ma—Mere—Mother—Mutter, etc. This thirteenth letter M is the plane of manifestation in the phenomenal world and truly mothers all beings. In primitive language, most of our feelings and actions are expressed through that A-I-M. In pain or agony, what crying sound awakens more pity, compassion, sympathy, than A-I-M? In consent, there is the guttural exclamation of H-M-M for yes! Few of us dream of its origin and deep significance, yet we could write it all over us and in us. Who could endow us with that wonderful strength, endurance, patience, sacrifice of mothering life after life, but A-I-M—God—Mother? Could we but grasp our origin, evolution, or get the gist and resumé of it all, what a new light could be thrown upon the value, duty and ideality of Motherhood.

Those who contemplate becoming mothers should look upon it as a divine and sacred function. Marriage should only be consummated under the most favorable and healthy conditions, by people fit for same, otherwise the sins of the parents will fall upon the offspring. Awaken within yourself the sense of mothering, and the meaning of a mother's relationship to God, the universe and herself, as a physical, mental, moral and spiritual being; the important role she plays as an economic, social, civil factor; in whose womb are drawn, nurtured and brought forth, angels or demons, in accordance with her wish, thought, desire and knowledge for good!!

What strange experience the new born, barely arrived upon the scene of action, this our world, has to meet! With the first breath of physical life, having taken up the cudgels of independent expression in a personal body, immediately the umbilical cord with its thirty serpentine coils, the link of attachment to the inner mother and the yonder world, is severed. This is the first blow. Already, there the knapsack is overladen with the debit and credit of prenatal influence and post natal pellmell; already the burden of life shows crosses and squares; and already experience and adjustment enter into the equation of life, with the question, whence, whither, why and wherefore. Already upon its horizon are seen clouds sailing along the sunny beams. Were it not for Mother's arms which serve the Great Mother's purpose, pressing the begotten to her bosom's arcana and from the fount of love caressingly sustaining the young with the milk

of life, where would humanity be? This love faculty is surely not of flesh but of the soul, and the soul, being feminine in expression, though sexless in essence, is the life vehicle for life. Therefore the Woman-Form is a Soul-Mother-Form, and she is capable of expressing duality, positive and negative, masculine and feminine. As such she is the founder of the family. Through Mothering it is possible to have a phenomenal world in dual form, though the divine absolute is sexless and changeless.

If we have realized the mistakes of the past, let mothering humanity realize that the development, happiness of the race state, family and individual, depend upon ideality, nobility, purity, strength, health and morals. Intuitionally we knew that long ago. In life we neglected it. Let us now turn our face to the truth and start anew the march of our soul's unfoldment for the better. Thus will the Mother fulfill her mission and regeneration.

A Short Review of Nature Poetry

Wordsworth

No one will dispute the title of being Nature's priest when I give it to Wordsworth. Other English poets have admired Nature, but Wordsworth's relation was intimate worship and personal:

"He turned a theology back again into a religion; he revived in a higher and purer form those primitive elements of reverence for Nature's powers which had diffused themselves into speculation, or crystallized into mythology; for a system of beliefs about Nature, which paganism had allowed to become grotesque—of rites which had become unmeaning—he substituted an admiration for Nature so constant, an understanding of her so subtle, a sympathy so profound, that they became a veritable worship. Such worship, I repeat, is not what we commonly imply either by paganism or by pantheism. For in pagan countries, though the gods may have originally represented natural forces, yet the conception of them soon becomes anthropomorphic, and they are revered as transcendent men; and, on the other hand, pantheism is generally characterized by an indifference to

things in the concrete, to Nature in detail; so that the Whole or Universe, with which the Stoics (for instance) sought to be in harmony, was approached not by contemplating external objects, but rather by ignoring them."*

When Wordsworth's views of Nature had fully matured they were as follows: Nature is self subsisting and exists outside of man's thoughts and feelings and is wholly independent of him. Nature is a unity of life and power bound together into a living Whole. Wordsworth felt that Nature had a life like his own and he communed with it. He came to Nature for calmness and sublimity, to be quieted and refreshed, ennobled and raised to higher levels. He saw Nature as an image of right reason, made visible in order and stable law. He recognized the eternal unity pervading all things: it was to him "the presence and the power of greatness"—of the Mother.

While yet a child, and long before his time,
He had perceived the Presence.

At times he called the Presence "an invariable law" and said that it is our guide to goodness and sacred peace. How did he live?

The power
Of Nature, by the gentle agency
Of natural objects, led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
Of man, the heart of man, and human life - - -
How exquisitely the individual mind
. to the external world
Is fitted and how exquisitely too
The external world is fitted to the mind.

This is Wordsworth's realization of one feature of the Great Mother's Life and the Presence. In no way was Nature a reverberation of his own voice or a reflection of his own moods. Nature or the Great Mother was to Wordsworth "an active principle",

* W. H. F. Myers: William Wordsworth, English Men of Letters. Harper & Bros., N.Y.

In all things, in all natures, in the stars
 Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
 In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
 That paves the brooks; the stationary rocks,
 The moving waters and the invisible air,

 from link to link
 It circulates, the soul of all the worlds.

This "active principle" Wordsworth had realized as having Personality as much as we have it. It was one life, one will, one character, one person. (1) There is joy in Nature:

It was an April morning: fresh and clear.
 The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,
 Ran with a young man's speed; and yet the voice
 Of waters which the winter had supplied
 Was softened down into a vernal tone.
 The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
 And hopes and wishes, from all living things
 Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to urge on
The steps of June: as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
 Them and their object: but, meanwhile, prevailed
 Such an entire contentment in the air
 That every naked ash, and tardy tree
 Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance
 With which it looked on this delightful day
 Were native to the summer.—Up the brook
 I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
 Alive to all things and forgetting all.
 At length I to a sudden turning came
 In this continuous glen, where down a rock
 The Stream, so ardent in its course before,
 Sent forth such sallies of glad sound that all
 Which I then had heard appeared the voice
 Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the lamb,

The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the thrush
Vied with this waterfall, and made a song
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth
Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be.

(2) "The second characteristic of the life in Nature is its quietude. She has joy, ecstasy in her life, but it is untroubled ecstasy. We are 'pressed by heavy laws,' tormented by doubt, and rent by struggle against conditions which we will not obey at once. Nature's life is at peace, for her children never wage a foolish strife with her; nor does self enter their hearts to make them weary of life. Deep calm is at her heart, the mountains rest in their own peace, the stars shine quietly, the sun 'sinks down in his tranquility'; the flowers keep a still silence, and though there are storms which drive the clouds in passionate course, and torrents which rend the earth, and strong forces which sweep to and fro the elements in bewildering and endless motion, yet in the higher region of thought in which these things are seen in their relation to the great whole, there is

'Central peace sustaining at the heart
Of endless agitation.'

And this, too—this tranquil being in each thing which sends 'its own deep quiet to restore our hearts,' this central peace, was not self-born in Nature—it was in Wordsworth's thought the ineffable calm of God's existence which spoke to us and redeemed us.

(3) "The third characteristic is ceaseless intercommunion, and that was founded on the unutterable love which flowed through all things, and with which each thing acted on each other. The whole world was linked together. Every part, every element, gave and received, honored and did service to each other. Each plant and hill, cloud and stream, has its own life and character, and they delight in social intercourse like friends who love each other—there is no jar, no jealousy, no envy there—their best joy is in being kind to one another.

"This idea is the loveliest of all which Wordsworth introduced into English poetry, and it flowed from his conception of everything in Nature having its own peculiar life. I might give a hundred instances of it, for it runs like a living stream through all the woodland of his poetry.

"This is the idea of Life in Nature which Wordsworth has given to the world. It fills the heart of his readers; it makes of Nature a new thing to them; it makes the commonest walk in the woods a delight, a teaching, a society; it fills the world with life and energy and joy; it uplifts us sometimes when alone among the hills—Nature is in one of her wild moods, and her life most intelligent and most eager, into a kindred ecstasy in which we long to be borne away with wind and cloud to join the mighty stream of rejoicing Life. So was it once at least with Wordsworth: and with this I close.*

"Oh! what joy it were, in vigorous health,
To have a body (this our vital frame
With shrinking sensibility endued,
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a spirit!—How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there; and while the mists
Flying, and rainy vapors, call out shapes
And phantoms from the crags and solid earth
As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument; and while the streams
(As at a first creation and in haste
To exercise their untried faculties!)
Descending from the region of the clouds,

* Stopford A. Brooke: *Theology in the English Poets*, London, 1874.

And starting from the hollows of the earth
 More multitudinous every moment, rend
 Their way from them—what a joy to roam
 An equal among mightiest energies;
 And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
 Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
 By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
 'Rage on ye elements! let moon and stars
 Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn
 With this commotion (ruinous though it be)
 From day to night, from night to day, prolonged!'"

"When Withers,* in words which Wordsworth has fondly quoted, says of his muse:

"By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustelling;
 By a daisy whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed;
 Or a shady bush or tree—
 She could more infuse in me
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man"——

he felt already, as Wordsworth after him, that Nature is no mere collection of phenomena, but infuses into her least approaches some sense of her mysterious whole. Passages like this, however, must not be too closely pressed. The mystic element in English literature has run for the most part into other channels; and when, after Pope's reign of artificiality and convention, attention was redirected to the phenomena of Nature by Collins, Beattie, Thomson, Crabbe, Cowper, Burns, and Scott, it was in a spirit of admiring observation rather than of an intimate worship. Sometimes, as for the most part in Thomson, we have mere picturesqueness—a reproduction of Nature for the mere pleasure of reproducing her—a kind of stock-taking of her habitual effects. Or sometimes, as in Burns we have a glowing spirit

* W. F. H. Myers: William Wordsworth, English Men of Letters. Harper & Bros., N. Y.

which looks on Nature with a side glance, and uses her as an accessory to the expression of human love and woe. Cowper sometimes contemplated her as a whole, but only as affording a proof of the wisdom and goodness of a personal Creator.

Fiona Macleod

Fiona Macleod (William Sharp) ought to be mentioned in the same breath with Wordsworth. He felt the common heart of Nature and must have had many an hour with the Great Mother. He was a poet and a Nature-Mystic and here are some of his thoughts:

"We speak of Mother Nature but we do not discern the living truth behind our words. How few of us have the vision of this great brooding Mother, whose garment is the earth and the sea, whose head is pillowed among the stars; she who, with death and sleep as her familiar shapes, soothes and rests all the weariness of the world, from the waning leaf to the beating pulse, from the brief span of a human heart to the furrowing of granite brows by the uninterrupted sun, the hounds of rain and wind, and the untrammelled airs of heaven.

"Not cruel, relentless, impotently anarchic, chaotically potent, this *Mater Genetrix*. We see her thus, who are flying threads in the loom she weaves. But she is patient, abiding, certain, inviolate, and silent ever. It is only when we come to this vision of her whom we call Isis, or Hera, or Orchil, or one of a hundred other names, our unknown Earth-Mother, that men and women will know each other aright, and go hand in hand along the road of life without striving to crush, to subdue, to usurp, to retaliate, to separate.

"That we are intimately one with Nature is a cosmic truth we are all slowly approaching. It is not only the dog, it is not only the wild beast and the wood-dove, that are our close kindred, but the green tree and the green grass, the blue wave and the flowing wind, the flower of a day and the granite peak of an aeon—We are woven in one loom, and the Weaver thrids our being with the sweet influences, not only of the Pleiades, but of the living world of which each is no more than a multi-colored thread: as, in turn, He thrids the winding wind with the inarticulate cry, the yearning, the passion, the pain, of that bitter clan, the Human.

"Truly, we are all one. It is a common tongue we speak, though the wave has its own whisper, and the wind its own sigh, and the lip of man its word, and the heart of woman its silence.

"A seer told him of Orchil, the dim goddess who is under the brown earth, in a vast cavern, where she weaves at two looms. With one hand she weaves life upward through the grass; with the other she weaves death downward through the mould; and the sound of the weaving is Eternity, and the name of it in the green world is Time. And, through all, Orchil weaves the web of Eternal Beauty, that passeth not, though its soul is Change.

"Is it because the wild-wood passion of Pan still lingers in our hearts, because still in our minds the voice of Syrinx floats in melancholy music, the music of regret and longing, that for most of us there is so potent a spell in running waters? We associate them with loneliness and beauty. Beauty and solitude—these are still the shepherd-kings of the imagination, to compel our wandering memories, our thoughts, our dreams.

"In the Beauty of this World lies the ultimate redemption of our mortality. When we shall become at-one with Nature in a sense profounder even than the poetic imaginings of most of us, we shall understand what now we fail to discern.

"For nothing is more strange than the life of natural symbols. We may discern in them a new illusion, a new meaning. The symbol of the Lily has been the chalice of the world's tears; the symbol of the Rose, the passion of uplifted hearts and of hearts on fire; in the symbol of the Cross has dwelled, like fragrance in a flower, the human Soul. The salt, mutable, and yet unchanging sea has been the phantom in which empires have seen Time like a shadow, the mirage by which kings have wept and nations been amorous in a great pride. The Wind, that no man has seen, on whose rushing mane no hand has been laid, and in whose mouth has been set no bridle since the world swung out of chaos on chariots of flame,—has not that solitary and dread creature of the deeps been fashioned in our minds to an image of the Everlasting, and in our hearts been shaped to the semblance of a Spirit?

"For now I see clearly that the chief end of the body is to enable the soul to come into intimate union with the natural law

of Form, and be at one with all created life and yet be for ever itself and individual. By itself the soul would only vainly aspire; it has to learn to remember, to become one with the wind and the grass and with all that lives and moves; to take its life from the root of the body, and its green life from the mind, and its flower and fragrance from what it may of itself obtain, not only from this world, but from its own dews, its own rainbows, dawn stars and evening stars, and vast incalculable fans of time and death.

"It is in 'the desert,' whether in the wilderness of the unpeopled waste or in that of the mind where the imagination wanders like a lonely hunter on the trail of the obscure and the unknown, that the whisper of Destiny is supremely audible. It is on the eddying air. It is in the sigh of the grass. The green branch whispers it. It is in the brown leaf, on the grey wind.

"Glad am I that wherever and whenever I listen intently I can hear the looms of Nature weaving beauty and music. But some of the most beautiful things are learned otherwise—by hazard, in the Way of Pain, or at the Gate of Sorrow.

"As the old Celtic poets tell us, the noise of the sunfire on the waves at daybreak is audible to those who have ears to hear. So may be heard the sudden rush and sweep of the sunbeams when they first stream upon a wood. The boughs, the branches, the feathery or plume-like summits of the trees do homage at that moment, when the Gates of Wonder open for a few seconds on the unceasing miracle of Creation. The leaves quiver, or curl upward, even though there be no breath of air. It is then that crows, rooks, wood-doves, and, on the heights, the hawks and eagles, lean their breasts against the sunflood and soar far forward and downward on the wide-poised motionless wings.

✓ "At sunrise he came upon an old man, standing looking seaward with his bonnet removed from his long white locks; and upon his speaking to Seumas (when he saw he was not 'at his prayers') was answered, 'Every morning like this I take off my hat to the beauty of the world.' "

Swinburne

Let me quote something from Swinburne's *Mater triumphalis*

and ask my reader to read the balance in the poem as issued in full.

Mother of man's time-travelling generations,
Breath of his nostrils, heart-blood of his heart,
God above all gods, worshipped by all nations,
Light above light, law beyond law thou art.

Thy face is a sword smiting in sunder
Shadows and chains and dreams and iron things:
The sea is dumb before thy face, the thunder
Silent, the skies are narrower than thy wings.

Angels and Gods, spirit and sense, thou takest
In thy right hand as drops of dust or dew,
The temples and the towers of time, thou breakest,

.

All we have wandered from thy ways, have hidden
Eyes from thy glory and ears from calls they heard;

.

Loved and renounced and worshipped and denied thee,
As though thou wert but as another god.

.

Oh Thou, the resurrection and redemption,
The godhead and the manhood and the life.

Death is subdued to thee, and hell's bands broken;
Where thou art only is heaven; who hears not thee,
Time shall not hear him; when men's names are spoken
A nameless sign of death shall his name be.

The years are as thy garments, the world's ages
As sandals bound and loosed from thy swift feet.

I am thine harp between thine hands, O Mother!
All my strong chords are strained with love of thee.
I am the trumpet at thy lips, thy clarion
Full of thy cry, sonorous with thy breath.
Thou art the player whose organ-keys are thunders
And I beneath thy foot the pedal prest.

Richard Jefferies

Richard Jefferies' name brings sad memories to mind. For a lover of Nature, an idyllist of the country, to fall down slowly consumed by life's roadside, seems anomalous, but such was his fate. Color and light and form were magic to him and his eyes of communion with the Great Mother.

So it has ever been with me, (he tells us), by day or night, summer or winter; beneath the trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life which the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within touch of thought.

"Nature sets no value upon life, neither mine nor of the larks that sang years ago. The earth is all and all to me, but I am nothing to the earth; it is bitter to know this before you are dead. These delicious violets are sweet for themselves; they are not shaped and colored and gifted with the exquisite proportion and adjustment of odor and hue for me.

"Earth is always beautiful—always. Without color, leaf or sunshine, or song of bird and flutter of butterfly's wing; without anything sensuous, without advantage or gliding of summer—the power is ever there.

"Nature flings treasures abroad, puffs them with open lips along on every breeze, piles up lavish layers of them in the free open air, packs countless numbers together in the needles of a fir-tree. Prodigality and superfluity are stamped on everything she does. The ear of wheat returns a hundredfold the grain from which it grew. The surface of the earth offers to us far more than we can consume—the grains, the seeds, the fruits, the animals, the abounding products are beyond the power of all the human race to devour. They can, too, be multiplied a thousandfold. There is no natural lack. Whenever there is lack among us it is from artificial causes, which intelligence should remove. From the littleness and meanness, the niggardliness forced upon us by circumstances, what a relief to turn aside to the exceeding plenty of Nature! There are no bounds to it, there is no comparison to parallel it, so great is this generosity.

"The forest is gone; but the spirit of Nature stays, and can be found by those who search for it. Dearly as I love the open air,

I cannot regret the medieval days. I do not wish them back again; I would sooner fight in the foremost ranks of Time. Nor do we need them, for the spirit of Nature stays, and will always be here, no matter to how high a pinnacle of thought the human mind may attain; still the sweet air, and the hills, and the sea, and the sun, will always be with us.

"Those original grains of true thought were found beside the stream, the sea, in the sunlight, at the shady verge of woods. Let us leave this beating and turning over of empty straw; let us return to the stream and the hills; let us ponder by night in view of the stars.

"Let me have wider feelings, more extended sympathies, let me feel with all living things, rejoice and praise with them. Let me have deeper knowledge, a nearer insight, a more reverent conception. Let me see the mystery of life—the secret of the sap as it rises in the tree—the secret of the blood as it courses through the vein. Reveal the broad earth and the ends of it—make the majestic ocean open to the eye down to its inmost recesses. Expand the mind till it grasps the idea of the unseen forces which hold the globe suspended and draw the vast suns and stars through space. Let it see the life, the organisms which dwell in those great worlds, and feel with them their hopes and joys and sorrows. Ever upwards, onwards, wider, deeper, broader, till capable of all—all.

"Only by walking hand in hand with Nature, only by a reverent and loving study of the mysteries for ever around us, is it possible to disabuse the mind of the narrow view, the contracted belief that time is now and eternity to-morrow. Eternity is to-day."

Emerson

I must mention Ralph Waldo Emerson because his books are among "the books that nourish the world." But I would be somewhat astray if I call him a typical Nature-lover. His love and understanding of Nature was indirect and his feelings had passed through his intellectual fire. Nevertheless if Emerson had known the gospel which the Great Mother now has proclaimed, he would have preached it with much intensity, I think.

Here are some of his most prominent thoughts. Many more

quotations could easily be furnished, but my space allows no more.

"In the absence of man, we turn to Nature, which stands next. In the divine order, intellect is primary; Nature, secondary; it is the memory of the mind. That which once existed in intellect as pure law, has now taken body as Nature. It existed already in the mind in solution; now it has been precipitated, and the bright sediment is the world. We can never be quite strangers or inferiors in Nature. It is flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. But we no longer hold it by the hand; we have lost our miraculous power; our arm is no longer as strong as the frost; nor our will equivalent to gravity and the elective attractions. Yet we can use Nature as a convenient standard, and the meter of our rise and fall. It has this advantage as a witness, it cannot be debauched. When man curses, Nature still testifies to truth and love. We may, therefore safely study the mind in Nature, because we cannot gaze on it in mind; as we explore the face of the sun in a pool, when our eyes cannot brook his direct splendors.

"The method of Nature: who could ever analyze it? That rushing stream will not stop to be observed. We can never surprise Nature in a corner; never find the end of a thread; never tell where to set the first stone. The bird hastens to lay her egg: the egg hastens to be a bird. The wholeness we admire in the order of the world, is the result of infinite distribution. Its smoothness is the smoothness of the pitch of the cataract. Its permanence is a perpetual choation. Every natural fact is an emanation, and from that which it emanates is an emanation also, and from every emanation is a new emanation. If anything could stand still, it would be crushed and dissipated by the torrent it resisted, and if it were a mind, would be crazed; as insane persons are those who hold fast to one thought, and do not flow with the course of Nature. Not the cause, but an ever novel effect, Nature descends always from above. It is unbroken obedience. The beauty of these fair objects is imported to them from a metaphysical and eternal spring. In all animal and vegetable forms, the physiologist concedes that no chemistry, no mechanics, can account for the facts, but a mysterious principle of life must be assumed.

"All is nascent, infant. When we are dizzied with the arithmetic of the savant toiling to compute the length of her line, the return of her curve, we are steadied by the perception that a great deal is doing; that all seems just begun; remote aims are in active accomplishment. We can point nowhere to anything final; but tendency appears on all hands: planet, system, constellation, total Nature is growing like a field of maize in July; is becoming somewhat else; is in rapid metamorphosis. The embryo does not more strive to be man, than yonder burr of light we call a nebula tends to be a ring, a comet, a globe, and parent of new stars.

"But Nature seems further to reply, 'I have ventured so great a stake as my success, in no single creature. I have not yet arrived at any end. The gardener aims to produce a fine peach or pear, but my aim is the health of the whole tree—root, stem, leaf, flower, and seed,—and by no means the pampering of a monstrous pericarp at the expense of all the other functions.'

"And because ecstasy is the law and cause of Nature, therefore you cannot interpret it in too high and deep a sense. Nature represents the best meaning of the wisest man.

The rounded world is fair to see,
 Nine times folded in mystery;
 Though baffled seers cannot impart
 The secret of its laboring heart.
 Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast
 And all is clear from east to west.
 Spirit that lurks each form within
 Beckons to spirit of its kin;
 Self-kindled every atom glows,
 And hints the future which it owes.

"Nature cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.

"Nature is loved by what is best in us. It is loved as the City of God, although, or rather because, there is no citizen. The sunset is unlike anything that is underneath it; it wants men. And the beauty of Nature must always seem unreal and mocking until the landscape has human figures that are as good as itself.

"Nature may be selfishly studied as a trade; astronomy to the selfish becomes astrology; psychology, mesmerism (with intent to show where our spoons are gone); and anatomy and physiology become phrenology and palmistry.

"Nature is always consistent, though she feigns to contravene her own laws. She keeps her laws, and seems to transcend them. She arms and equips an animal to find its place and living in the earth, and, at the same time, she arms and equips another animal to destroy it.

"There is throughout Nature something mocking, something that leads us on and on, but arrives nowhere, keeps no faith with us. All promise outruns the performance. We live in a system of approximations.

"What shall we say of this omnipresent appearance of that first projectile impulse, of this flattery and balking of so many well-meaning creatures? Must we not suppose somewhere in the universe a slight treachery and derision? And are we not engaged to a serious resentment of this use that is made of us? Are we tickled trout, and fools of Nature? One look at the face of heaven and earth lays all petulance at rest, and soothes us to wiser convictions. To the intelligent, Nature converts itself into a vast promise, and will not be rashly explained. Her secret is untold.

"Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated, and the volitle essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought.

"At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. Here is sanctity which shames our religions, and reality which discredits our heroes. Here we find Nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her.

"The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of Nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, Night and her stars. Ever the wind blows; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women conversing, behold-

ing and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is Nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,—so entire, so boundless. Far, too, as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without centre, without circumference,—in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind.

“Who loves Nature? Who does not? Is it only poets, and men of leisure and cultivation, who live with her? No; but also hunters, farmers, grooms, and butchers, though they express their affection in their choice of life not in choice of words. The writer wonders what the coachman or the hunter values in riding, in horses, and dogs. It is not superficial qualities. When you talk with him, he holds these at as slight a rate as you. His worship is sympathetic: he has no definitions, but he is commanded in Nature by the living power which he feels to be there present. No imitation, or playing of these things, would content him; he loves the earnest of the north-wind, of rain, of stone, and wood, and iron. A beauty not explicable is dearer than a beauty which we can see to the end of. It is Nature the symbol, Nature certifying the supernatural, body overflowed by life, which he worships with coarse, but sincere rites.”

Thoreau

Thoreau lived with Nature, yet he was not a Nature-lover of much enthusiasm. He understood much of the Great Mother's methods both with himself personally and in the Open, but he did not dare to ask for the Great Embrace. He was satisfied with her smiles and a kiss now and then. They were friends, but not lovers.

“Very few men can speak of Nature, for instance, with any truth. They overstep her modesty somehow or other, and confer no favor. They do not speak a good word for her—— The surliness with which the woodchopper speaks of his woods, handling them indifferently with his axe, is better than the mealy-mouthed enthusiasm of the lover of Nature.

"The world is well kept; no rubbish accumulates; the morning air is clear even at this day, and no dust has settled on the grass. Behold how the evening now steals over the fields, the shadows of the trees creeping farther and farther into the meadow, and ere long the stars will come to bathe in these retired waters. Her undertakings are secure and never fail. If I were awakened from a deep sleep, I should know which side of the meridian the sun might be by the aspect of Nature, and by the chirp of the crickets, and yet no painter can paint this difference. The landscape contains a thousand dials which indicate the natural divisions of time, the shadows of a thousand styles point to the hour.

"The universe constantly and obediently answers to our conceptions; whether we travel fast or slow, the track is laid for us.

"The indescribable innocence and beneficence of Nature,—of sun and wind and rain, of summer and winter,—such health, such cheer, they afford forever! and such sympathy have they ever with our race, that all Nature would be affected, and the sun's brightness fade, and the winds would sigh humanely, and the clouds rain tears, and the woods shed their leaves and put on mourning in midsummer, if any man should ever for a just cause grieve. Shall I not have intelligence with the earth? Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?

"We can never have enough of Nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and Titanic features, the sea-coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thunder-cloud, and the rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets.

"To anticipate, not the sunrise and the dawn merely, but, if possible, Nature herself! How many mornings, summer and winter, before yet any neighbor was stirring about his business, have I been about mine! No doubt many of my townspeople have met me returning from this enterprise, farmers starting for Boston in the twilight, or wood-choppers going to their work. It is true, I never assisted the sun materially in his rising, but, doubt not, it was of the last importance only to be present at it.

"Let us spend one day as deliberately as Nature, and not be

thrown off the track by every nutshell and mosquito's wing that falls on the rails. Let us rise early and fast, or breakfast, gently and without perturbation; let company come and let company go, let the bells ring and the children cry,—determined to make a day of it.

"Surely the fates are forever kind, though Nature's laws are more immutable than any despot's, yet to man's daily life they rarely seem rigid, but permit him to relax with license in summer weather. He is not harshly reminded of the things he may not do. She is very kind and liberal to all men of vicious habits, and certainly does not deny them quarter; they do not die without priest. Still they maintain life along the way, keeping this side the Styx, still hearty, still resolute, 'never better in their lives'; and again, after a dozen years have elapsed, they start up from behind a hedge, asking for work and wages for able-bodied men.

"We would not be always soothing and taming Nature, breaking the horse and the ox, but sometimes ride the horse wild and chase the buffalo. The Indian's intercourse with Nature is at least such as admits of the greatest independence of each. If he is somewhat of a stranger in her midst, the gardener is too much of a familiar. There is something vulgar and foul in the latter's closeness to his mistress, something noble and cleanly in the former's distance."

Whitman

Walt Whitman was of the soil, primitive and picturesque, and not metaphysical. He was a tramp of the highroads and delightfully natural, but no philosopher of Nature, no Nature-Mystic. The world was too much with him for that. He was a Kosmos, he said, and his "Leaves of Grass" mere Open Air, but he could not have found the Great Mother in the desert, for instance. A visit to the woods was an incident, but not a retreat. Here are some of his Nature-Thoughts.

"After you have exhausted what there is in business, politics, conviviality, love, and so on—have found that none of them finally satisfy, or permanently wear—what remains? Nature remains.

"Perhaps the inner never-lost rapport we hold with earth, light, air, trees, etc., is not to be realized through eyes and mind only,

but through the whole corporeal body, which I will not have blinded or bandaged any more than the eyes. Sweet, sane, still Nakedness in Nature!—ah, if poor, sick, prurient humanity in cities might really know you once more! Is not nakedness then indecent? No, not inherently. It is your thought, your sophistication, your fear, your respectability, that is indecent. There come moods when these clothes of ours are not only too irksome to wear, but are themselves indecent. Perhaps indeed he or she to whom the free exhilarating ecstasy of nakedness in Nature has never been eligible (and how many thousands there are!) has not really known what purity is—nor what faith or art or health really is.

“Mountains constantly in sight in the apparently near distance, veil’d slightly, but still clear and very grand—their cones, colors, sides, distinct against the sky—hundreds, it seem’d thousands, interminable necklaces of them, their tops and slopes hazed more or less slightly in that blue-grey, under the autumn sun, for over a hundred miles—the most spiritual show of objective Nature I ever beheld, or ever thought possible.

“In this dull scene, (as most folks would call it,) why am I so (almost) happy here and alone? Why should any intrusion, even from people I like, spoil the charm? But am I alone? Doubtless there comes a time—perhaps it has come to me—when one feels through his whole being, and pronouncedly the emotional part, that identity between himself subjectively and Nature objectively which Schelling and Fichte are so fond of pressing. How is it, I know not, but I often realize a presence here—in clear moods I am certain of it, and neither chemistry nor reasoning nor esthetics will give the least explanation.

“I am convinced there are hours of Nature, especially of the atmosphere, mornings and evenings, address’d to the soul. Night transcends, for that purpose, what the proudest day can do.

“The greatest lessons of Nature through the universe are perhaps the lessons of variety and freedom.

“Nature consists not only in itself, objectively, but at least just as much in its subjective reflection from the person, spirit, age, looking at it, in the midst of it, and absorbing it—faithfully sends back the characteristic beliefs of the time or individual—takes,

and readily gives again, the physiognomy of any nation or literature—falls like a great elastic veil on a face, or like a molding plaster on a statue.

"I have invariably found coming to the front three prevailing personal traits, to be named here for brevity's sake under the heads of Good-Nature, Decorum, and Intelligence. (I make Good-Nature first as it deserves to be—it is a splendid resultant of all the rest, like health or fine weather.)"

A French Poet: Maurice de Guérin*

Nature always inspires, but does not always satisfy the longings she creates. In rare cases she seems capricious and throws her apples at the feet of the lazy, but as a rule, she demands devotion, work in the sweat of the brow, before she opens her horn of plenty. Woe unto that child of hers who demands consistency in her and does not see, that he himself alone can show that.

"Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more.
And in that more lie all his hopes of good."

Maurice de Guérin is an example upon that unhappy lot which is man's, when he can not come to rest either in Nature or in himself. He has confessed and laid open his heart. Said he: "Which is the true God? The God of the cities or the God of the deserts? To which to go? Long-cherished tastes, impulses of the heart, accidents of life, decide the choice. The man of the cities laughs at the strange dreams of the eremites: these, on the other hand, exult at their separation, as finding themselves, like the islands of the great ocean, far from continents and bathed by unknown waves. The most to be pitied are those who, flung between these two, stretch their arms first to the one, then to the other."

De Guérin is a soul torn by indecision; full of poetry, but weak in expression; a spiritual appearance that can find no home among men and yet lacks that frankness with Nature which would reduce a dreamy temper to a loyal friendship.

"Every time we allow ourselves to penetrate into Nature, our

* Compare my article in *Metaphysical Magazine*, April, 1900, Some Nature Poets.

soul opens to the most intense impressions. No matter whether Nature be pale, gray, cold or rainy as in the autumn and winter, there is something in her which stirs the soul in the most secret recesses as well as on the surface. She awakens a thousand recollections apparently without connection with her own externals, yet these undoubtedly stand in direct relation to the Soul of Nature through sympathies unknown to us. To-day I realized such a marvelous power while lying in a wood of beeches breathing the soft spring air." A man that writes thus after having had such experiences is not made for anything like the Trappist admonition: *Frère, il faut mourir*. He has studied the marvel of the leaf-bud of the beech, which is packed so compactly that it might almost go through the eye of a needle; he has looked through the yellow-green foliage unrivaled by any other tree of the forest and he has seen how "all Nature widens upward." He has seen in the beech the natural origin and type of the clustered pillars of a Gothic cathedral and instinctively he has preferred the living church to that of stone. He has learned that the effects of the green light of that forest-church is far more mystic than the dim and dull yellow light of altar candles. Yet, this poor soul, who longed "to wander at his own sweet will and to breathe in all the life and love which ferments in Nature," cries when he comes home.

One of the most charming parts of his poem, "The Centaur" is the chapter on Cybele, the Great Mother, variously called Diana, Isis, Mylitta and the Celestial Venus. It runs like this:

"I wandered about as I felt like and as the rivers do; everywhere I perceived the presence of the Cybele, whether in the bed of the valleys or on the tops of the mountains. But when Night, filled with the charm of the gods, overtook me on the slopes of the mountains, she guided me to the mouth of the caverns and there tranquillized me as she stills the billows of the sea. Lying across the threshold of my cave and partly hidden in it, but with my head under the open sky, I watched the spectacle of the dark. It is said, that the sea-gods quit their places under the deep during the hours of darkness and that they seat themselves upon the promontories and that they look out upon the expanse of the waters. In like manner, I kept watch and looked

out over the expanse of life. The beach of the sea never loses its wetness, neither did the mountains afar off in the West lose their outlines, mountain summits, naked pure, still stood out boldly against the pale clearness. I saw the god Pan descend, and, at another time, the choir of mystic divinities; I saw some mountain-nymphs charm-struck by the night."

The simplicity of this narrative is so great that we marvel at it; it takes us time to realize it and the scenery is unknown to most readers. How many have spent the night alone out of doors on some mountain promontory and heard the heartbeat of Nature or understood "the choir of mystic divinities"? One must be something like the Centaur, an offspring of Ixion and a cloud, half god and half man; half man and half beast, to live such a life. Yet some have perhaps had an experience of something not altogether human if they in the night suddenly came up against rocks on the outskirts of a deep forest. Perhaps they have felt that they were observed by somebody in there, in the dark, among the trees and the rocks. Perhaps it was the Centaur or whatever they choose to name that mysterious Presence which undeniably meets one in such places.

From beginning to end of this prose-poem we feel the nearness of an elementary spirit. In the opening verses we are told how the Centaur "studies" by tossing his arms or by galloping backwards and forwards and at the close he says: "I feel myself perishing and passing quickly away like a snowball floating on the stream; and soon shall I be mingled with the waters which flow in the vast bosom of Earth." Such is the spirit of Maurice de Guérin and such is his experiences in Nature. There is but little of the man in it; it is all an opening of the heart of Nature.

*"O! c' est un beau spectacle à ravir la pensée,"**

"this vast circulation of life carried on in the ample bosom of Nature; life which springs from an invisible fountain, and swells the veins of this universe. Obeying its law of ascension, it mounts, ever purifying and ennobling itself, from kingdom to kingdom, to pulsate at last in the heart of man, the centre, where from every quarter its thousand currents meet. There it is

* *The Journal of Maurice de Guérin*. Edited by G. S. Trebutian. Translated by E. T. Fischer, Leypoldt and Hall, New York, 1867.

brought under the touch of Divinity; there, as upon the altar burning with incense, it exhales itself, with sacrificial mystery, in the bosom of God. Methinks there should be profound and marvellous things to be said upon the sacrifice of Nature in the heart of man, and the eucharistic offering made in that same heart. The simultaneousness of these two sacrifices, and the absorption of the one in the other on the same altar, that rendezvous in humanity, of God, and all created things, should open to view, it seems to me, grand heights and depths, *sublimitas et profundum*.

"The love which speaks, sings and wails in one part of creation, reveals itself in the other half under the form of flowers. All this efflorescence, so rich in form, in color, and in perfume, with which the fields are resplendent, is the expression of love; it is love itself which celebrates its sweet mysteries in the bosom of each flower. The blooming bough, the bird which alights thereon to sing or to build its nest, the man who regards both branch and bird, are all animated by the same principle in different degrees of perfection. I read in Herder that the flowers perish immediately after fructification; that the birds lose their song, their blitheness, and some of them the brilliant colors of their plumage after the season of nests, and that man, after the period of passions, declines rapidly towards old age. There is food for meditation in this law of decay so intimately connected with the law of love and reproduction.


"Let us abjure the worship of idols, let us turn our backs on all the deities of art, decked with paint and false finery, on all these images, with mouths that speak not. Let us adore Nature, frank, ingenious, and in no respect exclusive. Great God! how can men make poetry in face of the broad poem of the universe? Your poetry! the Lord has made it for you; it is the created world. Think you, you hold deeper meanings?

"If it were possible to identify ourselves with spring, to carry this thought to the point of believing that all the life, all the love which leavens Nature culminates in ourselves; to feel ourselves at once flower, verdure, bird, song, freshness, elasticity, delight, serenity, what would become of me? There are moments when, by dint of concentrating one's thoughts on this idea,

and of gazing intently on Nature, one seems to experience some such thing.

"All the noises of Nature: the winds, those fearful blasts from an unknown mouth, which play upon the numberless instruments of Nature, whether, in the plains, on the mountains, along the hollows of the valleys, or massed in the orchestra of the forest; the waters, whose scale of voices ranges over so infinite a compass, from the soft rippling of a fountain over the moss to the grand harmonies of the ocean; the thunder, the voice of that sea which heaves over our heads; the dry leaves, which rustle to a passing human tread or that of a playful breeze; in short (for one must put an end to this enumeration, which might be infinite), this continual utterance of sounds, this ever-undulating murmur of the elements, expands my thoughts into strange reveries, and throws me into mazes whence there is no issue. The voice of Nature has acquired such empire over me that I rarely succeed in freeing myself from the habitual pre-occupation which she imposes, and attempt in vain to feign deafness. But to wake at midnight, with the shrieks of the storm, to be assailed in the darkness by a savage and furious harmony which subverts the peaceful sway of night, is something incomparable in the experience of strange impressions. It is a terrible delight.

"The germinating grain puts forth life in two contrary directions, the plumule grows upward, the rootlet downward: I would like to be the insect that takes up its quarters and lives in the rootlet. I would take my post at the extreme tip of the roots and watch the powerful action of the pores drawing in life; I would observe the life passing from the fruitful bosom of some earthly atom into the pores, which, like so many mouths, evoke and woo it by melodious calls. I would be witness of the ineffable love with which life rushes to the arms of the being who invokes it, and at the joy of that being. I would be present at their embraces.



"I dwell with the interior elements of things, I climb the rays of the stars, and the currents of the streams, to the very bosom of the mysteries of their generation. I am admitted by Nature to the inner sanctuary of her sacred abodes to the point whence issues Life Universal; there, I detect the cause of motion, and I hear the first song of created life in all its freshness."

Illusions and the Great Mother

This is from my daybook: "Montclair, N. J., Feb. 15, 1899.

"This morning as I jumped out of bed at 6.20 and looked out of my window which faces west, I saw the hills and Nevin's house all ablaze. 'A fire,' I called out, but at once saw my mistake; there was no red glow in the light and no smoke, though the morning was dark enough to hide smoke if there had been any. It was the moon setting in clouds of fog and presenting an imitation, however weak, of the sun's evening doing. I had never observed it before.

"Short as the spectacle was as regards time, and small as it was regards space, it was brilliant in its way: a cold brilliancy and an illusion, but it left an impression upon me, which lasted all day and even now at evening when I write this, I am under its spell."

Though this "illusion" was an illusion as an illusion is commonly explained, I would not be without the experience: I learned reality by it, viz., I was awakened and set into a psychological frame of observation of a high order; an order new to me. I did not merely learn to be careful of what I see and watch the senses in order to deny them, such as the Buddhist priest said we must. On the contrary I found a new use for the senses.

My experience was as rich as one of those flashes of light which strikes us sometimes and which leaves the impression that Something Great has been present and has passed by. When the Great Mother passes by, she always leaves such an impression.

Evil and the Great Mother's Methods

Winter is the season which preeminently draws the mind to the sub-liminal and to the super-liminal. It offers comparatively few attractions out doors and drives us so to say to look upon the natural life at a distance. Crushing cold checks everything and death is a frequent occurrence. Suffering is a common experience to all life and the howling wind carries away many a cry of pain.

We come to think of evil and the question arises if it is a necessity. The metaphysician according to his fundamental ideas

answers the question either as a monist or as a dualist. In the role of the first he either denies the fact of evil and wants to consider it an illusion or he will see it only as an aspect. As a dualist he looks upon it as a matter of polarity, easily satisfying himself about polarity in matter and life, which alternately possess the kingdom of the world. So far, so good. A shipwreck or a great fire are picturesque in aspect, when we, ourselves, are not in it. The starving to death of many birds who can not find food if a snowstorm lasts twenty-four hours, or, the broken leg of a horse who slipped on the ice, call forth a sigh of pity, but the sight of that misery is soon forgotten because it did not strike us personally. But let "these things" come directly to ourselves, we then look differently upon them. When they become personal affairs, then arise the moral aspects and we stand in open rebellion. We blame fate, we curse accident, we deny any good in the evil and we are too apt to forget our fine philosophy. In fact we swing to the opposite pole of our professions and beliefs. In spite of ourselves in talk and action the true self is revealed. It becomes evident to the clear eyed observer that we have acquired but little or nothing of freedom, that Thought and Order were only theories or brain vibrations.

Let us not run away from winter and hide in warm houses. Let us not plan to escape the so called evils. Winter is a Stoic teacher in freedom and evil is the best agent for the breaking down of self-will and forcing it into a true evolution. If there were no winter there would be no change of seasons. If there were no evil coming to us, there would be no growth, no scale by which to determine the quality of our existence. Like the battle brings out true honor and manhood, so winter shows the degree of inherent strength in out-of-doors Nature, and so does evil demonstrate in conscience who we are.

When a great injustice meets me, I say: "I probably deserve this!" When I do not get the "honor" I sought, I ask: "Am I really worthy of it?" How often have I not seen that my besetting sins were only my own guardian angels neglected? My conscience told me! My passions turned the wrong way. Not being employed in works of freedom they "burned barriers away" and let loose Tohu Vobohu.

There is music in despair; there is glory in failure; there is

honor in disgrace; there are riches in poverty. Conscience can prove this and conscience alone tells us who we are. As I am in conscience, so I am. This is true at all times, but it takes winter cold and evil use to teach us the lesson.

Nature is full of morals. "The burned child feels the fire" we say. Surely, he who has suffered from frostbitten fingers or toes will learn to avoid the pain. Is this not teaching? Does not the pupil undergo a change, a transformation by such direct lessons and the reflections that follow?

Behold the methods of the Great Mother, how she gives us lessons in Personality!

A Winter Night*

Serenely still, earth-undefiled, and far
 When mystic darkness spreads her sable hue,
 Is the reverend hush of winter's love-deep blue.
 It covers earth's dark woe, sin's seamy scar,
 With azure depths unsounded save by star.
 Weird Night! Thy solemn silence imbue
 My soul with thoughts unspeakable yet true.
 As vast, unmeasured as thy spaces are.

On a winter night She seems to teach the philosophy of her doings: "vast, unmeasured."

-Cruelty in Nature and the Great Mother

Ululation or "lament for the dead ones" is a gruesome chapter in "Ghostly Japan." In it Lafcadio Hearn treats of what he calls "the ghoulish law of life." Speaking of his dog's howls at night he writes: "there are times when her cry seems to me not the mere cry of a dog, but the voice of the law itself,—the very speech of that Nature so inexplicably called by poets the loving, the merciful, the divine! Divine, perhaps, in some unknowable ultimate way,—but certainly not merciful, and still more certainly not loving. Only by eating each other do things exist!—The tenderest affection, the noblest enthusiasm, the purest idealism, must be nourished by the eating of flesh and the drinking of blood. All life, to sustain itself, must devour life. You may imagine yourself divine if you please,—but you have to obey that

* By Eltwood Pomeroy.

law. Be, if you will, a vegetarian; none the less you must eat forms that have feeling and desire. Sterilize your food; and digestion stops. You can not even drink without swallowing life. Loathe the name as we may, we are cannibals;—all being essentially is One; and whether we eat the flesh of a plant, a fish, a reptile, a bird, a mammal, or a man, the ultimate fact is the same.—Perpetually we eat the dust of our race,—the substance of our ancient selves.”

I wonder if this is entirely correct. Does never any inorganic material enter our organisms? Do we human beings not turn inorganic matter into organic as much as plants and animals do? Certainly we do, and that fact frees Nature from the terrible charge that seems to be contained in Hearn's words.

When the Christian “eats the flesh and drinks the blood,” he fulfills the law of Nature, which is his first law. Obedience is his second law and by living up to it in fulfilling the first law, he rises above the low and common. Obedience is of mind, hence it is always conscious.

The bloody sacrifices of past ages were priestly or institutional presentations of that law. In ages which were not self-reflective and to people who do not think, religious institutions and ceremonies are kindergarten methods of teaching.

All this is Divine as also Hearn admits but not loving and merciful as we understand love and mercy. But why should we look for such love and mercy in Nature? Because love and mercy as we understand them do not exist in Nature, does that prove that they do not exist at all in Nature as part of Nature's life and purpose?

Evil, the Martyrdom of Man and the Great Mother*

From “Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship,” I quote these words of Goethe as a key to the mystery of pain, and thereby to the Great Mother.

Who never ate with tears his bread,
Who never through night's heavy hours
Sat weeping on his lonely bed—
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers!

* Compare my article in the *Metaphysical Magazine*, April, 1896.

Through you the paths of life we gain.
 Ye let poor mortals go astray,
 And then abandon them to pain—
 E'en here the penalty we pay.

Our age has lost not only many arts which antiquity knew, but also that keenness of sense which uses the symbol as a manifestation of the real life; consequently all spiritual perception is wellnigh gone. This fact accounts for the erroneous philosophic notions entertained about pain. Under the influence of dogmatic and bigoted philologists, we derive the word pain from the Latin *paena* punishment, or penalty, and regard it as coming upon us from a revengeful God. Metaphysicians of the old schools (university doctors) have fallen into the radical error of giving reality to pain, which from its very nature it does not and can not possess. Physicists come nearer to the truth. Physically, they are right when they say: "Pain is the necessary contrast to pleasure: it ushers us into existence, and is the first thing to give us consciousness;—it is the companion and the guardian of human life."* Life comes into existence by means of transformation, a metamorphosis, a sudden transit producing a condition which, physically, can best be called pain. Indeed, the whole creation "groaneth and travaileth"; and why? That it may be redeemed vicariously from sin? No, but that the New Life may be born. There is no real evil. We live only in proportion to our dying, to our overcoming.

"The Mother gives us love. Something to love
 She lends us. So, when love is grown
 To ripeness, that on which it throve
 Falls off, and love is left alone."

Epictetus makes short work of evil. He says:** "As a mark is not set up for the purpose of missing the aim, so neither does the nature of evil exist in the world." He means, according to the old commentator Simplicius, that, as the missing of a mark is to fail in intention, so as the world can not be intended as a

* Charles Bell: "The Hand." Fourth Bridgewater Treatise. Chapter VII.

** Enchiridion, XXVII.

failure, no evil can exist, for evil is a failure of purpose. Whatever there may be of evil in the world, the nature of evil does not exist. Another Stoic, Marcus Aurelius* puts the whole question of evil thus:

"What is evil to thee does not subsist in the ruling principle of another, nor yet in any turning and mutation of thy corporeal covering. Where is it then? It is in that part of thee in which subsists the power of forming opinions about evils. Let not this power, then, form (such) opinions, and all is well—That which happens equally to him who lives contrary to Nature and to him who lives according to Nature is neither according to nor contrary to Nature.

"Accept everything which happens, even if it seems disagreeable, because it leads to the health of the universe and to prosperity and felicity of Zeus," (the universe.)

No poet of any day has sunk a sounding-line deeper than Wordsworth into the fathomless secret of suffering, that is in no sense retributive. He wrote:

Suffering is permanent, obscure, and dark,
And hath the nature of infinity.
Yet through that darkness (infinite though
It seems and unremovable) gracious openings lie,
By which the soul—with patient steps of thought,
Now toiling, wafted now on wings of prayer—
May pass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
Yet undelivered, rise with sure ascent
Even to the fountain-head of peace divine.

Pain: the "Martyrdom of Man" is the Savior. It is also the real presupposition back of all the stages of martyrdom by which we reach the Great Mother. In her we find, we do not lose our existence. She is not a lion's den in which all our footsteps terminate and from which none are seen to emerge. Self-realization through self-sacrifice is the true philosophy. We die to live; we live to die. "Our souls are restless till they rest in Thee," says St. Augustine. "He that loseth his life shall find it," is the refrain of many sayings in the New Testament. We live, suffer,

* Meditations IV, 39.

and die, that we self-evolving souls, after having traversed all the spheres of matter and mind, may attain the full knowledge of the *God-head*. That is the philosophy of pain. All other pain is but a cry from selfishness, containing no regenerating power. Pain is thus the stern daughter of the voice of the Great Mother.

"There is no sunshine that hath not its shade,
No shadow that the sunshine hath not made."

Pain was born in the form of a man—a God-Man. The "Man of Sorrows" became a Savior, a living symbol of the trinity: generation, death, regeneration.

And now to come back to the quotation of Lafcadio Hearn:—we eat "the dust of our race,—the substance of our ancient selves." Here is the mystery: we are not eating "otherness," we eat ourselves!!

Death and the Great Mother*

Among the moderns, Leibnitz has the honor of being the first to advocate a complete and satisfactory view of Death. In his famous letter to Arnauld, he unfolded his theory. Leibnitz believed that generation is only the development and evolution of an animal already existing in form, and that Death is only the re-envelopment or involution of the same animal, which does not cease to subsist but continues to live. The sum of vital energies does not vary in the world; generation and Death are but changes in the order and adjustment of the principles of vitality—simple transformations from great to small and from small to great. Elsewhere he describes Death as no sudden phenomenon, and shows it to be a slow operation, a "Retrogradation." When we discover Death it has long been master, for from the moment life began in the body it had corrupted fluids, disorganized tissues, destroyed equipoise, and endangered harmony.

The views of Leibnitz had to wait long for general acceptance, but now they are recognized by all scientific students. And what do these ideas prove, but that Death is a natural form of existence for the Great Mother? Death is the most practical and emphatic demonstration we know of, that everything is moving

* Compare my article in *Metaphysical Magazine*, April, 1896.

and transmuted into something else. And this is one of the laws of the Great Mother.

Of the eternal transmutation of the Great Mother we find a beautiful symbol in Greek mythology. Proteus could assume any form at pleasure, changing himself into fire or water, plant or animal. He was thus difficult of access and often an approach was made impossible by a sudden transformation. No wonder, therefore, that Proteus has been understood to be symbolical of the various forms and shapes which "primitive" matter, (the Great Mother) assumes, the substance itself ever remaining the same.

St. Augustine makes Proteus the emblem of truth but R. S. Foster (in "Christian Purity") says: "Error is a Proteus, ever assuming new forms and attacking truth under fresh disguises." Plato made Proteus an emblem of the Sophists, Cassiodorus of traitors, Lucian of players, etc., which shows the deep philosophical import of the myth and the versatility of the heart; in other words, the ever-changeable character of the Great Mother. Death is such a Proteus. Death is an event, not an entity; a state, not a force; a negation, nothing positive. Turn which way we will, we find no "killing principle" in Nature, only a vitalizing and sustaining one. Throughout the whole extent, Nature is life; in all forms and modifications, one vast and infinite life, subject no doubt to the extinction of particular phenomena, but never to absolute and total Death, even in its weakest and least of things. Anything that looks like Death is a token and certificate of life being about to start anew. Death and life are but the struggle of life itself to attain a higher form.

The ancients, who on the whole were wiser than we, realized this fully. Thus we find that they never raised an altar to Life, but personified Death. Life, a continuous process, can not be conceived as an individual, because it is too multi-form, too multifarious. Death, on the other hand, is a simple event, which we expect and can form an image of. Death, in the landscape and in human existence, for instance, assumes a certain melancholy air. A peculiar sadness—having its root in human egotism—falls upon the landscape in autumn, when the leaves "turn." The leaves, having performed their functions

when the fruit has ripened, lose their brilliant green tint, wither, and fall, more or less deformed, to the ground. There the wind blows them hither and thither. They have served their use and seem to be thrown away as useless. At least so it seems to the ordinary onlooker and selfish man. Therefore he is sad. A more careful look, however, soon reveals the plastic work of the Great Mother. The leaves which fall to the ground at the foot of the trees, perish slowly upon the soil and are transformed into humus, or vegetable mold, indispensable to vegetable life. The debris of leaves becomes the bearers of the new forms of life. Death becomes Life. Even the frightful and dismal descriptions of the ancient poets, where they allude to Death, are correct descriptions of the Great Mother in the form of Necessity. They describe Death as thundering at the doors of mortals demanding the debt they owe, and sometimes as pursuing its prey, encompassing it on all sides with toils and snares. "Eternal Nature" has done the same to the "eternal rocks." What are they but the tombstones in the great graveyard of the world? All "the dust we tread upon was once alive." Death is but a form of the Great Mother in the shape of the mysterious balance, "which keeps the keys of all the creeds."

✓ The Greeks sometimes depicted Death and Sleep as twin boys, and it is a common phrase among us to say that Death is but Sleep. Fouché caused this inscription to be placed on all French cemeteries: "Death is an eternal Sleep." Thoughts of this kind are fast taking possession of the modern human mind. Great are the changes that have followed upon the medieval notions, that physical death was caused by Adam's sin. Most people will now express themselves in the words of Longfellow:

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
 This life of mortal breath
 Is but a suburb of the Elysian
 Whose portal we call Death.

Or, in similar words of J. L. McCreery, in a poem wrongly attributed to Bulwer:

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for evermore.

The reason for this happy change is an understanding of the larger life of the Mother, which now has taken possession of man.

In sleep we are restored. The world "goes to rest," as Plato says in the *Protagoras*, and is again "resurrected." What does Nature do with dirt, but to part and redistribute it? What does Spirit do with Evil, so-called, but to neutralize it? All antagonisms are thrown into the eternal fire of the Great Mother's love, smelted and readjusted. She is thus the "lamb of God, that bearest the sins of the world."

We must look among the world's great solitary men and women when we want to hear the words that glorify Death. Foremost among these is Leopardi. In his fine poem, "Love and Death," he called them "the two sweet lords, friends to the human race, whom fate gave being together," and addressed Death as "lovely death."

Let us hail the coming of Death with the same joy as the Norse hero did when he felt the touch of the lance of the Valkyrie. Death is one of the Great Mother's beautiful hands. By means of Death she makes room for fresh generations and keeps the perennial banquet of life open to all. The early Christian fathers reasoned correctly when they rejoiced in the fall of Adam. If Adam had not sinned, he would not have been driven out of Paradise, and no men would have been born—nor any Savior!

The legend of the Wandering Jew is a wonderful imaginative picture of what would happen if we did not die, but were to live on continuously under present conditions. Ahasuerus is utterly wretched. Poor Tithonos is another illustration. Eos carried him off and begged immortality for him from the gods, but she forgot to add a request for eternal youth. While she herself remained a youthful maiden, Tithonos grew weak and withered. When he was tired of life, the gods out of pity changed him into a grasshopper. The fair young witch of

Cumae suffered fearfully because Apollo granted her request for as many years as she held grains of dust in her hand.

Only while we live, we fear Death. Death itself is nothing. Says Feuerbach: "Only before Death, but not in Death, is Death. Death is so unreal a being that he only is when he is not, and is not when he is."

It is the frightened sensualist who says, with Ecclesiasticus: "O Death! how bitter is the thought of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions; unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and hath prosperity in all things!" This view is not Christian, nor even pagan. It might be called the view of the beast. It knows not what it is "to be."

We talk about the moral uses of dark things. What is the use of the dismal condition called Hell, Hades? Hela's kingdom is described in so vivid colors that Death itself seems to become alive. She rules over nine worlds in Niflheim, viz., the home of fog, mist (shadow). Niflheim is as good as Mannaheim and Jotunheim, the homes of man and giants (superior beings). Gloomy rivers flow through her world. One of these streams is called Slid and is full of mud and swords. In "Letters from Hell" a similar river is described, and both clearly show the use of dark things. Horrible is the coming of Hel, for she binds the dying man with strong chains that cannot be broken. Anguish gnaws his heart and Hela's maids invite him to their benches. Can spiritual death (conflict with the law and order) be depicted any stronger? How strong is not Death!

The deep philosophy of Hela and her relations to the Mother can be seen very readily when we learn that man's being, according to Norse notions, was divided between Odin and Hela. The hero desired the company of Odin, the Mother, in the form of fortune and glory. The coward—physical and moral—went to the other extreme of existence, to Hela. But these two forms are not eternal. Hela and Odin shall both ultimately be regenerated in Ragnarok. While they rule they are the potencies of life. That is their use. No Hela, no Heaven. No Heaven, no Hela. The world exists only by virtue of the opposites. It is so the Great Mother's will.

Some years ago, Woods Hutchinson, in one of our popular

magazines, wrote eloquently on "Death as a factor in Progress," and endeavored with much success to remove the unjust stigma set upon Death on account of misconceptions and misrepresentations. His arguments were those of modern religion and science: We see the crystal rocks crumble into a shapeless mass of dull, damp, colorless, lifeless clay. Here, indeed, to all appearances, is the desolation of death in all its hopeless repulsiveness. But wait a moment; here comes a tiny descendant of some crystal, which has stumbled upon the faculty of dying and improved thereon unto the fifty thousandth generation—a lichen spore, drifting along the surface of the clay. Filmy rootlets run downward; tiny buds shoot upward; a new life has begun.

The lichen is green and beautiful, but as an individual it can rise no higher. Here again progress is barred and Death must be called to its aid. The lichen dies and its dust returns to the earth, carrying with it the spoils of the sunlight, air, and dew, to enrich the seed-bed. A hundred or more generations follow in the same way. As the poet sings, the crystals have risen "on stepping-stones of their dead selves to nobler things," and of any link in the chain may be said, in the words of Inspiration: "Except it die it abideth alone."

Death is progress. How much does not progress owe to coal? Once it was a living forest, but worthless, for it supported not the tiniest life; dead, it is a life-giver, a founder of civilizations.

But what is the use of being born only to die? Why does Nature waste so much life? Nothing is really lost. Wanton destruction is only apparent. Nature is no waster; the Mother is a great economist. Death is economy. Many of our efforts seem useless; the smallest number of seed products is used for propagation, but who says they were made for that purpose only? Has not the effort been a means of growth? The seeds die to produce life—life of a higher order.

Let us make use of Death, active use! Let Death enter our economy of life as an educator, and be as welcome as his twin brother, Sleep! Death is Life! Life is Death!

Life and Death as a Process

I speak now of Life, not as a biological fact, but as a transit, a transiency, a process, and thus understood it may just as well

be called Death, because it is a mere negative. It will shock many to hear such a statement, because it is so unusual, but that does not change the fact that Life as a process may just as well be called Death or change. For this is a fact that we can not seize its beginning or end; we can not measure the length of its line or its arithmetical proportions. Neither time nor space enclose it nor does it give existence to time or space in any real way. These are only passing factors and we mistake the passage for a reality.

One is the life of an oak, another that of a butterfly and a prophet and my beloved—but what is the distinction? They all terminate in Death or hasten in the direction man calls Death. Does that not prove that their Life is in the same category? Their attitude differs, but their law is the same: none of them are masters of Life, they obey Kali, the Mother.

Life is a mockery. Its truth is Death or the passing out. It does not even seek its own. It arms one animal against another, but has prepared that other for destruction of the first. Life is thus a self-contradiction or must have another purpose than that which we call Life.—

This glorification of Death finds its advocates and teachers among Nature-Mystics. And it is necessary that the world at large should accept it. It is the way to the "Unitive Way" or the Path. There can be no progress in spirituality before we make friends with Death.

With this doctrine I terminate the first part of my book: The Nature-Mystery of the Great Mother.

II
THE BEAUTY AND ART MYSTERY
OF
THE GREAT MOTHER

Standing before Beauty, "I cast my eyes down before it, as did those to whom the Highest appeared, believing I see the Highest in these visions."—*Winckelmann*.

Let Beauty be our Yoga. Beauty is the interpreter and mediator of life's opposites.

Art and the Great Mother

I

The bee and the worm excel man in diligence and mechanical craft; the Seraph in knowledge, but Art is man's alone. Art is the human interpretation of the work of the Great Mother, and is wonderful if it really makes clear, translates, expounds, unfolds, unravels and explains her. The chasm between Self and Not-Self, between Man and Nature, between the Conscious and the Unconscious, is done away with by Art, if it bridges the gulf and conducts us from the vestibule of knowledge, as it were, to the shrine. The Great Mother reveals herself to the artist in the creative moods, and thus Art, which to the artist is higher than philosophy, is a sort of rending of the veil of Nature, or the opening of a door into her secrets. It is by aesthetic insight that we reach the transcendental as an objective reality.

From this point of view we can see the justification and value of Schiller's "Aesthetic Education of Man," and all efforts in that direction. Where a nobler idea than this of his? "In the physical state man endures the power of Nature; In the aesthetic state he frees himself from it; In the moral state he controls it."

It will not be disputed that the true aim of life is self-realization. Nor can it be disputed that one of the most important elements in promoting self-realization is power, energy, or the Great Mother of whom I speak.

Another most important element in the process of self-realization is clearness of conception, a vivid understanding of the purpose or the craft of the Great Mother's Workmaster. It is a fact that the same two ideas: power and clearness, are fundamental both in the Inner-Life and in Art. It will therefore be most interesting to examine the relationship of the Inner-Life and Art. But the very moment we compare the Inner-Life and Art a difficulty presents itself, because religion comes and asserts that it is the greatest power on earth. And we all know how the adherents of creeds will fight, especially if they are weak in character, because creed gives them an external founda-

tion which they in their weakness and blindness substitute for religion.

In opposition to creeds it is declared by Plato that Beauty is the strongest power. In the Symposium he maintains that when religions, righteousness and all other powers which men hold in respect, fail to find an entrance to the soul, Art still has avenues by which it can reach the soul. And I maintain that the Great Mother is the mystery of all Art and craft.

As weak souls defend creeds as the greatest power on earth; so, on the other hand, strong and individualistic souls defend Plato's theory and statement and they do it because they rest in themselves and act from out themselves and the Great Mother. There is no contradiction between religion and Plato. The two notions are opposites, they are polarities in the soul's existence and no more. Neither of them cares for creeds.

I assert that the Inner-Life and the Beauty-Life correspond to each other in such a way that they may be respectively Inner and Outer of each other, viz., in one moment I may say that Beauty-Life is the outer expression of the Inner-Life; in the next, I may say that the Inner-Life is merely the spiritual side of Beauty-Life, which is the real life. And this is possible because both represent the Great Mother.

If it should be desirable to use the terms Mysticism and Art, rather than Inner-Life and Beauty, then there is no objection and the case stands as before. The only difference is that Mysticism then should be called the earth-form of the Inner-Life and the Art the earth-form of Beauty. And these distinctions are desirable anyway and at all times. By Mysticism I understand a life directed towards the transcendental; a life not only free from illusions, but a life which has made its devotees living channels of themselves and filled them with the Universal. And I speak of Art as heaven-born and not as an industry, and about artists as banner bearers of the ideal and not as tradesmen. If these two terms, Mysticism and Art, are used, then we may say in one moment that Art is the outer to Mysticism and in the next we may declare that Mysticism is an outer form of Art.

My readers are not far off, if they call the Mystic a priest of

the valley, the valley of life; and if they call the artist, the priest of the mountain, the mount of transfiguration. The reason for these correspondences lies in the fact that Mysticism and Art are functions of the human spirit in which it seeks company with the ideal and speaks familiarly with the Great Mother about the perfect lines of spirals, waves and curves by which she creates charm and reveals herself. Another reason for these correspondences is this, that the common source of Mysticism and Art is found in spiritual freedom. Spiritual freedom is the hallmark of all Mysticism and Art.

But if this reasoning is not satisfactory then I offer another. I will say that the reconciliation of Inner-Life and Art is found in our passional life.

I said passional life. I do not speak about our passions, the burning flames that destroy. I speak in the language of John of the Cross, of a fire that "burns to heal." I speak of the fire that burned on the mountains in some of the ancient mysteries and which was said to have fallen from heaven. The passional life, I speak of is that intensity which colors the rose and the lily; which flashes upon the human eye when it stares at a star; which fashions a maiden's breast and which glows in the devotee's prayer. I speak of an intensity which in the Mysteries is called the sacred fire and the Great Mother's Presence. Some old records tell us that once it was seen as flames upon apostolic foreheads.

In such passional life Saint Teresa meets the artist Michael Angelo. It—and it alone can draw chaste lines like those on the columns of the Parthenon. Such passional life is mystic and it is artistic. It is its own reason for being. It identifies goodness with beauty. It has in it the power of balance and harmony, whether expressed in music or in a line. By it, the good man becomes Beauty realized in flesh and blood and it carves the Milesian Aphrodite in stone. All in the Mother's power!

When the mystic soul calls for the embrace of the heavenly spouse, it is impelled by the same energy which can draw the so-called "line of beauty." In the Mystic it is spiritual energy humanized; in the case of the artist it is energy animated with thought or rather the natural world sublimated in the alembic

of the artist's mind. Phidias in Athens and Angela in Florence both burned with the same spirit and interpreted life by it. To the Greek, Art was religion. To the Mystic, religion is an aesthetic intuition. Phidias saw beauty and expressed it in lines. Angela lived beauty and put it into ecstatic expressions and lofty prayers. Apollo, Artemis, Hermes, Aphrodite were Greek beauty conceptions. The Messiah and the Logos were Hebrew God-Man ideas. But, both the Greek and the Hebrew personifications were human intensity transferred to eternal ideas; both were manifestations of the passional life, the power that reconciles the Inner-Life and Art; both were utterances of the Great Mother.

The difference between the lines drawn by Rembrandt to indicate the horizon and the sky and similar ones attempted by the tyro is this, that Rembrandt's line is conscious and even eloquent; that of the beginner is indistinct and confused, but both are moved by the same fire and purpose, borrowed from the Great Mother. Similarly, the difference between the "prayer of silence" of Molinos and that of a young initiate is this, that the mystic Molinos moves in a region of divine images, while the neophyte is limited to words of petition; nevertheless both breathe their request in passional terms, both are sublimated by fire and moved by the Mother. For short, the Mystic and the artist meet in the passional life as I have defined it. In the passional life both earth forms, that of the Mystic and that of the artist melt away into a condition higher than themselves, one of Inner-Life and Beauty and these are as I said both above Mysticism and Art; they are direct appearances in the Great Mother.

It may be objected that artists should seek truth, etc., etc. I do not object. In fact I agree. And there is no contradiction. Truth is the form of Passion. Passion shapes itself as truth. Look at Nature and you will see that there is only Truth where there is intensity, Passion. The weak stem does not bear bright and powerful leaves and never raises its head triumphantly towards heaven in rising and strong lines.

Truth is the form and expression of that passional life which seeks the society of Mystics and vice versa, the Mystics ought to

seek artists. Had Mystics of the past done that they would have shown more sense than they did, and if artists of to-day would seek down to the wells whence all mystic life emanates, they would get a much needed inspiration. The relationship of Mysticism and Art being as I have defined it, it seems fit and proper that we should invite the disciples of the two phenomena to seek company.

All Art seeks an ordered movement towards higher levels of reality and the true artist, like the real Mystic, seeks union with the Infinite, the Great Mother; both long for that transcendental feeling which is creative imagination; both raise their eyes to catch glimpses of that plastic power which moulds, not only their own genius and work but which shows them the "secret plan" of the Master. It seems proper therefore that I direct the attention of artists to Mysticism, which always has cultivated that "life-enhancing power," which modern artists recognize as the supreme quality of good painting. And for a truth, unless the artist becomes a living channel of himself and of the Great Mother, he shall not be able to reveal any secrets.

Thus far by way of introduction. The general preliminary ideas relating to the subject of the relationship of the Inner-Life and Art have now been set forth. They center in the Great Mother. I will next speak more in detail and first of all define what Art really is. And to that effect, I will at once state that the word Art primarily does not mean what we ordinarily understand by craft or craftsmanship or anything that partakes of artifice. The word describes something far more profound, something which lies at the root of all culture and civilization. The word Art is derived from the Latin *arare*, to plow, to cultivate. The plowman is the true artist, so says Mother-Nature and his work is her Art, not merely an art. It is the proper human work and according to her heart. As the plow cuts up the soil to loosen it and to air it, so the plow, spiritually considered, is that radical power which stirs up the inertia of our being and makes growth possible. Throughout Nature and Humanity there is a plowing and a cultivating going on and the plowman executes the Mother's generative power, her creating and recreating energy, upon which all life-features depend. His work is her work.

To Mystics this plowing and this Art is of much profounder interest than any other Art. And this definition of Art does not remove it from the sphere of the fine arts. By no means. Back of the plowing of the soil lies the Beautiful as much as it lies back of the painter's and sculptor's art.

The application of this interpretation of Art in relation to life on the Path, can only lift our conceptions to a higher plane. All life on the Path is certainly always a plowing and a sowing; a carving of new creations, a designing of higher ideals; a singing in tune with the eternal harmonies; yea, it is even a dance in the rhythmic swing of all the cosmic forces.

We should not make a dualistic distinction between Art understood cosmically and Art as it is known in the studios and galleries. Art in either or both places is not a separate or isolated life phenomenon. Art is an integral part of the fullness of life which meets us all, if we are the least awake to that which is going on around us. We can not be or become artists, in any sense of the word, if we are not in it with the full and undivided energy of spirit. Nor shall any of us understand Art, in any sense of the word, unless we serve it as a mediating power, or, which is the same, as a connecting link between the individual and the universal and as the Great Mother's handicraft.

To understand Art as an integral part of the fullness of life and as a mediating power, it is necessary that we realize Art to be no mere mentality, but a manifestation of will or intensity.*

To say that our Art must be a will expression in us, is of course something new. Nevertheless it is so. Art is will manifestation and not a mentality. And the proof of the truth of my assertion is to be found in the fact that it is through the will that Art exerts its influence. Among professional artists it is considered a presumption for a non-professional to talk about Art. He is supposed to know nothing about it. As I am no professional I will state my standpoint and submit to professional criticism, if I must. My art education has been in the Open Nature. My enthusiasm has been fed from sources which have

* When I speak of will, I must not be understood to be talking about volition, but about will as a special physiological expression of our human form, corresponding to the World Soul. I mean to say that that which is the World Soul in the Cosmos is supreme Will in us.

their origin in the Inner-Life. I know it is not the common place where students go to learn about lines and colors. But I have never regretted my choice. But I have also studied and lived with some of the few real masterpieces of art. I have chosen the few and not the many for obvious reasons. My relation to Nature is religious, viz., I am a devotee, a worshipper. I doubt any saint has ever kissed his crucified Savior with more reverence than I, in my enthusiasm, kiss Mother Nature. My relation to the Inner-Life was started by the so-called Mystics, men and women, who live a life consecrated to the Sublime. Some were of the Orient, some are of the Occident; all are persons of superior qualities. What that Inner-Life is will appear as I proceed with the subject. I will only now say that the words applied to Hercules apply also to it: "Whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did, he conquered." The Inner-Life is the conquering force in our existences. The Inner-Life is the Great Mother's Presence in us.

I shall speak a great deal about Nature-Mysticism and will speak as a Nature-Mystic.

The word Nature-Mysticism is new and as far as I know, coined by myself. But whether coined by me or not, is of but small consequence; it is a good and useful word. I will explain it. Mysticism, I call the earth-form or manifestation of the Inner-Life. And if I speak about Nature as a living individual, I may consistently speak about Nature's Inner-Life and call that manifestation mystic, and, when systematically presented, that manifestation is properly called Nature-Mysticism. This view of Nature is radically different from the common view of Nature which speaks of Nature as of neuter gender, calls Nature deaf, dumb and blind and unconscious and prattles about man being Nature's superior and master, and which says, that human art is an improvement upon Nature. To be a Nature-Mystic is to be an Inner-Life man or woman, who is in touch with Nature's Inner-Life as fully as with his or her own.

Pere Lacordaire bid good-bye to the flowers and the streams and the seeds in order to retire to the Inner-Life. Tauler drew his cap down over his eyes that the flowers should not disturb his meditations. Both lived an Inner-Life of their own, but

they did not simultaneously live Nature's Inner-Life. They were not Nature-Mystics, but Mind-Mystics. As was the case with Lacordaire and Tauler, so it has been with most of the other Mystics. They have been even more pronounced subjective Inner-Life people. They have had nothing directly to offer to artists. For what can artists do without that tangible life which they see, feel and hear and call Nature? If I therefore recommend Mysticism to artists, it is principally Nature-Mysticism, I recommend. To artists I say: If it be possible, try to look upon your Art as Nature's efforts through you as a workman, rather than as your own efforts, and if your work is Mother-Nature's work, you will soon discover that so called impersonal Nature is not impersonal, but very personal and that Nature is an individual living an Inner-Life as truly as any Mystic. And if you, from the moment of discovery, let Nature take charge of you, your work will be richer in ideas and fuller in power; for short, it will reveal a splendor which is a new Art and by following this mystic method you have become a new artist.

As my subject develops my readers will see a temple of beauty arise. It will be built in a square, the true measure of man, and, the measure of that temple, built on foundations laid in the eternal order of the universe which can not be shaken; it reaches into the eternal arms of that genius which is the guiding and plastic power of the universe, the Great Mother. One wall of the temple, I call Energy or Love or Fullness. The second wall is named Light, Line, Fire or Form. The third wall is Reconciliation and the fourth, is Harmony.

To study the nature of Art most profitably we must for the moment forget the crafts, all the arts as such, and rise into the universal regions and there seek for fundamentals, for the fundamental facts, for the creative energy, which is the moving factor in all that which we call Art: the Mother herself.

As soon as we do that, we discover at once, that Art is not a result; not effect, but, that Art in its best sense is only another term for Energy, that deep movement which is the cause of the ever evolving life.

It appears that art—and such is the verbal meaning of the word—is that radical power which plows up the inertia of being.

Max Müller, as said before, has told us that the word Art is our form of the Latin *arare*, to plow, to cultivate.

To plow and cultivate the fields is Art, not an art, and it is human work proper. But in a higher sense, there is a plowing and a cultivating going on throughout Nature and humanity. There is a universal energy, call it the generative power, that creates and re-creates and that work is Art in the true sense of the word. When we speak of Art we must not speak about a product, about efforts, but about the cause and the organizing energy of the products popularity called Art. To speak that way will be to speak with an understanding of Art. And it is in that sense and from that point of view I constantly shall speak about Art. Back of Art, thus understood, lies the transcendental world we call the Beautiful, but that I am not speaking of at present.

To my artist reader, I say: Descend into the quiet places of your souls and you shall see that it is so, or, watch the well-springs of your passions and you shall feel where your love for the vibrating graces of lines comes from, and, where the dwelling-place is of those colors, which put soul into your work. If your lines are truly living and your colors burn with fire, then they are produced by that Universal Energy which moves at the bottom of every one of us, "the ground of the soul" as the Mystics name it: the Great Mother. Look once again when you come home upon your pen and your brush and you will hereafter smile upon them and greet them as types of Art and Inner-Life. The lines of beauty that you from now on shall draw and the colors that shall lighten with superabundant life, will be offerings to the Unknown God residing within you: the Great Mother and her Workmaster.

All this is not merely phraseology! I want you to take my words as coming from that Inner-Life, I have referred to. I am speaking in the name of the Inner-Life and for the Great Mother!

It has been customary to associate Art with the senses and to say that Art addresses the human sensuous nature. It is a common statement that Art is the revelation of truth in sensuous form. Such for instance is the aesthetic theory of the German philosopher Frederick Hegel and perhaps that theory has become a philosophy of the Beautiful to some.

It is also common talk that Art is the Beautiful reflected through a human temperament. I deny totally the truth of these and other equally common doctrines, and I will have nothing to do with them. None of them explain Art and all of them rest upon a false philosophy. They rest upon a dualistic philosophy and all dualism confuses.

No dualism can satisfy the human soul and does not express the fundamental psychological facts upon which all our mental, moral and Art development depend. Instead of the false and unsatisfactory theories, I will place forms of the Inner-Life which I claim will lift the Art conceptions to a high level and make Art a reconciliation to life and a satisfactory explanation of many mysteries otherwise not mediated and therefore left as disturbing elements in philosophy and in life. I want to do away with the notion which splits man into two, a higher and a lower, spirit and sense. I will not allow the word sensuous to have any essential value. I will let it have a relative value for the sake of our defective language. But no more. Man is a monos, not a bundle of faculties. Man is neither double, triple or quadruple nor any other multiple figure. Man appears in moments under some one of these forms, but he only appears so, he is not a chaos. It is necessary to understand this fully, in order to appreciate what I shall say about Art as one of the ways in which man may reveal himself and the resident glory of the Great Mother.

I will emphasize very strongly an aspect of Art too often forgotten or ignored. And it is this, that Art is not a separate or isolated life phenomenon. It is an integral part of the fullness of the Mother's life which meets us all, if we are the least awake to what is going on around us. We can not be or become artists if we are not in it with the full and individual energy of soul and spirit. Nor shall any of us understand the Great Mother by Art unless we revere it as a mediating power. Art is not a separate phenomenon, but is the force of beauty and craves a devotion equal to love. And the reason for this is that Art and beauty are not mentalities but two terms for one power, one activity.

The way to approach Art is not by means of mind but by means of will, as said before, by means of that will in us which makes our human form and is the psychological expression of the World Soul.

This, of course, is something new and may not meet with ready acceptance. Nevertheless this is the truth of Art and realized by those who know the Mother. Art is a will manifestation and not mere intelligence. And it is through the will that Art exerts its influence. While this may not have been stated in so few words in any of the past aesthetics, the history of art in its relation to the past culture proves it. For instance:—Spartan life was expressed in rigid forms, with strength and energy as ends in themselves. Doric columns had the simplicity of Spartan life. It was Spartan will-energy expressed and appealed to, and the appeal succeeded because the Doric race was cast in that mould and could only be influenced by will, and it was influenced by Art of a will-character.

The new Art, the coming Art, under influence of the Inner-Life and Nature-Mysticism will influence humanity in a similar way. Martial music always stirs and quickens because it agitates the heart and mind and it is only martial music because it agitates the heart and mind. Agitation is will-energy and will-energy is the core of life. Aside from mechanical or mathematical music, only that music affects us which in its intonations impells our emotions. That clearly shows the relationship to the great active power that moves our existence. Analogous to the will-effect of music is harmony in painting when color is a vehicle for expression. It is not the drawing, but the color that gives the value or power which affects. Take Rubens as an illustration. His well known and much criticized painting "The Erection of the Cross." Those who do not understand that a painting means power made visible can not understand the brilliancy of that painting. To them that painting should be a horrible death scene. To Rubens it was and meant to be an apotheosis of man, and Rubens rightly understood and expressed himself. His painting is power or Art as I define Art.

The German government has correctly understood the power of Art. It therefore utilizes it as a means for the development of the public spirit in the land. It erects and encourages the erection of monuments everywhere to the honor of national heroes. The monuments are not merely for adornment, they are power formulations and the traveler in Germany can not escape the influence of the Mysticism in Art thus revealed. The spirit of the

Teutonic life is revealed as much by these modern monuments as by the old castles.

Why is it that Japanese handicraft exerts such a fascination? It is simply because the Japanese workman has put his own personal power into his work. Japanese art is truly a human manifestation; it is vastly more than handicraft. It is the Great Mother humanized. The workman has given way to that vital urge which wished to manifest itself in him, and there are numerous records extant to prove that the Japanese artist would rather starve and sacrifice his life than fail to express the full measure of the power that urged him. That attitude is Mysticism in Art. We know that Japanese workmen prepare themselves religiously for an influx of art-energy, that their work may truly be a birth from above.

By these illustrations I have endeavored to show what I mean by saying that Art is Energy, is a power-manifestation, an urge, an impulse, a Presence of the Great Mother and not something else. I have also endeavored to illustrate that Art is no separate phenomenon, but a complete power in itself.

I mean to claim that Art is life and a wholeness and not a part. I claim this because if that can be understood, then it will also be understood why I claim it as an expression identical to the Mystic or Inner-Life. Again, my illustrations also prove what I assert, namely that Nature and Art are not two domains, but identical in spirit. Art is neither the counterfeit nor the counterpart of Nature. But Nature rightly understood is supreme Art, and, Art rightly understood is the warm and full Nature, and, both views are mystical. Both Nature and Art are united in that mystical world we call Beauty. Beauty is stronger than both goodness and truth, because its domain is larger. Beauty is the form of love and love is the substance of Beauty and both are the hands of the Great Mother. By those hands love is dispensed and by the same hands the Great Mother paints, moulds and makes music. I have defined Art as identical with energy and done it in entire harmony with the New Life manifest among us.

I will now define Art by using another term. I will use the term love for identification, and first define Love. Love is not

a personifying passion nor the rhythm of generation. There is nothing in it of a consuming fire nor does it stifle the spiritual breath. It does not unnerve the limbs nor dissolve reason. Love is a new existence and neither an emotion nor an abstraction. It is a real power; it is the eternal life actualized. By Love we sing sublimely, and our hand blesses all things. It has senses of its own; reasons of its own. It finds affinities where they truly are. Love is not a far off idea; it is the impulse and direction of the world and all things obey gladly. Love is not a separate grace or gift for the elect only. Nay, the moth that flies into the flame and perishes and the hero are both actuated by Love and obey its behest. Love is a magic agent. Hear a story. Hortense Schneider, a well known Parisian actress years ago, used to eat real cherries on the stage even though they were out of season. Every evening she would toss a cherry stone to the audience and any of her admirers who caught the stone kept it as a precious memorial. One of these gentlemen planted the cherry stone in his garden and some years after he was able to send her a basket of cherries from the tree that grew from that stone. Examine this tale. The cherry stone is outside the actions of the actress and her admirer. The point of the story lies in the doings of hers and his. Hers were no doubt frivolous, his was like a Parisian *bon mot*. But Nature or Universal Love which is ever near and ready to transmute the lower into the higher showed her magic. Nature proved that Love is both earthly and heavenly; that Love is as Plato told us "an interpreter between God and man," and as Paul told us so strong that "neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creation, shall be able to separate us from the love of God." (Rom. viii, 38-39.)

Nothing superior has been said about Love than that said by Platonism. It is ideal Love we hear about and nothing else. A new consciousness was born. The Jewish Messiah, as Greek consciousness conceived him, was born in Platonism and we know now how to love and to live. In Love and Life we have "the interpreter and mediator" between God and man. Not a mere abstraction or emotion but a reality, was born by the Greek consciousness. Love is now, since Plato, in the world and revealed

to all who wish to partake in the feast. Let us therefore more and more make Love a reality. We shall then also know more and grow in wisdom. If we do this then the new Art, which many so ardently long for, shall come.

I am fortunate in having illustrations to choose from, which, not only as subjects but also in the manner they have been related, lend themselves admirably to my purpose. My illustrations are all of Aphrodite, the Love and Beauty goddess.

But let it be understood at once that I am speaking of Aphrodite in a peculiar way. She is one of Greece's many conceptions of the Great Mother.

Late, very late, in Greek history, when philosophers discerned the truth and poets lived pure lives, Aphrodite Urania was born, and since then, she still rules men who have self-respect and women who are worthy of their glorious name as being representative of her, whom all ancient religions called Magna Mater.

Aphrodite Urania is Beauty and it is therefore that she is the true and highest form possible of love. It is Beauty which tames man. To be sure, she could not tame the gods of Olympia, but does tame man, nevertheless. Greece revelled in her revelation. She sang about her Aphrodite on the lips of all her poets, great and small, and her sculptors cut her form in marble, and we have heard the song and seen the statue. Aphrodite Urania has Messianic powers. She is the power of the chaste lines in the columns of the Parthenon. She is the inner life of the Ionic capital, and she is the melodious expansion of the curves of the honeysuckle such as the Greek soul modified that wild and most elastic of all plants. In this she is the Inner-Life as the Greek understood it and expressed it in his art. In our own day she is still more.

Greece has also told the everlasting story of Helen. Greece has whispered about Sappho; sent Aspasia to Pericles and profited by it. Phryne at one time was the main attraction at the Eleusinian mysteries. At Plato's Banquet sat Socrates. It was he who said that "man was the measure of things," and who declared, "I know but one little thing. It is Love." Well may we put these two famous sayings together and now say "Love is the measure of all things," and man the bearer of both. And that was what the Platonic dialogue meant, when it was declared that

"Love is the interpreter and mediator." When Socrates said that, then was Art born in Greek consciousness. Then the Inner-Life burst forth in flames. Art up to that time had been stammering. Now it spoke in clear language. We ask for no more or better definition of Love and Art. None can be given and none has been given. It is Greece's everlasting glory to have said the word of freedom, that Love and Art are the interpreters and mediators. With Love and Art as interpreters and mediators between God and man, we may lay the measuring rod up to the affair between Abellard and Heloise. We may judge Troubadours and Minnesingers of all kinds, and all forms of romantic love, forms which are all of late origin, all results of evolution and all post-Christian. With Love and Art as interpreters we shall never be at a loss to put the right value upon any drama we may see on the stage or in life. We shall not be in doubt about Love songs heard from such men as Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus; nor about books like Horace's "Art of Love," nor about erotic outbursts from Faust, Henrich Heine, Swinburne, Rosetti, Dante, Michael Angelo, on from the innumerable fools of all ages, who rush in where angels fear to tread. With the same marvelous key we can unlock Feminism of the Italian republics, the Court Cabales of France, the Love courts of the Middle Ages and the maze of Chivalry.—Coming down to our own day the question naturally arises: are Love and Art still the interpreters and mediators between God and Man? That question can not be answered at once. We must first answer the question: Is there still Love in the world? You know, many people think Love has fled, because in many places it is thought that Love is too sentimental an affair for the modern man; in some places Love is only a convenient housekeeper; in other places Love is but dalliance, in others, coquetry, gallantry or jealousy, tyranny, abhorrence, lust or a Bluebeard. Nowhere a redeemer? No doubt, Love has fled from these places—the world, however, is everlastingly young! The Greeks truly thought of Love as a young boy, Cupid. In view of the fact, that the world is always young, sometimes wise, sometimes foolish and always needing an answer to its longings, I may well say: yes! Love is still here and now as always "the interpreter and mediator" if called upon. It is probably true what Tennyson said: "'Tis better to have loved

and lost than never to have loved at all." This in spite of Montaigne: "it is hard for a man to be in Love and in his senses at the same time." Tennyson sang of Love. Montaigne talked about lust. Let those talk who want to talk; Love will love and continue to change the face of the earth, because it is the personal factor in history. It is Love and lust that transform laws and religions; they construct and they destroy every and all human institutions. Love and lust are the forces that make the world go round and renew it. They are the Great Mother's tools.

My illustrations upon Love and Inner-Life were historical in character. I will now give some, more specially, from art works. I shall continue as before to speak of the works of art as values rather than as technical productions. I approach them as a lover, not as an art critic. They are to me stages in the Inner-Life and not objects catalogued in museums.

In Greek Art we meet the Aphrodite found on Melos. She is the victory of physical beauty reinforced by the charms of mind and soul. She is not the Venus chosen by Paris, the cow boy, She is not vulgar. She is Venus Urania, the heavenly Venus. She has grander lines than the ordinary Greek Aphrodite and her figure is more commanding, her face nobler: characteristics fit for personifications of Love in transcendental aspects: the Great Mother. We do not know who modelled her, but certainly Praxiteles did not. She has none of his delirious sensuality. Though full of warmth she is the very light of the summer morning. In candle light it is not the wax, the taper, the black burning core or the yellow light which these give, that is most characteristic; it is the white light and the diffused light which are important. The lines of the Milesian Aphrodite glow with lights in masterful gradations of tone. They throw off that white light, which in the candle enables us to see the world and causes us to wonder about the light itself and the transcendental world to which it belongs. Her lines hold no bewildering sensuality, but translate us beyond ourselves. It is the white and diffused light which everywhere in Art strikes us at once and always interprets truly the value of that which is before us. It is that light which also reveals the daemonic in the Aphrodite of Melos to those who have stood before her statue in the Louvre

or who have gazed worshipful on a living model and filled with that holy reverence, *δαισδαμονια*, the Greeks spoke of.

I wish I dared enlarge my description of this figure. But I dare not; only in the language of Homer and Sophocles can this queenly Aphrodite be described. It requires a religious ecstasy to understand those perfect forms and a prophetic genius to divine the secret thoughts of that face more mysterious than the Sphinx. She is in many senses the Venus Victrix whose name Caesar gave his soldiers as watchword on the evening before the battle at Pharsalus in which he crushed his rival Pompei and became master of Rome.

Praxiteles' Aphrodite, for which Phryne is supposed to have stood model, is refined and noble sensuality, and an admirable type of an all around personality, and typical of one form of Love of much value. She too, is a type of the Inner-Life and carved by the same enthusiasm as the Milesian, but lacks the severe discipline of form. She is full of graceful curves and attractions, but no man would worship her with that holy reverence which in Greece is called *daisidaimonia*. She is, however, the Inner-Life, such as it may be seen in elastic and undulating plants. The Medicean Venus is a coquette and "love for sale" and not of qualitative value and not a type of the Inner-Life or the Great Mother.

Love and Art in the Renaissance period is represented by Madonnas, angels and saints; by piety and religious ardor, loves of another order than the Greek. It is Love and Art neither vulgar, nor domestic; it is emaciated spirituality, a sorrowful example upon what ascetic ideas can do when they enter the world of Love and Art. There is no Inner-Life in it.

Titian's two loves, "Sacred and Profane Love" must be mentioned. The one to the left of the spectator and fully draped I call Love in privacy; the other, to the right, and entirely nude, is frank and free consciousness of self, and Love in the garb of Beauty. She is of intense Beauty and being nude she conveys some of the idea of the marvels seen in Aphrodite Urania, and leads thoughts to the New Life and the Great Mother.

Giorgione, "the most poetic of painters," has painted a Venus, which is the most precious possession of the Dresden Gallery: she is a Venus, not an Aphrodite. The painting has the Greek

refined feeling for line, a splendor of curve, and a rhythm and balance of composition, such as we should expect in a Venus who glows with actual life and who is no angel. Giorgione's Venus is an interpretation of human grace, the Great Mother in the shape of a lovely woman. She is Love's joy over the light among the trees and upon the meadows of Arcadia. She is the spirit of Nature in the form of loveliness and therefore I see in her the Inner-Life as represented by the Minnesingers among the Mediaeval mysteries, as in Angelus Silesius, for instance, who loved green meadows more than the ascetic life.

Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" in the Uffizi palace is a portrait and the form of the charming Simonetta and of "wonderful feeling for the rhythm of line," though the anatomy is wretched. This Venus, (Venus, not Aphrodite) is music of high pitch or love dressed in intellectual garb. Many similar expressions of the Inner-Life can be found among female Mystics of mediaeval nunneries; such Mystics who lived on the sunny side of life. The Mother is revealed.

Raphael's ideal of Aphrodite is that of the Roman Venus and may be seen in the Fornarina. It is love and Art with a strong arm and high bosom. Rather masculine. But Raphael also knew Venus Urania and has presented her in Christian garb and she may be seen in the famous Dresden gallery. In that Madonna "thought, passion and emotion become living melody," said J. A. Symonds. It is beauty in untouched virginity. More an abstraction than an actuality. For a full description of her as a type of the Eternal Mother see my chapter on Madonnas.

Corregio's Venus is realistic and commonplace. Leonardo's La Gioconda's "subtle and untranslatable smile" hints at love understandings and more than ordinary knowledge in love's mysteries. I see no Inner-Life in her.

Thorwaldsen's Venus is classical purity of form standing self-centered and surrounded by the northern atmosphere of serenity. Less colossal than the Aphrodite of Melos, she is more harmonious, but also without that large language of forms which the Inner-Life speaks. But she represents the Great Mother.

George Watts is of all painters the most idealistic. His "Love and Life" and "Love and Death" are ideal in Plato's sense and

worthy to be modern parallels to Aphrodite Melos. His excellent imagination has produced forms suitable for a new religion: a religion of the Inner-Life. He has painted Love gently stooping down to Life and laying upon her "the mystic chrism of holy hands." In "Love and Death," Love is shown in the door preventing Death from entering to cut short the breath of the beloved. I have found this peculiarity with Watt's work, that I can replace his "Love" with "Art" personified and the substitution translates his work into those deep silences where all shapes disappear and pure form arises; and that is a rare quality. It reveals the Great Mother.

But the New Age will do still more for the Great Mother, and will see the line which will *be her line*. I can see it. It runs in an unbroken and continuous order from Greece until our day. I see it begin in majestic serenity in the Aphrodite of Melos, then it bends slightly, almost imperceptibly, in the Aphrodite of Cnidos, the work of Praxiteles. It checks itself for awhile under Christian austerity, but bends again in chaste desire in the Renaissance. Then it restrains itself, in fear as it seems, but soon recovers its original movement and at last fully reveals itself in Watt's miracles.

Such is the rhythm of the line of love and beauty or the Great Mother drawn by Art, not by a single artist but by Art, Art as Energy, the Energy running through all the several ages. By such ensemble studies will the new Art arise and the New Age has given us the power to make it come forth. And the rhythm of that line is Art's gospel story of the Inner-Life and the Great Mother. And I invite and urge you to study that gospel.

The power of expression in all the works mentioned is imparted by the Eternal Mother. To her be glory for ever and ever! No real Art without her.

II

I have already spoken of Art as the Energy of the Great Mother. All the definitions I have given of Energy, Power and Action were dictated by the Inner-Life; they were formulated according to occult and mystic ideas. The principal idea was that all Art was a manifestation of the Magna Mater, the Great Mother.

The new aspect is in the direction of the Father-idea, just as the former was the Mother-idea. The Father-idea means here the Great Mother's Workmaster, the Demiurgic force. And as illustrations I use line and light. The symbols of the Father-idea in occidental Occultism and Mysticism are lines and light. Truly, Art is Power and Energy, but it is also splendor; splendor of light and line. Energy and light or splendor, condition one another. No true Energy without that purity which manifests itself as light and in lines. On the other hand we find no true lines and no splendor except where there is Energy, Power. The same argument holds true when we speak of the Inner-Life. All Inner-Life is fundamentally powerful because it is a manifestation of the Great-All, the Mother, and all Inner-Life comes into human existence as light, as understanding, as a revelation of fundamental mysteries. And again, the Inner-Life depends upon light, understanding or revelation in order to be known, and vice versa, mere light, understanding or revelation have no meaning unless they rest upon something substantial. Hence Inner-Life in essence and Inner-Life in manifestation condition each other in the same way as light and power condition each other.

In my last chapter I dwelt more with principle than with Art actually, though I used many art products as illustrations. By necessity the art crafts, because they are human products, belong to the passing world, the sphere of manifestations and realizations. Art, as represented by the crafts, belongs to the same sphere as pleasure which always is followed by pain. Art can not thrive without shadows; therefore it can not live without definite lines. Whenever it paints light it is compelled to make darkness and whenever it has the power of fire in it, it is like human beings always in danger of self-destruction when it leaves its true field. And when it attempts its main object, namely, to manifest form, it usually looses itself in shapes; that too is human. These characteristics suggest the human personality and we shall not go astray if we study Art as a personality, such as I suggested in the foregone chapter.

The human personality is the symbol by which we express ourselves. The physical universe is the personality through which

the universal soul expresses itself. Lines, lights, fire and form make the personality of Art and I will deal with them that way. I shall not deal with lines as we deal with numbers in mathematics nor consider them, like numbers, as quantitative relationships; nay, I shall deal with lines and lights and forms as qualitative relationships and regard them as their own symbols. They are values and it is as values they belong to the same family as the Inner-Life and express the Great Mother. Lines to the true artist can not be geometric forms, or impersonal and prosaic propositions. They must be living, they must be personal, they must have a romantic character—if not, they are not light, and if not light they have only interest for the engineer, but not for the pen or the brush. Nor do they express the Great Mother's ideas. To my artist reader, I say: Look where you will in the Open and you shall see the lines I will speak about and hear Nature's language about form, light, fire and all the other synonyms of line as she understands herself. And you shall perceive the truth of my declaration that power and light are each other's complement or value; that structure is according to rhythm or the cosmic breath, and that Beauty is never expressed in weak limbs, but that Beauty is that compelling power which drives out of existence all that which is weak, mean and insincere, hence that Beauty is the true moral law of cosmic existence or the will and thought of our life as well as of the life in the Open.

Look around in Mother Nature's realm and you shall see that she shows very few mathematically straight lines and where she does show them, as for instance in crystals, her forms belong to the inorganic, to that order of existence which once did but now no more dominates or appears to be her immediate concern as regards Beauty. Crystals and their hard and fast lines belong to a submerged world, a round of existence where Nature did not develop Beauty as she does now in the organic world. Lines are the stylus of the Infinite and that stylus knew form in earth's young days only in direct earnestness but not as now in wavy grace and undulating curves. The Great Mother is still showing her primitive forms in many children's undeveloped shapes; in small measures and scanty flesh. It is an exception when she shows the most beautiful line of all, the elliptic, and when she does, we are sure to find that she has other beauties in store and

high purposes in view. The elliptic is the most beautiful line, because it is simplicity and suggests constant movement or life activity. It is the Great Mother's line in particular. It can not be made by a compasser because it changes its direction on all points. The ellipse is manifoldness in oneness. In adolescence and young maturity Nature often shows the elliptic, and happy those who have the lines! They are the favored ones and they have in themselves proof of a high development.

The straight crystal lines of Nature's young days were light too, and it was as light they spoke, and as light they speak now, when placed correctly. Light always speaks. Light is mind. No matter how insignificant an object may be, when it is flooded with light, it becomes eloquent. But the lines are not living, they are not "human" in quality.

A line is not so much a thing as the expression of a substance or subject, the direction of its activity, its character as it were. I like to call a line a trumpet blast and there are lines on the human body I call trumpet blasts, because they have the power of a bugle. Look at Michael Angelo's "Aurora" and you will hear bugle calls. If the Great Mother ever spoke loudly in the manner of Art, Angelo has revealed her secret. Happy he or she who can see that secret again and thrice happy the model who can show that call by the living lines of the body.

Look at the vigorous and courageous fishes which the angler longs for. For instance, the trout; all his strength lies in his lines and you can see it at once when you compare him to the clumsy carp. His silvery scales are as luminous as a light and his lines speak of form and the fire of his movement. Altogether he is the light of the stream; Beauty in the shape of light; and the artistic mind will admit that the fish has a character of a superior order, and the Mystic will speak of Inner-Life revealed in the water with as much enthusiasm as about the Inner-Life of a saint. Such a Mystic is what I call a Nature-Mystic.

I spoke above about form, light, fire and said that these words were synonyms to line and that Nature used them synonymously. Artists will bear me out. There can be no valid objection to calling a line a light nor in calling a light a line. A sun ray illustrates what I mean. Nor will any artist have any difficulty

in calling sun-rays the form of that fire-energy which we popularly locate in the sun. It seems therefore easy to connect lines, light, fire and forms as synonymous. But I call them synonymous terms also in another sense. I see them as the building, the plastic, the constructive power both in Nature and in Man, and in all that activity of Man's, which evolves life and reveals the Inner-Life or the mystic life which goes to help him to self-realization. And that intensity in us by which we balance Nature's immensity expresses its form in lines that burn when men like Michael Angelo and Rembrandt draw them. Angelo's lines on the Aurora and Rembrandt's horizons are such lines and forms.

Let the critic say that I am altogether too romantic in my view of lines. I will answer by inviting him to analyze a rose for instance. Analyze a rose as often as he will and let him translate all its aroma into botanical and chemical formulas ever so scientifically, he has not destroyed its poetry. Prosaic as he may be, next time he looks upon a rose, it conquers him. And so with the intensity of the lines I speak of, learn to see a living line and it shall be heard that lines have voices and that the mystic ear never tires of hearing them; it tires as little as the mystic eye ever tires of looking upon them. The mystic eye would cease to be in the moment it ceased to see the splendor of living lines.

Look at the strong and ferocious tiger, the fleet deer or the wild horse and you see at once that Beauty means line and light and fire. Even the mob can pick out a thoroughbred horse from among ordinary horses. His long and graceful curves on neck, loin and quarters, his general symmetry, at once demonstrate that line which means fire and light. His carriage reveals a vigor only found in combination with highest forms of beauty. It is Inner-Life; it is the Mother's work. Many an athlete is not intelligent as regards books and learning and society manners, but his distinguished bearing is light nevertheless. His frame is like embodied sunlight and his own explanation for being. It is Inner-Life manifested. Healthy warm and fresh skin, shiny hair, and ruddy cheeks are Nature's lights and certificates of Beauty and Inner-Life; but a muddy skin means kidney disease and a dull, cold and ghastly complexion means consumption and

ugliness, and Nature usually makes haste to remove such misrepresentations.

Now, let me say something about light and come back to the line by and by.

It is hard to define Beauty, but I consider it an objective power or light. Beauty is light. In my opinion it certainly is not merely subjective or an individual appreciation.

When Shulamite in Solomon's song (v 10) glories in the description of her Beloved and speaks of him as "white and ruddy", she boasts of something real, and when Jacob chose Rachael because of her bright eyes in preference to the dull eyes of Leah, he too, thought of Beauty as something real. And what did the Shulamite and Jacob understand by real Beauty? They meant that color is Nature's stamp of approval, her certificate of purity. Of course, they had never heard of Ruskin's assertion about the holiness of color, but they knew instinctively and with as much certainty as all Nature, that color is the sign of health, of embodied sunlight.

I have chosen the expressions of the Shulamite and Jacob rather than some illustration from any paintings because neither of these two were speaking before art students about colors and therefore not likely to loose themselves in enthusiastic expressions and declarations. They simply and naturally expressed their perceptions of quality and that is the point I want to emphasize as regards color and light. If it be true (— and there can hardly be any doubt about it—) that light is a phenomenon arising from the vibration of the object and that color is merely various qualities of light; if that be true, then color becomes an exact reflex of the personality or object seen.

The Shulamite said her Beloved was "white and ruddy" and by that she gave the daughters of Jerusalem an exact description and definition of him as a personality. I shall not undertake to give the description in detail, but this I mean to say that the quality of his life was revealed to her and to them; that she discovered that harmonious interplay of the spiritual and the sensuous which is so necessary for Beauty and that the soul of the Beloved had exerted that captivating power which is always the characteristic of Beauty. The Shulamite could say so much in so few words because inherent Beauty and moral quality vi-

brate in the reflex that comes to us, when we look upon a person. The Beauty quality literally vibrates from the object and unerringly reflects itself upon the retina of our eye—but, how many, even of artists, use their eyes as the mirrors on which such reflexes come objectively? And here is a point to consider and study.

If the pupils of our eyes dance around and up and down in their sockets and are not kept still and our breathing lowered as much as it is possible, we can not use our eyes as mirrors and consequently never get light and Beauty objectively, but only subjectively or which is almost the same: we get no light and no Beauty. We get our own confusion thrown back upon us.

Life is a light and if the colorist wishes to portray it, he or she must learn how Nature vibrates or throws off her life potencies; must learn how nerve-form can be seen; how the glow-worm lights his lamp; how many plants shine in darkness; even the common marigold becomes luminous after a week of dry weather; how we become luminous by our own intensity. A good way to study these phenomena is to observe yourself diligently in a good mirror, say before or after the bath or any other convenient time. By so doing one becomes familiar with oneself and will learn to discover the light which the body throws off and which correctly indicates our Beauty and moral value. In the degree in which we have physical and spiritual life our personality burns like a flame and can easily be seen and estimated. It is not only the saint who has such an aura, nay, every human being has it and can not be truly portrayed except by means of it.—It is very often the case that people will not believe that their photograph is a true likeness. But in most cases it is. The lens is truth itself and cannot be bribed any more than the light of the person photographed.

Another good way to study the light which is life reflected, or life translated so that it can fall upon the observer's eye, is to begin your studies with the simplest structures, because in Nature they are the only creatures which are luminous. The more complicated organization of creatures in the higher scales of life diminishes the power of luminosity, especially if the organization is a result of all the unhealthy methods of living originated by modern culture. While luminosity in the sense I

have just spoken of, diminishes on the higher scales of life, it is reflected by lights of another order, light drawn from another world so to say. But that light I am not speaking of now.

You all know Whitman's great line about himself:

I am an acme^p of things accomplished, and I am an ac-
claimer of things to be.

Others besides Whitman can say the same or others can say it for them. I, for instance, can say it for a lady whom I, accidentally, saw throw herself down on a sofa, tired, or rather exhausted. In spite of that unfavorable condition of tiredness, the pose, taken entirely unconsciously and without any regard to me as a possible spectator, was the very embodiment of strength in artistic lines and an illumination of the truth that Beauty is a light of its own and objective. As never before, it flashed upon me what inherent marvels of structure such a body would reveal if I could have examined it. And when I took out my catechism of the Inner-Life and began silently to ask questions, I was obliged to admit that the structure which I guessed at behind that involuntary pose was built up through "immense preparations" and that the soul behind it had mounted many and many a step on the mystic path in order to attain such healthiness, such color, such firmness, such eloquence. The spectacle I thus saw came to me by the unerring light which her body threw off and which my eye just at that moment was able to catch. A portrait must be painted by means of that light; a landscape has no eloquence unless it prints itself in that way upon our eye. That there were lines of marvels back of that light, goes without saying. What I thus far have said was suggested by Shulamite's description of "the white and ruddy" beloved. I also quoted Jacob before and spoke of his choosing Rachael on account of bright eyes instead of Leah who had dull eyes. By bright eyes I think Jacob meant that flash in the eye, which painters usually paint white, though it is yellow. It is a distinctive sign of health and genius in man and full of charming impressiveness in woman. In Mona Lisa it is shrewdness, however, and reveals an insight which is not compatible with innocence.

"Bright eyes" in this sense is truly a vibration of the life of

the person whose eyes flash it. It should be studied with the greatest care, for without it no picture of the soul can be given and the portrait will be insignificant. It reflects the Inner-Life. The light is, as I said, truly yellow and not white, and it reminds me of the glossy yellow hue of the buttercup. It is the gloss that gives the peculiar animating color to the buttercup. As little as any body can be sad looking upon or into a buttercup as little can any body fail to be attracted by the burst of sunshine which comes from eyes like Rachael's. The buttercups are poetry and sentiment; the eyes exhibit the soul. Light everywhere revealing life! I think artists could learn much from the Kabbalah, the Jewish mystical science, which claims to know the Inner-Life power of every organ, muscle and nerve. I repeat what I said before, Beauty is an objectivity and though I am unable to give it a logical and mathematical definition, it can nevertheless be experienced and that is the best proof of its existence, and the illustrations I have brought forth go far to prove what I have said.


Beauty shines in structure and organization. I will not dispute about matter, whether real or not, but I will assert, that organization or structure is the all important study for an artist and for the Inner-Life. Organization or structure is self-formation or the essential quality of all that which our senses and our thoughts can grasp. It is its own cause and effect. It is seminal and original. Without structure or form there can be no Art and no Inner-Life; no stability and no law. It represents ideas, not things. Proportion, line and pose give life, whether our figure is nude or draped. Unfortunately numerous people are form-blind just as there are multitudes who are color-blind. They are all excluded from Art and the Inner-Life and the Great Mother does not love them aesthetically.

Artists seldom attempt to reproduce the inanimate Nature. They prefer to deal with the living or that which once lived or lives in the living, the realm of volition, feeling, intellect. And why? Because animated Nature belongs to the same family as the artists and reveals organization, an ever attractive quality and a sure sign of high spiritual development. When I look upon a landscape it is not the color of the mountains or the haze of the distance that fascinates me, but the lines of the whole

vision and the great eye out there in the horizon that invite me to discover, if I can, the form and shape of structure or organization. And I am happy and come away with joy in my soul when I have discovered the family-likeness between the landscape and myself. And when I look upon a living model, I do not approach with geometrical proportions in my eyes, because I know that it is the human eye which makes geometry. Nature does not care for such rigid shapes nor for academic colors. I look upon the model with a sympathetic eye and try to understand the mute language of muscles, members and poses. I look for the type, for the spirit of the whole and for the Great Mother. I do that because I know that lines, that structure, have the magic power of bringing out the reason there is in organic life and it is the organism I wish to behold and its Inner-Life, I wish to become acquainted with. And when I get a glimpse of the mysteries I go away with the words of Charles Kingsley upon my lips: "Oh, what an imagination God must have."

Many years ago when I was a professor and taught botany, I did not spend much time upon stamens and pistils and similar details. I took my pupils out into the Open and asked why one plant would seek the stony and dry slope of a hill with constant exposure to a fierce sun, and why another could only thrive in the deep watery dells, and I tried to divine from their colors, structure and general behavior what one meant by its dignified and robust strength and the other by its graceful and delicate tenderness. I communed with that Beauty which is behind form and shape.

You understand then that the Inner-Life seeks intelligence, clearness and thought. It holds it as an axiom as firmly as any art school that you can not grow in spiritual life any more than you can produce a work of art unless you can interpret your feelings in line or word. Vague reveries are delightful, but they do not make Inner-Life. Warm colors arouse a slumbering genius, perhaps, but they do not make an artist. The artist must study and work. The aspirant for Inner-Life must study by prayer and devotion. Otherwise none of them shall reach the goal. All beauty demands form or clear and definite expression. All Inner-Life is bought at a price. And the price



is the study of structure, organization, form and shape. But to study form and shape we must merge into it. We must call upon the Great Mother. To the everlasting shame of most people, and probably also to the shame of many artists, be it said that they live in the midst of Nature, yet are strangers to her. The fact is, we are surrounded by her large arms and lie in her lap, unable to move if we wished, and unable to enter into her if we tried. Most people never see her face. Occasionally in summer vacation they feel her breath, but do not know what happens. And yet on every summer vacation morning, they might see the splendor of dew on the grass, but they do not see it. And it is so strange, because these people have not outgrown the senses. It is not spirituality that binds them. It seems to me that such people have not even developed their senses nor know the joy of sense life. Think of what they miss! They must be like moles in the ground. They imagine they live, but are dead.

But let us forget these moles. Let me address you, my reader, as artists and lovers of the Open and send you to Mother Nature to find some new mysteries. Let me send you out into the woods and when you have found a spot gently sloping and covered with trees, bushes and shrubs, then seat yourself on the ground, or better still, lie flat. By no means must you stand up. When you have found a restful position and become one with your surroundings, then let your vision slide along the ground and the stems, straight, gnarled and otherwise, and you shall understand the power and charm of light as it blends with the fumes of what I will call the skin of the soil. Look at it for a long time and when you come next time to the same place, try to paint the influence exerted upon you, and your painting will be the Inner-Life of the woods, or if you like to put it differently, the spirit of the woods: the fume or aroma of space and a vision of the Great Mother.

I know my description of this procedure can not convey even a faint gleam of what I suggest. But this is a fact, that as little as you can catch the iridescent hue of mother-of-pearl without the shell that holds it because it is intrinsic and necessary to the shell, as little shall you be able to paint soil in its true color. No direct view of my sloping hill reveals its breath, only

by stooping down shall you discover the light that is truly of the land. It is not "a light that never was on sea nor land," on the contrary, it is like the sheen or gloss of soft skin, as delicate as the dew on the apricot and as lustrous as the liquid gleam on a passionate eye. I have rarely seen the mystery in any painting and all the landscape painting I have seen has all failed to even suggest what I have seen in reality. I can, however, mention one painting which is an exception to that which I have just said. It is Rousseau's "Winter Sunlight" at the forest of Fontainebleau. It hangs now in the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York. That painting expresses my meaning. Whether Rousseau reasoned like myself or not, I do not know, but of this I am sure, that instinctively he searched for the mystery and the Inner-Life. I have conferred with an artist on the subject and it was a pleasant surprise to have my ideas confirmed. The light itself seems to play hide and seek with the beauty of the curved lines of the slope I speak of and wistfully it reflects itself from the leaves like the flashes which we sometimes receive from the healthy hair on the head of a vigorous person.

I speak so much about this light because it truly is of the land or soil, yet also as truly—even if I contradict myself—"a light that never was on sea nor land," viz., it is Inner-Life.

The philosopher of antiquity, Zeno, called Beauty "the flower of virtue" and this is exactly what I will say about light now, not only of the light on my slope, but of light, that intangible something which artists perhaps never shall fully chain to earth, but which they nevertheless for ever and ever must worship and endeavor to draw down and perhaps at last give mankind as a magic that will set us free. Mark this "set us free." Neither science nor morals can set us free. Art can! Science can teach us the use of Nature's power and how to endure her willfulness. Morals may teach us how to control our natural senses, and morals do it by robbing us of three-fourths of our life. But Art, the aesthetic state, alone prepares us to free ourselves from all that which shackles and oppresses. And one of the powers of Art, which does this is light; light as it has been given to man of the Occident to understand it. The Oriental world is not free in the sense in which the Occident is. And the Orient has none of our light-marvels in painting to show, and the Orient, I declare,

does not know the sublimity of a line, such as the Greeks saw lines and such as we may study them.

Like Zeno said "Beauty is the flower of virtue", so I say that the light I speak of springs from intrinsic qualities. Applying Zeno's definition to the lines of my slope and the light upon it, you can readily see that you can never understand them nor interpret them artistically unless you try to reproduce them as the virtue of the soil, as intrinsic quality.

Mystics say that God can only be approached in prayer. I do not think any real Art is possible except by way of the Inner-Life. I think it was William Hunt who used to say, that it was not until he got down and crawled that he could make any headway on a portrait.

I hope artists will cultivate the Inner-Life and if they do, the New Art will come, an Art as never known before. It will be an Art that reveals the mysteries of life. I will declare that there is a power among us, which is not only line and light, but a living line and light, a light equal to human energy, a light and line which is creative; which is plastic and formative; a light and a line which is the manifestation of that power I spoke of in my last chapter: the fundamental art energy. When I speak of light, I do not mean the optical phenomenon, though that is no doubt the fact which most artists must reproduce in some way or other and interpret as best they can. I would rather think of self-expression; of living Beauty; of passions gushing forth; of spring mornings, and soul growth. The light that shines in the universe is a sublimity sprung from an ur-ground or abyss that we cannot fathom. It is nothing definite. It is ever varying, unstable and untameable. I have seen it at times as a flash from an eye as it were; an eye something like that mystery which Jacob Böhme saw. It is an eye clearly defined as a human eye, yet not of space though in space: an eye that both sees and speaks. An eye that resembles a looking glass which also both sees and speaks as you know. An eye and a looking glass from which streams a light equal to eternal wisdom and in which we may see our true form. The peculiarity with this universal eye is this, that it is never final; it is always in the state of coming to be; in one moment it contains the all of the eternal Now, in the next, it flashes original and aboriginal ideas, only to leap into

the future with pictures that we of the present moment can not comprehend nor even reflect because our own eyes are undeveloped. It is such an eye that is called "a seeing eye." Artists and Inner-Life people have it. The others think they see, but they see not. While this eye apparently is objective, it also seems to be born from moment to moment and to be purely subjective. It is this fact, that the eye grows from moment to moment, which gives it the ever reborn power I spoke of before; and why the mystic eye never can tire of looking upon living lines and the light they throw off. The light that flashes from this eye is movement, rather than something moved. It is a process, an everlasting process, a magic fire, that yet has more than the power of real fire. It appears to be the spirit proceeding from the eternal abyss and it seeks an abiding place with us. It is the Great Mother's "Presence." It has this quality: that it seeks an abiding place with us, and that gives us the power to hold it and it is an invitation to us to take hold of it.

There is a passage in Wordsworth's "Excursion" which has given me much pleasure and often symbolized to me that light I speak of. The passage is this:—

For the growing youth,
 What soul was his, when, from the naked top
 Of some bold headland he beheld the sun
 Rise up and bathe the world in light?
 he looked—
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
 And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
 Beneath him:—far and wide the clouds were touched
 And in their silent faces could he read
 Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
 Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
 The spectacle: sensation, soul and form,
 All melted into him; they swallowed up
 His animal being; in them did he live,
 And by them did he live; they were his life.
 In such access of mind, in such high hour
 Of visitation from the living God,
 Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.

No thanks he breathed; he proffered no request;
 Rapt into still communion that transcends
 The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
 His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
 That made him; it was blessedness and love!

The point in the poem I refer to as containing such marvelous psychological insight and so fully describing the synthetic activity of mind, which I often call immediateness, lies in the lines

"In such access of mind, in such high hour,"
 etc., etc.,

Not only is the psychology of the passage marvelous, but it is wonderfully rich as a type of that new revelation of light and life which is the gift to all progressive people of this age. And it is just such conditions an artist in our day needs.

The whole passage is flooded with light. The words used are so many shades of color and the progress of the description is activity of a spiritual order. There is a fullness of splendor over all the lines which lifts the whole passage into a sphere where, as I said, I wish to speak about living Beauty, passions gushing forth, spring mornings and soul growth, because the passage is so full of illumination that we can only think of light as it must be in its original nature far beyond our ordinary human eye.

No matter who "the growing youth" was, he felt that fullness which is transcendence and the joy of being oneself. For the moment being all feelings melted into one and the boy stood in the universal all. And why should this boy's experiences not be models for artists? To prove that his experience was no mere transient joy, I ask this question:—What were his experiences after that sublime moment just described? Wordsworth tells us that the youth often had such intercourses with Nature and his own self and while he had learned from the Bible about immortality, this learning was as naught as learning.

But in the mountains did he feel his faith.
 All things, responsive to the writing, there

Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite:
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe—he saw.
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive!

These words prove that the experience was not a mere transiency or something like a subjective sensation. Wordsworth will have us believe and learn that which he himself had experienced, that in such glorious moments we literally taste the immortal life and truly live the Inner-Life and perceive the "Presence." He will let us see by a "quick dance of colors, lights and forms" what it is possible for us to put into painting, dance and music, if we live the Inner-Life, and are artists with a living image-making power and have the ability to force the passing wind from the wilds, from the hills and valleys, lakes and waterfalls, to make music out of confusion. But my quotation is not made solely for the benefit of artists. All may be sublimated and lifted into the highest Nature if they are innocent enough. Nor is it necessary to ascend mountain promontories. Young love knows the light and enthusiasm, though it has seldom told us about its experience because it has been overcome by its own fullness.

I say again, let an artistic genius stand before a model whose limbs and whole figure breathe intelligence, and the sculptor becomes another Pygmalion awakening the Galathea of his own highest being. And where is the Nature-lover who not at some time, while scanning the laws of light amid the roar of cataracts or the blessed peace among high trees, felt the severe charm of sun rays and who has not been led to dream about Nature's forms and spirit. I think Corot must have been full of the Inner-Life such as the forest's fullness can teach it by light.

To put this mystery in a form more tangible, I say this light is the image-making power within us. I do not call it imagination, for that term cannot express that which I wish to say, I said the image-making power within us. Imagination is purely subjective. But the image-making faculty is objectively in us. It

is creative. It is "Presence." This image-making power is aboriginal, self-existent and not induced. It pertains to itself and plucks its own fruits. It is independent of experience and is not of time, but sheds fragrance in hearts that live in tune. It elevates all things and takes them into the soul of life and the universe. Where the image-making power is active it renews life and regenerates all efforts. As for thinking and so-called logic: these have no power over it. It is above bars and bolts of thought, but it desires to control thought and it wishes to guide our hands. The image-making power is a great laboratory and a necromancer. It transmutes itself everlastingly but it always aims at giving life to dead forms and to put poetry where the sands of sin threaten to destroy. Out of the simplest material it weaves the costliest garments and fashions the vessels of our treasures. It was the image-making power that carved figures of the reindeer on the knife handles of that paleolithic man who lived at Dordogne more than 50,000 years ago. It was this same power that erected the pyramids in Egypt and Mexico and which to-day gives us all the marvelous inventions of our age. And it is that image-making power which will explain what I say.

And what is it? It is simply and neither more nor less than our most glorious Inner-Life expressing itself in images and, as I said, the Great Mother's Presence.

Whatever you call it, do not forget to include terms that characterize our original wild nature, all that in us which is unbounded, daemonic, vast and boiling and also that which can not be accounted for; that which is "immense in passion, pulse and power."

It is this image-making power, I am enthusiastic about and wish I could arouse similar enthusiasm for in my readers. It is that power which has revealed to me what I know about lines, light and forms and which I know will teach me much more in the future. It is the Path of the Mother.

III

In the first chapter I spoke of Art and the Inner-Life as energy, power and activity and all my definitions rested upon one

of the fundamental ideas in all Mysticism and Occultism, namely upon the Mother-idea.

In the second chapter I again drew my ideas and expositions from Mysticism and Occultism. My definitions of line, light and form rested on the Father-idea.

By simple logic and by continuing on mystic and occult ground, I shall now speak in the same vein and rest my chapter on the Inner-Life conception of the Child.

By the Child I shall understand the artist who produces true Art and thereby becomes the Child of the Great Mother.

I shall also use the term Child as an expression for a certain mysterious action that takes place in Nature and in a conscious life and which religion calls at-one-ment, redemption, etc. But I will use these two terms sparingly. I prefer, and will use, the following terms and phrases: re-conciliation of opposites—the restoration of life on a new basis—rejuvenescence and re-birth. These terms are much more elastic than those of religion and cover a sound philosophy and much Nature-Mysticism, and instruct us about the Great Mother's power. And they express some important features of the life of an artist. And this last point is of much interest since this chapter deals with the artist rather than with Art.

But what has Art to do with reconciliation, is asked? How can religious terms be used when we talk Art? Let us see! Both Art and the artist have very much to do with a process that resembles religion! Art, I assert, is a reconciling power in life, a power for rebirth and this I will prove! A thought is not real or of value till it is expressed in form. An emotion can not be understood or be conveyed to another unless it manifests itself. Both thought and emotion need Art in order to transplant themselves and to at-one themselves with life. Art therefore is clearly their reconciling element. Philosophy suffers from a great defect when it enters practical life; it abstracts us instead of uniting us. But Art is intensely human and always connects itself with human interests, and that is the eminence and glory of Art. It is always a uniter, because it is so human. And for that reason Art is the best Yoga. No matter how the artist works, if his or her work is Art, it is a revelation of soul

and the soul's endeavor and longing for union, at-one-ment and reconciliation with the Highest.

All Beauty search and endeavor is yearning for union with some form of the Highest, a union which can give rest, and that peace which the soul needs in order to find itself. And all Beauty search ends by finding the Highest because Beauty is as Plato has told us, "the interpreter and mediator between God and man." It is by no means the exclusive province of religion, as some maintain, to work for man's reconciliation to the Eternal. Art is not only also engaged in that office, but in many ways much more powerful than religion to effect that eternal peace and happiness which the soul calls for. When the principles of justice, religion, mercy or persuasion fail to affect us, Beauty still has avenues on which to enter. Moreover, Beauty has the power to calm and to create bliss and remove oppressing thoughts. Beauty can do that by mere Presence, but religion must try to do it by persuasion and sacraments.

True colors can melt a hardened heart; noble lines can clear confused thoughts: pure sounds can find entrance and create profound impulses where culture otherwise has no power. All these elements of Art bring divinity nearer to us and raise us above ourselves. Therefore when I now speak about reconciliation, redemption and atonement, I do not speak as the religious teachers do about sin and salvation, but about bringing agreement where contradiction seems to exist, and about establishing concord where strife has brought disturbance and confusion; and I speak about adjusting discrepancies; about leveling the uneven; about right proportions, etc., etc. Art can and does reconcile such opposites and disturbances. Those of experience know it. But because I speak of contradictions and disturbances, it must not be understood that the world is at strife with itself as some teachers make it a business to teach us. Opposites arise, not on account of any real split or disturbance in the world, how profound the so-called disturbances may seem to be; opposites arise in the rush for manifestation in life; opposites and divergencies are proof of health and of beauty-endeavor and there would not have been Beauty, such as we human beings know it, long for it, and find it, if life did not manifest itself in so numerous and varied forms as it does. At this

point, the difference between the view and value of life as seen by Art and unitive philosophy becomes apparent. That high and abstract view taught by so many, whose will is good enough, but whose knowledge of the Inner-Life is very limited, produces a life utterly intangible, flat and unreal; it is a life—if life it can be called—which is dark darkness: utter negativity and without any attractions for real live human beings. Art, on the other hand, gives us a life of warmth and color, full of pulsations and satisfactions and makes us feel the joy of living. And all that because Art makes use of opposites and does not deny them nor run away from them. Art produces also reconciliations in other senses. It calls forth self-revelations in that artist who really produces Art, viz., who produces something which springs from the soul's innermost compelling power. Such a product is his or her self-reconciliation. Such art products are the artist's Children even if they are so individual and different from the artist that he or she cannot see they are themselves over again. Be they ever so individual and independent, they become reconcilers nevertheless. It will be seen when I call your attention to the classical story of Venus and Cupid. Venus, the mother, could not live in peace except for Cupid, the son. She could not exercise her personality except by the help of her son. Her reconciliation to the external world was accomplished through him. The same will also be seen when it is realized that Mary, the mother of Jesus, herself needed the salvation He brought to the world. The dogma of her immaculate conception does not remove the peculiar fact, that her own son became her reconciliation. Both stories bear upon the fact I wish to illustrate that Art is the artist's Child, or self-expression and reconciliation.

Let me illustrate the meaning of this self-revelation in a work of Art by telling Ovid's story about Pygmalion and Galathea. All the details of the story are of importance in order to see the self-revelation of Pygmalion. The final happy union of the two is his self-reconciliation. The story is marvelous in its symbology and is to my mind the gospel story, the Yoga of reconciliation such as Art preaches it. And it reaches infinitely deeper than the Bible story of reconciliation because the artist can verify in himself the reconciling elements, while the Bible

story requires faith to believe that an external event has taken place. The story typifies the Great Mother's self-revelation in us.

✓ King Pygmalion was a sculptor, and being disgusted with the sensuality of the women of his day, he did not marry, but he adored Femininity nevertheless, and knew in his inner life that a superb woman existed somewhere, could he only find her. Being a true man, he asked his own mind how such a woman would look, and his heart made answer, that he should carve his ideal in ivory and thus manifest his own innermost. He did so and the woman proved to be a creation that Pygmalion thought even Nature could not match. He not only admired her, but she seemed alive and acted with maidenly modesty, he fancied. His own Art overwhelmed him. His reason told him that he was mad, but his fire was uncontrollable. The ivory seemed to blush and the lips to move and most naturally Pygmalion kissed and embraced the statue. Yet she stood there and remained immovable. But he could not be persuaded that she was mere ivory. He brought her gifts, rare shells, oriental pearls and sparkling stones. He sent birds of sweet song into her room, and fragrant flowers, and costly robes and rings.

An embroider'd zone surrounded her slender waist
Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd
Beauties she show'd, but unadorn'd the best.

In all these acts, Pygmalion revealed his own artistic temper. The acts were truly his, but they also created him. He became the Child of his own longings and activities and it is as a Child of his own yearning that he became the reconciliation or at-onement of inner and outer. Thus he illustrates the perfect artist.

Shortly after came the feast of Aphrodite, a solemn day on which all the Cypriots paid devotion to her. Aphrodite, being the Greek Mother-Goddess first, and next, the Beauty-Goddess, was the special object of adoration of all artists and of Pygmalion especially.

—With gilded horns the milk-white heifers
Slaughtered before the sacred altars bled.—

And Pygmalion prayed:

“Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.”

The golden goddess present at the prayer
Well knew he meant th’ inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire.

While the goddess granted the desire, she did not give life to the statue. She granted the desire, but Pygmalion was himself to animate his work. Such is the nature of the universal economy. No miracles are performed. A lover may pray for the possession of his beloved object and his prayer may be granted, but he himself must take possession of her and accomplish the grant. The same takes place in artistic production. The artist may be endowed with genius and may be given a call to do a great work. But neither genius nor the call accomplishes anything. It is he, the artist (—the reconciliation of the call and the execution—) he, the Child born of the genius and toil, it is he who manifests. And so Pygmalion turned to his statue to infuse it with life. He kissed her and the lips grew soft and softer; the former mass turned to vibrating form; he felt her pulses and the leaping vein and suddenly the eyes opened. “And view’d at once the light and lover with surprise”; and a miracle had been done. Extremes were melted into one and two beings were created: the artist and his work, Galathea. In course of time a boy was born to them and he is a further proof of the reconciliation. He represents the evidence before the world and the fame of the artist. The boy is the monument the travellers come to see and to admire; he is the fact mentioned in art-history and whom succeeding artists come to study and draw inspiration from. Galathea was Pygmalion’s creation or Child; but he too was a Child and born out of his own Art and devotion. His Art united him to himself; it reconciled him to life.

Besides Pygmalion and Galathea, there is in Art another conception which explains what reconciliation means to an artist. That conception is named Euphorion.

Goethe originated the name Euphorion and gave it to the child born in the mystic marriage of Faust and Helena. Since

then all lovers and artists call their child Euphorion, be the marriage one of the inner and the outer of the same personality, or, be the marriage one of the Platonic order between the two sexes. Or be the mystic marriage represented by a work of Art in which they have put their whole life. The word Euphorion in translation means "the swift" and that clearly suggests descent of spirit, sudden flashes of light and ecstatic communions.

There is an interesting point in this that Helena, who becomes the mother of Faust's child, has centuries before given somewhat of her life to the same Faust. She is both his mother and his wife and that is so very interesting: viz., The true Art image, Euphorion, can only be born of the artist's own better self, a better self that has followed him always and everywhere as wife, yet is not discovered till Euphorion is born. The Inner-Life of the true artist is pictured in the relation of Faust, Helena and Euphorion, and the full meaning of Art as a reconciliation can best be studied by Goethe's exposition. There is still another mystery about the Child. Euphorion in Art is the same as Christianity in religion. Christianity rightly understood is a worship of the Child. The Child is named Jesus. But in Art, the Child is the artist himself or herself. In the most literal sense the artists are born of their Art.

Study Sophocles and simply substitute the words technique and faithful work where he sings of suffering and submission until the heart is purified, and the will subdued. If my reader will do that, it shall be found that Sophocles with unrivaled skill portrays both the struggles of the Inner-Life and the process that goes to make an artist, one born of his own Art. What he calls moral law is simply that truth which Art constantly holds up before us and demands obedience to. From Sophocles it may easily be learned that every artist is another Oedipus who solves the riddle propounded by the Sphinx and who kills her. An artist who goes through such degrees of purification becomes a Child of his own Art. His toil is his reconciliation and perfection as an artist. Take Dante as another model and learn from him that high view of seeing all things in the Great Mother, and surely She shall be seen in all things. Insensibly we become what we see in our patterns. That is the way life keeps the balance or makes reconciliation. We become

what we love! If the personal terms of Dante are thought undesirable then instead of God speak with Walt Whitman about "cosmic enthusiasm" and realize "that a Kelson of the creation is love" and the result is the same: re-birth.

A study of these three, Sophocles, Dante and Whitman, together with the daily experience in the practice of any of the Arts, will soon show that artists are the Children of their own Art, and that Art is Yoga. When Art has the effect of uniting us to ourselves, of giving us re-birth, then it is Art indeed, and Art of the highest order. It is then no mere craft. The Great Mother is then present. The ancient cathedral builders may be called craftsmen; but no matter what they be called, they and their works were reconcilers, and the proof of my assertion will be understood by those who (—no matter how—) have ever awakened their sense of the infinite or who have been touched by the spirit of Beauty. Let us quarrel no more about the powers which Art has to reconcile us! Art is the artist's religion!

Reconciliation then is not a process of law which brings people into an amicable relationship; it is a self-revelation which produces self-realization. It is re-birth. And the profession of Art should be to the artist a re-birth, a rejuvenescence, in the same way as self-abnegation creates re-birth in the ascetic. The difference between the two is this, that the artist works passively and compels "matter" to obey. The ascetic works negatively and runs away from life and its problems.

Re-birth, Regeneration or Reconciliation are synonymous terms for a life-fact which we must meet fairly and squarely, and a combat we must come out of victoriously. If we do not, we drop back into the same mud out of which we crawled sometime ago, and may have to live in it again.

A powerful help to self-reconciliation is to allow our personal history to pass before our vision. Most people are afraid to do it. But that fear is a sign of an unsound mind. Let your life's history pass before you and you shall see (—however desperate or flat your life has been—) that there is an idea, a leading idea in it, and the total impression, the ensemble of your life, will illuminate you and such illumination is reconciliation or adjustment, harmony, properly understood.

I will not draw the picture of my soul but show a series of tableaux vivantes representing the earlier part of my native country's history and you will understand the method I suggest and my panorama ought to work by suggestion if not by direct illustration.

When I was young, I amused myself with painting; painting with words, thinking that sometime I might be lucky enough to paint with a brush or cut with a chisel. But the painting still exists in words and the chisel I never handled. Let me show my painting. My painting is panoramic history and it works more by suggestion than by direct illustrations. It is a sort of tableaux vivant and is intended to show that if our life history passes before us as his country's history passed before the young man I tell about, then we shall be reconciled, or adjusted to ourself because then the idea, the total expression, the ensemble, of our life, will illuminate us and such illumination is reconciliation or adjustment, harmony, properly understood.

My story is not in the form of a revelation of soul; it is a version of the history of Denmark in those regions where the young man saw that which I re-tell.

On the heath near Karup, in Jutland, Denmark, lived a poor widow and her son. The dark gloomy heath had forced its stamp of melancholy upon both mother and son; but the son had been influenced the most. When the mother in summertime was away in the nearest town to work, the boy used to go out into the heath, listening to a peculiar music that seemed to float over the heather tops; now feebly, now more strongly, but always as if coming from thousands of human voices. "What is it that sings around me," he asked his mother. "It is the heath," she replied and listened herself. You hear at once that she was attuned to her environment. She had the artistic genius, though she was only a poor working woman. "The heath?"—the boy replied, and wondered. Evidently something stirred in that soul. The heath became to him a living organism, whose breast contained both joy and sorrow, and was able to express its soul in tuneful yet disconsolate song, a song attuned to his own heart strings. As he grew older, he thought he knew what the heath wanted to tell him. He was just like the other Nature-children

and the relationship between him and the heath became more intimate than that between him and his mother. Summer evenings he would lie outstretched on the heather near some of the numerous ancient barrows, recalling to mind the lark's song during the day and the heat of the sun, that had tortured him, for the summer can be hot in Denmark. Lying thus outstretched, the heath seemed to be an old hermit in green-brown garment and playing on a harp—an old man, so old that he had seen many, many generations born and die. It was from such an old hermit in the midst of the solitude he thought the song must come. And his fancy was not very far astray. In the Alexander Legend the spirit of the air is often spoken of as the Green Man, ever young, though he seems old, because he has bathed in the Fountain of Youth.

One day as he strolled aimlessly in the otherwise silent desert, he came upon a tumulus, that seemed open and the stone set grave chamber appeared visible. As he came nearer, the familiar tunes sounded stronger and more passionate than ever. They seemed to come from a place on the other side of it, which he, curiously enough, could not reach or even approach, try as he did. He stopped short, overcome by excitement and yearning; his dream of the old hermit seemed near realization. Taking courage he entered the tumulus and seemed now so near his wished-for object, that all he would have to do was to push a stone away. He did so—and behold! before him lay in brilliant sunlight, green meadows, stretching as far as his eyes could reach and only limited by a blue sky, such as it is to be seen in Denmark.

The vision changed and the rhythmic pulse of life that throbbed from the ancient mound placed him on the shore of one of those Vigs, so famous in History from the life of the Vig-Kings. He saw the "langaarede" boats return from expeditions on strange seas; he heard the call of Lur and saw the fair maidens receive the returning Bonde-warriors. When he recovered his breath after the surprise, he perceived far away on the heath, a stone hedge around a larger stone in the middle and on it stood an old man in a green-brown garment playing on a harp. The tunes from the harp, as if by magic, called forth from the horizon, men, dark and clothed in iron and they rushed at each other in fearful battle. The weight of the horses

made the soil tremble; the air whined with arrows and spears; swords crashed through the whirlwind; blood gushed forth to trumpet blasts. Thus did the old Norsemen fight and the boy saw the past age and event by the aid of the old man's tuneful harp and the magic of the heath. As the notes ebbed away, the combat died out and horse and foot vanished. In their place there now appeared a dark oaken forest and in it the boy saw what he called a house built of oakenstems. Around and about stood many stone images. In front of the house lay a flat stone and on it was a naked human being bound and anxiously watching certain men with white beards sharpening long knives. But saw no more. The harp sounded again. This time full of yearning and charm. The stone images vanished and hid themselves beneath thistles and thorns. And now the youth saw vast masses of people gathered around a pale young man in a coarse garment gathered at the waist by a rope. He held a cross high up in his left hand and pointed with the right hand to the crucified figure upon it. Once again the magic song struck the note that changed the scenery and he saw in the wet mist that came up from the nearby ocean, long rows of priests, monks and nuns; but their incense was a stench in his nostrils; their robes shame and infamy and their chanting sounded like hollow mockery. Wherever they went, the grass withered and the flowers died and the land became a desert. The tale is much longer, but that which I have told is enough to illustrate the subject. My reader's own life may be called out from obscurity like these scenes of Danish history. Such visions go to make reconciliations or re-births. By them Art shows the texture of a country's history and we can see the meshes. We also understand the web and woof and all details fall into harmony, no matter how mutually contradictory they may be. "The weaver works on the wrong side evermore" and it is only when the weaving stops and the web is tossed and turned that the real handiwork and his marvellous skill is learned. When the web and woof of our life, our life in the world as well as our life in Art, passes in review in ordered scenes, then an inspiration is upon us; the Inner-Life is awake and great Art is possible. The Great Mother has done it!

The philosophy of my stories and my claim that such visions

make reconciliations, is found in our image-making power. The images that rise spontaneously, are reflexes of ourselves and therefore self-revelations and re-establishments of our Inner-Life on an outer basis. As we see ourselves in the looking glass and thus get some idea of ourselves, so we see, even more strongly, ourselves reflected in our images, be they made by pen, brush or chisel or otherwise. These images are our saviors. Such self-reflections and re-establishments create either a reconciliation at once or send us to renewed efforts for such attainment.

I told these stories as illustrations to show how spiritual events, even outside ourselves, may become our reconciliation. My stories raise another question. How about the evil ones? How about such monsters as Shakespeare's Richard III? Was he re-born by his acts? Let me bring out a few strong points of the drama and the question answers itself. Richard is a tyrant and a brute, but that is not his main characteristic. The key to his character is the consciousness with which he executes his tyranny and brutality. Right in the first act and first scene, Richard declares, that since he, on account of his deformity, cannot be a lover, he determines to be a villain, to be "subtle, false and treacherous." There can be no double meaning in these words, Richard is a determined man. He chooses evil deliberately, not merely as an excuse because he is so ugly that the dogs bark at him. He will evil because it is evil, and that is proved by these words of his (I Act, 3rd Scene): "I do the wrong; I begin the brawl; I start the mischief; I lay the burden therefore upon others—and then I lament and sigh and quote a piece of scripture—thus I clothe my naked villainy." Richard succeeded. Act III, scene vii shows the results. Clarence has been murdered; Edward is dead; the young princes confined in the tower; Rivers, Grey and Vaughan, even the noble soul, Hastings, have all been executed. Richard did it all.—At this stage began the juggling to make the people of London call him to the throne and that meant again more villainy and Richard again gained his point and by means of Buckingham and more villainy. Richard even calls himself the Lord's Anointed.

Thus Shakespeare has clearly pointed to Richard as rooted in

evil, as acting evil deliberately and as a self-conscious villain, who even glories in his villainy.

According to my reasoning before, simple logic would say that Richard's case is parallel to reconciliation as I defined it and called it the process of at-one-ment of inner and outer. Is Richard truly reconciled to himself and is he an Art product of Beauty. Is reconciliation possible in evil? The answer is easily given and is No! Richard is not at peace: Peace or Inner-Life are the main characteristics of reconciliation or re-birth. Richard gives proof of not being at peace with himself. He passes three unhappy and sad women, queen Margaret, the widow of Henry VI, the duchess, his mother and Elizabeth, queen to Edward IV. For the moment they forget their mutual hatred and like three furies burst forth in wild words and curses. And Richard's conscience rises at the same time. But he will not hear and orders the drums to be beaten. That proves that Richard is not at peace with himself and therefore not reconciled. Finally, the scene on Bosworth field settles the question without doubt, that the work which makes for reconciliation or re-birth for the artist must conform to all that which is positive in life; to that which bears forward; which has the power of the infinite in it. No union is a union unless Inner and Outer are harmonized in it and the net result is peace, bliss and that Freedom which lifts us into the immortal life. Such reconciliation is not troubled like Richard on Bosworth heath with ghosts which come "to sit heavy upon his soul." Such reconciliation does not cry out—"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Nature or the Great Mother shows how she reconciles or straightens out temporary disturbances and disorders or that which we in human life call evils and sins. Notice how often she clears the atmosphere in summer at about 7 p. m. in New York City for instance, on days when the heat has been unbearable and the moisture has nearly washed out all our vitality. Suddenly the city experiences a violent thunder storm, and immediately after, the air is clear, breathing is easy, life restored and hopes revived. We recover ourselves and become reconciled. That is Nature's method and she is right, because reconciliation means restoration to order of disturbed factors; such a re-arrangement which makes a new life possible.

The same process can be seen in the hills and valleys at the time of a severe and sudden rainfall. The rain rushes down all hill sides with so much impetus that it carries with it large quantities of soil and debris and these fill the streams and make them muddy, entirely, disturbing the water courses both as regards size and color and general flow. But soon, very soon, after the storm, the mud sinks to the bottom and next day the stream is clear again. This is, as I said, another illustration of the same fact. Nature's demonstration of reconciliation or way of straightening out difficulties and perversions and restoring normal conditions. In human society the same process can be seen if looked for. There are numerous people among us who, in their youth, not only sowed wild oats, but really committed crimes and protected by circumstances, escaped detection. That protection is a form of that leveling process which is going on all the time and which bridges over crimes or offences, which if discovered and examined, would have made a happy future impossible for those involved.

When I said that circumstances protected and neutralized many an error and crime, I meant to say that life holds an element, a power, which acts as a redeemer and reconciler by removing sins and trespasses and leaving numerous people freedom to live without paying the penalty of their sins and trespasses. This fact (—for it is a fact—) proves that there is reconciliation or at-one-ment woven into the texture of life. It proves that at-one-ment is an inherent fact, and that there always is an at-one-ment and that it is an eternal fact.

Notice how Nature operates with mud and refuse and does away with sin. Our cities empty their sewers into rivers or into the ocean. And what does the ocean do? It re-assorts all that refuse and builds up new continents which in due time rise to the surface full of new and rich possibilities of life. If that is not reconciliation, what then is reconciliation? Is it not redemption? Is it not a re-birth? Is it not a supreme Art? Who can deny it? Glory to the Great Mother!

Those who have crossed the ocean must have noticed how the steamer traces a line in the waters; it is clear and distinctly cut and can be seen for a mile or more behind the ship. In the wake of the ship and along that line, floats all that refuse

V which is cast overboard. Sea birds, gulls, sharks, etc., follow in it and eat the stuff. Like that line in the ocean, are all those debased, insincere and immature thoughts and acts which a progressive life leaves behind and sinks into the stream of a dark river, which, like a sewer, runs through human society. Crude thoughts and raw acts leave scars, deep and long, behind them, but the waters of life close over them. A healthy life is not injured. Thus Nature and Life make reconciliation. Theirs is an Art far more potent than official religion. It makes no fuss about it and demands no pay for the reconciliatory ceremony.

Someone has talked about sermons in stones and talked well. Stones do preach and we may open to any book written by Nature or Life or the Art whose wisdom is not of the schools, and on the first page we read about life and hope, all in brilliant letters of youth. On the next page, you read about change, decay and death and the page groans with sorrows and lamentations, but if we listen very closely to the modulations of the voices, we hear undertones of hope again and rejoicings of life abundant, and before we have turned to the third page, we have already heard its lesson about redemption and reconciliation because the letters on the second page have transmuted themselves like the dissolving views of the camera. The three pages all spell reconciliation, Nature's and Life's method of creating Freedom. All this is Inner-Life, the Eternal Gospel of the Great Mother.

Not only do stones cry out and teach re-birth, but any survey of the history of Art gives the same result.

Something like this I have read in Michael Angelo's *Aurora*. She reads like the third page of the book I just referred to. She is the awakened human spirit, the resurrected soul of Art out of the tomb of emaciated and saintly medieval sculpture. In her once again Art comes to its own after death and decay. She is reconciliation. In her rich and self-resting figure, Art reveals that Freedom which is born of Night and Night's struggles with meanness and brutality.

In conclusion I claim that I have now shown Art and Religion to be correlated energies. In physics we speak of correlation of

energies and mean that the various forms of energy are so intimately related in the grand system of Nature, that they may pass into all the others. In the same way I have shown that in the psychic world, Art and Religion may pass into each other or take each others place and they may do so because they are forms of the fundamental thought-energy.

I have now spoken of that miraculous fact called Reconciliation, such as Nature shows it and such as it is seen in human life in general. And no one can deny that it is a most important factor in the Inner-Life, whether it be Nature's life or that of Humanity, or that of Art. There are two more features of this wonder to be described and they may be seen in the Inner-Life of artists. The first of these two corresponds to the subject of my first chapter which was Art as Energy. The corresponding artistic life is that of Freedom. The second of the two corresponds to the subject of my second chapter, which was Art as expressed by lines, light and form. The corresponding artistic life is that which expresses itself in ecstasy and poetic-prophetic work.

The first of these two I will now speak about, namely, the artist's life of Freedom and how Freedom arises in reconciliation.

When I speak about Freedom I want it to be understood, that Freedom does not mean liberty or license; it has no political, social or moral signification. It means—and that is its best and true signification—the Inner-Life, the Presence. The Inner-Life is Freedom because it is untrammelled and resting in itself. A life resting in itself is free. That is the correct conception of Freedom and the true use of the term, though the majority of people are ignorant of it. Those who have a knowledge of the Inner-Life know the truth of that which I say and are accustomed to use the term Freedom as the best term known for a characterization of the Inner-Life.

Artists, pre-eminently, have the advantage of living in Freedom and they have always claimed to be free and untrammelled—at least in theory. Artists may be free because of their devotion to Beauty, because Beauty is its own justification and centre. Neither the Good nor the True are founded in them-

selves like Beauty is. They express something not themselves. Beauty is expressing itself and nothing else. It is Presence.

Because Beauty is such and because artists worship Beauty, they are typical men of Freedom; they do not measure themselves or their work according to another's yard stick or balance; they are not cut after a pattern made by others.

We can always test an artist and readily find out whether he or she is free. The test is this. The soul is like a bird that only sings when it is free. If an artist does not create or sing out the soul into work, he or she is not free.

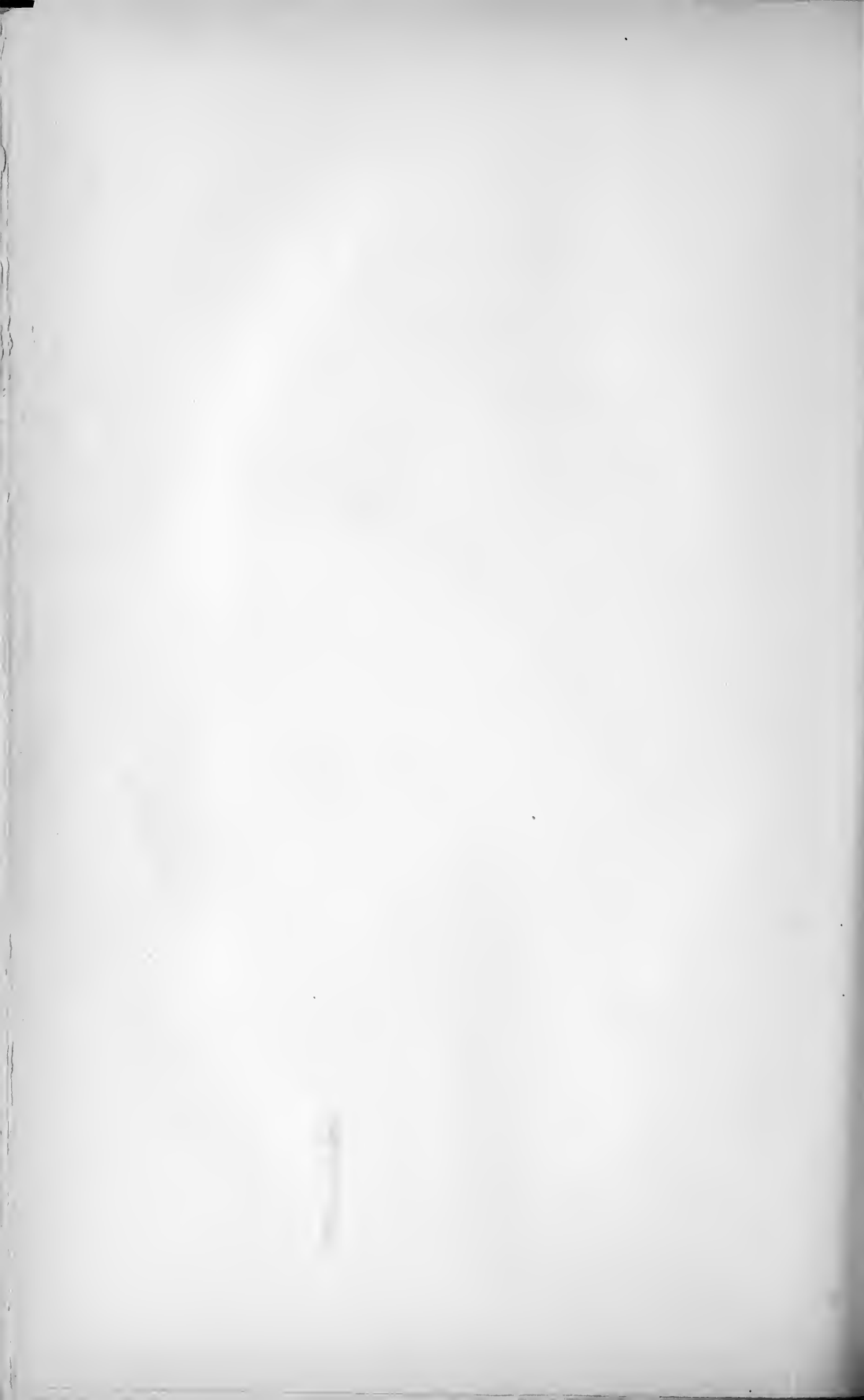
Mountain roads leading through the forest have great fascinating powers because they lead somewhere and they suggest the question: What is there yonder? So with some words. Freedom for instance. There is a perspective in it, and the one who is in Freedom can focalize his or her views. But to focalize and to get perspective involves reconciliation or adjustment. The close relationship between reconciliation and Freedom and how they condition each other is thus seen.

Freedom thus understood, has the power to interpret the mysteries of creation and to interpret them in tones or colors or lines. Freedom is the Inner-Life and Art and the true and heavenly atmosphere of the artists. It is their fountain of youth and the power that reconciles them and their work and the world. Artists may be poor. Freedom is not necessarily the same as a full purse, but it is always, immortality. It is only to the free man that mountains become sermons, and the lilies smile. And why? Because they are all reconciled and rooted in self-realization. Only in Freedom can an artist feel what it is to be personally related to Nature or the Great Mother and take a sacramental view of the activities of the daily life. Only in Freedom are artists able to clothe a far reaching thought in a garment that makes it very present to sense.

For these reasons artists should cultivate Freedom as much and perhaps more than technique.

There is still one more feature of reconciliation to be defined. That feature which in the artist's life corresponds to lines, light and form in objective Art is the artist's ecstatic conditions and poetic-prophetic work or, in other words, the conditions in which artists transcend themselves.

I have once, somewhere else, said that over the New Testament might be written "I am the resurrection and the life" because these words are the poetry or the deepest sense of all its narratives. And the refrain of all its verses is "O death, where is thy sting?" The same words could in full truth be written over the studios of real artists such as for instance, Michael Angelo and Raphael to mention only two. Whatever the great artist produces becomes a living influence because he or she works in rejuvenescences, transfigurations and ascensions. He or she retains his or her rational mind in the midst of his or her ecstasies, yet allows the higher impulses to dictate the work that is to be done. He or she is freed and is a living channel of himself or herself in it all: a Child of Art, the Child of the Great Mother.



III
THE RELIGIOUS MYSTERY
OF
THE GREAT MOTHER

Which is the true God? The God of the cities or the God of the deserts?
To which to go? — *Maurice de Guérin*.

Invocation

Mother Divine! Supreme Ineffable! No more we fear Thee for Thou art Love! In this holier moment of silence we ask that Thy immortal flame shall stir our hearers with sacred desires, and animate our minds with new understandings of Thy word and works. On our soul's eternal pathway gleam forth Thy Light as in the primal day of our journey, and bring us more into the full power of Thy perfect Whole! In the past Thou hast guided our souls across the dark threshold of our being, accepting lovingly all our errors and strifes and perplexities. We have nothing apart from Thee for Thou art in us, and we in Thee. In the profound joy of this boundless Self we desire a closer fellowship of Thine Omnipresence and ask that our message may be sanctified, nurtured, and blessed, bringing to us grander expressions of Thy Love, Harmony and Glory.*

Religion and Revelation

A relationship to the Divine may be one of contrast between the world and the Divine, between Man and the Divine. It may also contain the mediation between these opposites. In a sum total: religion is a life in God, whatever the understanding be of God. Religion is pre-eminently Man's reaching out after the Divine. Revelation is the approach of the Divine to Man, whatever be the form of that approach and its purpose. Revelation presupposes Religion and Religion reaches its highest in Revelation. The two are thus distinct, as it would seem. But it may be asserted that religion is ultimately revelation and that there can be no Revelation without religion. In this book the main tendency is towards religion such as Nature, conceived as Personality, would teach and has taught Man. The main thesis is that back of all religions, especially those of a masculine character, lies the conception of Femininity as the Cause and End of all things, and, Femininity is seen where Nature is spoken of. It has been my endeavor to collect and arrange enough illustrations to prove that Nature as a term stands for that Great Power, which I have called the Great Mother and which ought to be called so and which was called so in antiquity.

* The Threshold Lamp, June 1899.

Nature Mysticism and the Great Mother

This chapter is to be devoted to

"What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

The thought is in the last line of Byron's stanza:

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society where none intrudes
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
 I love not man the less, but Nature more
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be or have been before,
 To mingle with the universe and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Nature-Mysticism is an understanding of the phenomena of Nature in their mystical and occult aspects, and, an understanding and realization of that connection between us and Nature which creates a feeling of family likeness. The aspects are numerous, but they all minister to us and approach us as beauty, love, wisdom and union. To Nature-Mysticism, Nature is a Living Presence or as I say the Great Mother. Nature-Mysticism arises for everyone of us if we live in the Open and allow its life to affect us. It is true that life in the Open has created mythology and many superstitions in the past, but that does not militate against a renewed devotion in modern days. With a deeper understanding of ourselves and more rational views of physical phenomena we may safely return to the Unknown God, the Great Mother. Mankind has lost its best religious teacher and the ministry of Beauty by forgetting the Great Mother and only seeing her actions as physical phenomena. There are only few disciples at Saïs in our day, but they are beginning to realize the value of the alphabet used in the Bible of Nature and can therefore read a little here and there. It is from such initiates that I have learned

"What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

Nature-Mysticism means the realization of a conscious universe. "Matter" is the expression of consciousness. The moment we perceive this, all barriers of space and time fall down and the soul finds an inheritance of immortality in spiritual existence. Nature-Mysticism speaks about a soul in Nature and also says that Nature is soul. A stone lying by the roadside appears to be a dead thing and to assign to it an active existence seems absurd. Yet Mystics enfold it and place it on their genealogy, because they all come from the same Great Mother. They do the same with flowers, trees, clouds and all other things. The sparrow and the blackberry; a tuft of grass and a clot of earth are better teachers than Plato and the Academy.

"What tho' no charms my person grace
Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face?
Thou seest a present God-like power
Imprinted in each herb and flower."

This is a mystery to some, but not to him or her who has that intuition and sense perception which sees the Absolute everywhere and the love that enfolds Man and Nature in the same living garment. To him and her existence is an expression either of an immanent idea or of the Great Mother's life. In either case they are Nature-Mystics, whether called so or not. Only stupidity or religious bias denies the universal consciousness. As Josiah Royce* has said: "We have no right whatsoever to speak of really unconscious Nature, but only of uncommunicative Nature, or of Nature whose mental processes go on at such different time-rates from ours, that we can not adjust ourselves to a live appreciation." Men like Wordsworth who lived in the Open could truly say and correctly interpret Nature when he exclaimed

"Tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

And Emerson had guessed the mystery, though not himself a Nature-Mystic

The sun himself shines heartily
And shares the joy he brings.

* The World and the Individual.

The Senses

But there will be no Nature-Mysticism till we rehabilitate the senses and learn to value them as the normal keys to our surrounding world, the infra and the supra world. Will my reader drop his or her notions about the senses if those notions are of an antagonistic nature. I can not spend time and space upon an argument against them. I want to maintain that for the normal man sensation is a mode of consciousness which can not be dispensed with. Through the senses as we call our apparatus of perception, we receive a stimulus from the external world which we can not do without. This ordinary sensation is as important and necessary for our life, spiritual and otherwise, as that which the Mystics call the Spiritual Sense, or our ability and means for the apprehension of spiritual truth immediately.

It must be maintained that the senses must be developed and trained before Nature's mysteries can be discovered and appreciated. Not only do the present day people live in ignorance of the value of their senses, but they have been trained in the idea that they are perverted and totally sinful. The truth is that our sense-life is very incomplete and largely an undiscovered field of activity. The senses must be rediscovered as the doorways into Nature's mysteries and not merely used as tools for the material necessities of daily life. The subtle and pervasive forces of Nature can not enter us except by the senses. The senses are the smelting pots in which the subtle and pervasive forces are transmitted into human conceptions. And the senses are the guides and hands and feet by which we enter into the wonderland of life-forces, Beauty mysteries and divine Presences.

We must discover the world ourselves and only that part of the world which we discover for ourselves can we take possession of. The senses are the discoverers and the first map makers and pioneers.

The Mystical Side of Nature

I wrote as a heading for this chapter: the mystical side of Nature; I might just as well have written: Nature, a Mystery, because she is a mystery. That great spectacle which our senses observe, has been a wonder from the earliest days and still is even to those who pretend to ignore it and place their own mind

above it and whose criticism is merely fault finding. Our intuitions are, however, justified by science and our emotions respond to discovered facts. Tyndall worked best when in the temper of the poet, and his best works on light and radiant heat were produced in a kind of spiritual exaltation. Sunsets, thunderbolts and ecstasy were no strangers to him.

Nature-Mysticism is not a metaphysical subject or question, but an attitude to the Great Fact of Life. The first requisite for a view of the mystical side of Nature is expressed by Julian, the Apostate (Orat. iv. 148) as follows: "Do not view and contemplate the heaven and the world with the same eyes that oxen and horses do, but so, as from that which is visible to the outward senses, to discern and discover another invisible nature under it." The rule is so simple that it seems unnecessary to mention it. However, St. Paul has also said something like it and supplementing the above, namely (Rom. 1.20). "The invisible things of Him (God) from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and godhead." And the "eternal power and goodness" is the main key to that which the religious eye sees.

What Nature Can Do for Us

Basil the Great held that "the contemplation of Nature abates the fever of the soul and banishes all insincerity and presumption" and he praised solitude "happy he who leads a lonely life. Happy he who with the mighty force of a pure mind sees the glory of the light of heaven." St. Augustine looked upon his own heart as a sick child and sought healing for it in Nature and solitude. Schiller advises us to go to Nature:

Oh, Nature is perfect wherever we stray,
'Tis man that deforms it with care.

But it must be stated at once, that it is only to the fully developed man that Nature discloses herself entirely on the mystical side.

Further, to find the key to the mysteries let us go to Jacob Böhme, a Nature-Mystic of the first order. The key to a true understanding of Nature, I take from his *Aurora*:

God is the heart or source of Nature.
Nature is the body of God.

“Creation is nothing else than a revelation of the all-pervading godhead and is like the music of many flutes combined into one great harmony.”

Nature, A Bible, Not Falsified and Spoiled

Raymund of Sabunde told us so: “God has given us two books: the book of all living beings, or Nature, and the Holy Scriptures. The first was given to Man from the Beginning when all things were created, for each living being is but a letter of an alphabet written by the finger of God, and the book is composed of them all together as a book of letters. Man is the capital letter of this book. This book is not like the other falsified and spoiled, but familiar and intelligible; it makes man joyous and humble and obedient, a hater of evil and a lover of virtue.” But no one can read either of the books except in the simplicity of heart. St. Francis can teach the right method. J. G. Sulzer (*Unterredungen über die Schönheit der Natur*): “To delight in Nature the mind must be free—She is a sanctity only approached by pure souls—it is only on quiet souls that Nature’s pictures are painted—Nature is rays from that source of all Beauty, the sight of which will one day bless the soul.”

St. Francis

St. Francis* knew well enough the distance between God, Man and Nature and never mixed his notions relating to them. And his intense godliness never prevented him from being a friend of Nature. He felt no fear of her as most others did in his age. He cultivated intimacy and Nature in turn gave him wings for his piety.

St. Bonaventura recorded this saying of St. Francis about all creatures: “They have the same principle as we. Like us they have life, thought, choice and love of the Creator.” As a result of this view he spoke to the animals, water, etc., as brothers and

* Comp. Abbe Leon Le Monnier: *History of St. Francis of Assisi*. London, 1894, Chapter xx.

sisters. His intention was to convey the idea of his union with the great source of all things. We have heard in our own day and marvelled at Buddha's and Buddhist's care not to trample upon the small creeps of the earth. St. Francis did the same and in the same spirit of brotherhood. He would carry a worm to the side of the road, lest it be crushed. "O simple piety; O pious simplicity," exclaimed Celano. When the brethren went to the forest to cut wood he recommended them not to hurt the roots, so that the tree might have another chance for life, by sprouting again. He could not see a bed of flowers without being enchanted and inviting them to praise their Creator. The heavenly bodies, sun, moon and stars, were to him the clearest revelations of Infinite Beauty and they seemed to him to cry out: "He, who made us is very good." All creation was in his eyes a divine poem in which the Creator had written something about Himself. To read that "something" required a pure heart, St. Francis always told his disciples. Because the Lord has said "I am the light of the world," St. Francis considered all lights—candles, torches, lamps—as symbols and he looked upon their brilliancy with religious joy. Legends tell how Nature repaid the saint. Brilliant lights suddenly appeared to guide him on his road. Fire moderated its heat to spare him pain in a surgical operation. Water was changed into wine for his benefit when he was ill at the hermitage St. Urbano. Wild animals laid down their ferocity. Grasshoppers learned from him to sing the praise of the Lord. A certain wolf in the country around the city of Gubbio obeyed St. Francis and lay down at his feet and after that ceased to attack anybody and entered upon an agreement with the people not to hurt them if they would feed him thereafter. The agreement lasted till the wolf died.

✓ Thus far the legends. Is there any truth back of these tales? His historians explain that the saint had recovered original innocence and thus gained the sovereignty which is the right of the head of creation: Man. And they are right. When a man comes into perfect harmony with himself and peace with the fundamental principle of life, life can not hurt him. Life, viz., wild animals, etc., are confusion and enmity but when not roused, do not attack.

The "Canticle of the Sun" or rather "Praises of the Creatures," by St. Francis:*

Most High, omnipotent, good Lord,
Praise, glory and honor and benediction all, are Thine.
To three alone do they belong, most High,
And there is no man fit to mention Thee.

Praise be to Thee, my Lord, with all Thy creatures,
Especially to my worshipful brother sun,
The which lights up the day, and through him dost Thou
brightness give;
And beautiful is he and radiant with splendor great;
Of Thee, most High, signification gives.

Praised be my Lord, for sister moon and for the stars,
In heaven Thou hast formed them clear and precious and
fair.

Praised be my Lord for brother wind
And for the air and clouds and fair and every kind of
weather,
By the which Thou givest to Thy creatures nourishment.

Praised be my Lord for sister water,
The which is greatly helpful and humble and precious and
pure.

Praised be my Lord for brother fire,
By the which Thou lightest up the dark.
And fair is he and gay and mighty and strong.

Praised by my Lord for our sister, mother earth,
The which sustains and keeps us
And brings forth divers fruits with grass and flowers
bright.

Praised be my Lord for those who for Thy love forgive
And weakness bear and tribulation.
Blessed those who shall in peace endure,
For by Thee, most High, shall they be crowned.

* The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi. By Father Paschal Robinson, Phila. 1906, p. 152.

Praised be my Lord for our sister, the bodily death,
 From the which no living man can flee.
 Woe to them who die in mortal sin;
 Blessed those who shall find themselves in Thy most holy
 will,
 For the second death shall do them no ill.

Praise ye and bless ye my Lord, and give Him thanks,
 And be subject unto Him with great humility.

About this poem Ozanam said: "In it we feel the breath of that great Umbrian terrestrial paradise where the sky is so brilliant and the earth so laden with flowers."* He also said "its language has all the simplicity and a nascent idiom, the rhythm and all the inexperience of unstudied poetry that easily satisfies unlearned hearers."

Still another genius would I quote as having a key to Nature. He is St. Bonaventura, who counted the smallest creatures his brothers and sisters and called upon crops, vineyards, trees, flowers and stars to praise God. In this he followed his master, St. Francis. To the same group of witnesses belongs Hugo St. Victor, who also held as did Bernard of Clairvaux that all natural objects are "rays of the Godhead" and said for himself: "the whole visible world is like a book written by the finger of God. It is created by divine power, and all human beings are fingers placed in it, not to show the free-will of man, but as a revelation and visible sign, by divine will, of God's invisible wisdom. But as one who only glances at an open book sees marks on it, but does not read the letters, so the wicked and sensual man, in whom the spirit of God is not, sees only the outer surface of visible beings and not their deeper parts." Also Vincentius of Beauvais who in his *Speculum naturae* demonstrated the value of studying Nature from a religious and moral point of view; and Dionysius of Rickel who said that "all the beauty of the animal world is nothing but the reflection and outflow of the original Beauty of God." Another inspired man I refer to as a safe guide to wisdom of Nature. He is Giordano

* *Poetes Franciscains* p. 74. Quoted by Le Monnier in his *Life of Francis of Assisi*.

Bruno. Bruno saw Nature in development: matter, soul and mind, and had a clear eye for all Nature's stages and phases as revelations of the One. The following may serve as a summary of his insight:

The material of all things issues from the original womb,
For Nature works with a master hand in her own inner
depths;

She is art, alive and gifted with a splendid mind,
Which fashions its own material, not that of others,
And does not falter or doubt, but all by itself
Lightly and surely, as fire burns and sparkles,
Easily and widely, as light spreads everywhere,
Never scattering its forces, but stable, quiet, and at one,
Orders and disposes of everything together.

For short, Nature is a personal factor and most mystical.

Does Nature-Knowledge Confuse?

Gregorio Lopez, a man who had studied many sides of Nature when asked if such knowledge confused him, answered: "I find God in all things, great and small." The answer ought to confound all hypocrites and pietists. The richer a man's mental endowment is and the more individual his feelings, the more he can see in Nature and the deeper he sees into her Wisdom sources.

Romanticism and Communion with Nature

If one seeks to find the Great Secret or longs for the Compelling Vision, he shall not get it from the commonplace surroundings of his everyday life, such as worldliness and vanity have made it. Let him seek the romantic lovers of Nature, those who commune with the God of the Open. They only have the inspiration of existence; they only see things in the light of ideas. They only have met the Mother-God, because she sought them out and revealed her secret in the forest-cathedrals, in the vast expanse of the desert and such places which she reserves for those who are children of the Spirit. Deity is no doubt present in the Common, but not in the Commonplace.

Noise and selfishness drive the mystery away. The ground and the road are romantic to a passionate mind, but an automobile ride drives away their vistas and silences. The sky and the sea are common enough, but they are not commonplace or meaningless to one animated with symbolism. It is the romantic vein that gives zest and enthusiasm to the Nature-lover, because it sees Divinity everywhere and feels a hand reached out from every bush for a greeting and finds itself under the vigilance of the eternal eye. The romantic mind enters the company of Nature with an uncommon affection and with knowledge that penetrates to the core of things. It sees the Whole in all parts and nothing isolated, but all things interpenetrated with all other things. It finds mind everywhere and communes with it.

Family Relationship with Nature

Chateaubriand said in his "*Génie du Christianisme*": "The true God, in entering into His Works, has given His immensity to Nature—there is an instinct in man, which puts him in communication with the scenes of Nature." Byron expressed the family-likeness still more emphatically in *Childe Harold*:

Are not the mountains, waves and skies a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?

Call this feeling of Byron's a pantheistic sympathy—well, what of it? What are words worth? Byron lived, he did not merely think these verses. I think he saw the Great Mother, as did Chateaubriand. Chateaubriand made his *Réné* exclaim: "It was not God whom I contemplated on the waves in the magnificence of His works: I saw an unknown woman, and the miracle of His smile, the beauties of the sky, seemed to me disclosed by her breath. I would have bartered eternity for one of her caresses. I pictured her to myself as throbbing behind this veil of the universe which hid her from my eyes. Oh! why was it not in my power to rend the veil and press the idealized woman to my heart, to spend myself on her bosom with the love which is the source of my inspiration, my despair, and my life?"

Tieck called Nature a mysterious poem, a dreaming mind. Novalis took up the idea and worked it out.

Nature, Love, Yearning and Sympathy

In his "essay on love" Shelley speaks of the irresistible longing for sympathy of the human heart and how Nature at that time sympathizes with us. "In solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, and the water and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a sweet correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and the melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to a dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the voice of one beloved singing to you alone." And this is his "Love of Nature"

I love all thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight;
The fresh earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night,
Autumn evening and the morn
When the golden mists are born.
I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves and wind and storms—
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

Nature, A Comforter and Liberator

Jean Paul (Richter) seems to have felt Nature as a Comforter and emancipator. In his *Titan* he expresses this thought: "Exalted Nature! When we see and love thee, we love our fellow-men more warmly, and when we must pity or forget them, thou still remainest with us, reposing before the moist eye like a verdant chain of mountains in the evening red. Ah! before the soul in whose sight the morning dew of its ideals has faded to a cold, grey drizzle—thou remainest, quickening Nature, with thy flowers and mountains and cataracts, a faithful Comforter."

A prayer to Nature by Frederick Stolberg:

Holy Nature, heavenly fair,
Lead us with thy parent care;
In thy footsteps let us tread
As a willing child is led.
When with care and grief opprest,
Soft I sink me on thy breast;
On thy peaceful bosom laid,
Grief shall cease, nor care invade.
O congenial power divine,
All my votive soul is thine.
Lead me with thy parent care,
Holy Nature, heavenly fair!

It is clear from Goethe's axioms and enthusiasm, that Nature is both ever-changing and ever-constant and that though she deals with us very much as it seems, according to her own pleasure, we can nevertheless not do without her. Our whole existence, depends upon her. Do we know Nature? Is it a fact that we read into Nature that which she is? Or is it as Pythagoras said "like is only understood by like," and, that our knowledge of Nature is true knowledge because Nature, being reflected in our mind, is seen correctly by us, because our mind is like Nature? Our mind could not have reflected Nature if the two were not alike. We resemble that mind which we understand and, we understand only that which resembles us. Common observation confirms Goethe's notion (in *Jahreszeiten* and in the *Aphorisms*) "We know of no world except in relation to man; we desire no Art but that which is the expression of this relation." "Look into yourself and you will find everything, and rejoice if outside yourself, as you may say, lies a nature which says yea and amen to all that you have found there." Rückert is of the same opinion: "the charm of a landscape lies in this, that it seems to reflect back that part of one's inner life, of mind, mood, and feeling, which we have given it." Ebers chimes in with the same song: "lay down your best of heart and mind before eternal Nature; she will repay you a thousandfold, with full hands." At Brunnen, Goethe wrote about a scene over which he felt "the formless greatness of Nature."

Nature and Art

Dürer's judgment is so valuable, because his respect for Nature was so deep. In his work on proportion, he wrote: "Certainly Art is hid in Nature, and he who is able to separate it by force from Nature, possesses it. Never imagine that you can or will surpass Nature's achievements; human effort can not compare with the ability which her creator has given her. Therefore no man can ever make a picture which excels Nature's; and when, through much copying, he has seized her spirit, it can not be called original work, it is rather something received and learnt, whose seeds grow and bear fruit of their own kind. Thereby the gathered treasure of the heart, and the new creature which takes shape and form there, comes to light in the artist's work."

The Great Mother Loves Fourfoldness

"Nature chooses the four-square because, length and breadth being equal, the figure has a fullness and completeness that other wise could not be attained. Man has developed the body after a square, both in shape and in temperamental disposition, and cannot change it. Mentally, mankind thinks in a square before it builds a house. Nature delights in fourfoldness, though she does not always fling a square measure in our face. Her four-square is not necessarily a geometric figure. Her geometry and arithmetic sometimes read differently from ours. Those who have been through her school have learned that 1 plus 1 is equal to 1 and not to two, as others say. See the mystery?

"In connection with these facts, there is also another law which compels us; it is a law which a chemist knows in a most emphatic form. Ask him and he will speak of the law of definite proportions, and as an illustration he may use the following. He may tell us that if we mix 23 ounces of sodium with 35.5 ounces of chlorine we will obtain common salt. But, says he, if our .5 of sodium be the quantity of chlorine, Nature will not mix that .5 of sodium, but will quietly put that extra quantity of sodium aside, and the rest will all unite. And he will emphasize the fact that we cannot in any way coax or compel Nature to mix that .5. In the mixing, Nature is exclusive. This one il-

lustration is enough. Such is the law. Nature is very precise and has her way of doing things, and nothing can change her way. 'The life of God is mathematic,' said Novalis, and all Nature-lovers say so, too.

"The law of fourfoldness is absolute so long as we live a natural life. We cannot change it and retain a natural life. We may deny the law altogether and attempt to overcome it and strive for a life above and beyond the natural law. That is true. And that striving is called self-denial and the method is called the Path."*

In the Garden of Eden there was a "river that went out of Eden to water the Garden" and "it was divided into four heads." That river is the divine life-current, flowing from a specially protected center of the universe. It is divided into four vitalizing streams: "one flowing into the surface of so-called inorganic nature; one into the vegetable creation; one into the inferior animal creation and one into man." Also by colors of quality is the square described in the Kabbalah (Mather's Kabbalah, page, 336): "But whensoever the colors are mingled together then he is called Tiphereth, and the whole body is formed into a tree (the Autz Ha-Chaiim or tree of life), great and strong, fair and beautiful." As for the colors such as the Kabbalah designated them: great—strong—fair—beautiful, they are rather qualities, potencies and faculties, etc., than colors such as we ordinarily think of color. The color of "great" is yellow; that of "strong" is blue; that of "fair" is pink and that of "beautiful" is white. Pythagoras (according to Plutarch, *Morals* vol. 3, page 109 tr.) declared the nature of number rests in ten; but if we regard its power, in the four. Therefore the most sacred oath is by the quarternary:

"By th' founder of the sacred number four,
Eternal Nature's font and root, they swore."

"Of that number the soul of man is composed: for mind, knowledge, opinion and sense are the four that complete the soul, from which all sciences, all arts, all rational faculties derive themselves."

* Compare my article in *The Word*, November, 1911.

In his commentaries on the Golden Verses of Pythagoras Hierocles says: "He (Pythagoras) enters into the very foundation of theology and manifestedly demonstrates that the Quaternion, or the Number of Four which is the source of the Eternal Order of the world, is nothing else than the Divinity, which created all things." Empedocles, the Agrigentine, also affirmed the four elements

Mark the four roots of all created things:—
Bright shining Jove, Juno that giveth life,
Pluto beneath the earth, and Nestis who
Doth with her tears supply the mortal fount.

By Jupiter he means fire and ether; by Juno he means air and by Pluto, the earth and by Nestis and the fountain of all mortals (as it were), seed and water.

The Mystery of Color and Tone in Relation to the Great Mother

BY WILLIAM FRANK FRAETAS

People will be utterly amazed when they learn what color really means spiritually, mentally, emotionally and physically, especially when they discover how marvellous and divine are the laws by which the Great Mother performs all her wonderful operations in Nature. But they will learn to love color and feel that nothing is really beautiful and perfect without it. Colors are the living energetics of life out of which are eternally created all forms, shapes and types in the meshwork of Beauty. Glorious sunsets and sky pictures are vibrating thrones of color projected on the veil of the atmosphere. These ariel structures are emblems of vital mechanisms of life and reflect the mystic law of Beauty upon the earth. The rainbow of promise with its glorious colors and the solar spectrum, a band of vibrating chromatic forces, are composite sign symbols of life and in them are concealed vast stores of wisdom and knowledge.

The great book of Nature is more or less sealed; only pure hearts and minds devoted to truth can obtain the mysteries of the keys of the kingdom of heaven or harmony. All keys whether of musical tone or color represent the universal language used by our primal and original Mother in speaking to

her children. Her foundations are four and twelve fold. All her mysteries are, primarily speaking, fourfold and out of these flow the twelve great streams of color and tonal life of the universe. Written on the trestle board of existence we see the fourfold division of color, number, tone and form corresponding to the spiritual, intelligible, emotional and physical worlds. The Great Pyramid is so placed that its four faces front the four cardinal points: North, South, East and West, which corresponds to the four divine letters in the Ineffable Name. The fourfold workings of the soul of all things is seen in the development of plant life: the seed, the stem, the leaf and the fruit; and in the four principal elements of geometry: the point, the line, the triangle and the square. The square represents the great book of wisdom and the temple of life. Four is recognized as a great world or Nature number; it is also emblematical in a spiritual and perfected sense of the mystery of the Holy City that lies four square in its descent upon the earth with its three gates to the north, three gates to the south, three gates to the east and three gates to the west: The vision of Universal Love and Peace.

In mystic masonry there were twelve original points and they correspond to the twelve tribes, twelve apostles and twelve fundamental divisions of time and space symbolized by the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The measuring reed or rod of the Divine Mother divided the color and musical scale into exactly twelve equal parts. Their correspondences are as follows:

Sign	Color	Tone
Aries	Red	C
Taurus	Red-Orange	C Sharp
Gemini	Orange	D
Cancer	Yellow-Orange	D Sharp
Leo	Yellow	E
Virgo	Yellow-Green	F
Libra	Green	F Sharp
Scorpio	Blue-Green	G
Sagittarius	Blue	G Sharp
Capricorn	Blue-Violet	A
Aquarius	Violet	A Sharp
Pisces	Red-Violet	B

Those who understand mystic masonry know that the key-stone is emblematical of strength. It is placed at the top of the arch because it represents the strongest, and most elevated part, and its principal office is to bind all the other stones firmly together. The key-stone is placed on a point corresponding to the yellow-orange in the color scale and tone D-sharp in the musical scale. The tone D-sharp and the Yellow-orange color correspond in ancient mysteries to the Mother, Sophia or Heavenly Wisdom, the Perfection and Completion of the Universe. She is the receptive, moulding and shaping power of all worlds and systems and in her is every life comprehended, developed and completed. She not only holds the essence of all life and the productive power of all Nature, but she is also all the divine substance or material out of which all things are made. Yellow-orange and D-sharp signify the great ocean of Life and Being, the sacred pond, the dew from heaven, the circle of waters, the celestial sea which surrounds and envelopes all parts of the universe and makes of it the theatre of all subsequent manifestations. This color and tone vibrate to the Universal Queen of Heaven, highly elevated and gloriously exalted, the Infinite Presence of the Holy Spirit or the Divinity of Nature.

The ancients conceived the veil of life to be the robe of the Holy and Blessed Mother of all worlds. The variegated and beautiful colors; the mystic and sweet sounds of world life symbolize her various powers, potencies, essences, life agents and elements. The feminine principle personifies the universal force of Mother Nature manifesting life on all planes and controlling the beneficent cycles of time and eternity; also the perpetual evolutions of all being. She collects, assembles and arranges all things and keeps the Universe in divine order. She is the Divine Keeper of the House—the High Priestess in the Temple—The Infinite Presence guarding, preserving, protecting and guaranteeing the very consecutiveness and continuity of all life; she holds the book of the Law of Life in her hands in which all our members are inscribed. She is the life, the fountain, and the giver of all fruitfulness and perfections; the vital, sensitive, inbreathing principle and soul of all things.

The Great Mother and Air

It was Anaximenes who discovered and declared that "our soul is Air and holds us together in the same way as wind and Air encompass the whole world." Evidently he discovered some mysteries and some spiritual significance of Air. He knew "the Breath" and most likely dreamed all the senses which "soul" and "air" carry in the various human languages. How could he have been without thoughts on the play of forces in the atmosphere, when he observed the changes of the sky; the vapors and mists, how they come and go; the freshness of the morning Air and the miasma of low levels and their respective influences; and signs of Autumn, the revelations of Spring; the tyranny of Summer and the purging of Winter death. Anaximenes may have gone as far as the later Theophrastus and noticed that "the air differs in rarity and in density as the nature of things is different. When very attenuated it becomes Fire; when more condensed, wind and cloud; and when still more condensed, Water and earth and stone; and all other things are composed by these"; and he may like Theophrastus, have regarded motion as eternal and as the producer of all changes. Whatever may be said by a modern scientist about Anaximenes' physics, this is a fact that by intuition he found and defined what Greek consciousness had felt and religiously later called the queen of the air: Athena who corresponded to the Egyptian Neith at Saïs. Neith was to Saïs what Amen was to Thebes. She was styled "mother of the gods," "goddess-mother." Athena was not physical air, but "among" oxygen and hydrogen, etc.; these were upheld by her. She is the power of the Air; its spirit. As there can be no action or change in Nature without Air, so Athena is the spirit of all. Ruskin has analyzed Athena. His "The Queen of the Air" explains her as "in the heavens," "in the earth," and "in the heart." I recommend my reader to study that book. It is Nature-Mysticism of high order and is an intellectual presentation. Athena of the Greek poetic consciousness sprang fullborn from Zeus' brain. That means that she is the Dawn springing from the East, and the light of Dawn is Wisdom, new intelligence, or "fresh Air." To awaken and to be intelligent means the same. A Nature-Mystic could not worship Athena under the various poetic per-

sonifications of the Agora, the art studio or the Academy! He sees her in the Air only, the Air as that ever-present element, he can not get away from, if he wished. He hears her in the winds and music to him is the ever chaste virgin's love-making by sweet undulations of sound. He does not study music, he simply feels it and communes. The Nature-Mystic "lives in the Air" or "the breath of life." He knows about the mystic relationship between the "man of dust of the ground" and the breath of life "breathed into his nostrils." These two are not merely as cup and contents, they are one. The dust of the ground are "centers of force." They are the powers of activity in the infra world. When Jesus breathed upon His disciples, He "breathed His breath" upon them and conveyed the Holy Spirit. The Breath is the Spirit and the Spirit is the Breath. Oxygen is an ascending line. Nitrogen is a descending; together and with numerous other elements of the Air, they are the Breath. In the Air there are an immense number of "airs," living, dead, healthy or noxious. They produce ferments and disturbances as well as health and happiness. They are occult in their character and only controlled by "magic." Air envelopes us everywhere and always. Our body or personal temple is built out of Air solidified for the time being and stands in constant rapport to it, changing into it, drawing from it and at times being a magic agent. Like other organic beings with lungs we fill a ministry and our lungs are the pulpit in which the Word is spoken, so that the throat can utter it. The spoken Word is Air vibrating the Great Mother's intensity and purpose. Without Air the Word would remain slumbering. Possibilities do not build Humanity into Temples. Air translated into command creates a universe.

Air is a mystery. Nature-Mystics study it and know many inexpressible secrets. When Jesus answered Satan, the seducer, "it is written," He did not quote Hebrew scriptures. He raised His hand and pointed the Falsifier to the atmospheric film and showed him "it is written." The traducer saw the writing, read it and said nothing in reply. There was nothing to say. The Air is Bible language, the universal language. The spirit reads it. The tongue interprets truth variously, but can not change it. Why do we look into the Air, when we are per-

plexed? Instinctively we know it holds the answer to our question and the form of our life—could we only see it and understand it. But, all, excepting Nature-Mystics, look down and on the ground they tread, the very action they should avoid. The instinct which causes us to look up was born when the Air was our natural habitat. It is now a survival from a larger life. Inner-Life people and Nature-Mystics endeavor to recover the larger life.

The Great Mother and Water

I remember it so well. It is as if it were but yesterday and yet it is more than fifty years ago. I was no child. My soul was strong. I stood on the brink and looked over the Waters to the island of Fuen. The sea there was violet-blue as it always is on a Summer afternoon. There was no whisper of wind; a feeling of weariness of the heat lay upon the landscape and the silence was a burden. The flowers closed their golden cups; they were tired. I was there on the cliffs to drink of the Waters of Dream. I knew nobody would disturb me. Even the field mouse knew that peace ruled. The measure of life is best found by means of sunlight from the sea. Waters alone can force great ideas and the seawind can shape them. Rather suddenly as if blown out of the Infinite, a great cloud came from the Northeast. It grew rapidly into an impenetrable mass, now and then lightened by phosphorescent gleams, awesome and indescribable; I thought I was in for it, as they say. But oh! marvel, the cloud and its Waters passed by me as if limited by a strong wall. I could see the line of demarcation which separated it from me and I could see it follow that line over the city behind and to the right of me. It was a cloud of Water and it carried along with it some birds, dead, I presume. They passed too quickly for my observation. It was a singing cloud. The Waters were wild with music, a music of their own composition. Had I had Keltic blood in me, I would now have interpreted it and spoken worthily about its foreign Beauty its eloquence and youth, but all I can say is that the cloud was real Water because it drenched every thing on its way and that its voice was human. There was a triumphant note in its awfulness; I heard organ notes and short sharp sounds like trump-

et blasts; they cut as if they were sword blades; the Air whined under the stroke. But all the sounds were substantial it seemed to me. They were beings, though not human nor elemental as I used to think about them and image them. They must have been Waterbeings, Nature-forms. Watermusic is familiar to me from the tides and the monotone of the never-ending song of the wastes and the roaring of the sea and its complaints where the waves break the ice. I know what the brooks say when they talk and what the slow river intimates. I know the voice of the four winds. When the North winds howl over the ocean, no human ear can interpret what they say, so loud and fearful are they. The East wind in Denmark kills and brings consumption, the white death. The West wind the Greeks called Zephyr and it blows love and delight kisses and roses. The South wind blows human history and tells many a tale, heroic or hellish. There was nothing of that kind of music in the Waters which flew by me wrapped in their own mystery. They gave the impression of being an instrument emitting music. But who was the player? Could that mass of Water have been a mass of sensations? I think so. That interpretation would account for the human elements. Is not the music of Nature the Great Mother's sensations and an expression of her emotional relationship to us men? She expresses herself by wave and wind. In the tempest she speaks in wild crescendos and "agitato." I heard her passionate language on that afternoon, but I do not know the cause of her agitation. The people of the country must have angered her. I could not have been the cause, since she passed me by. She did not spill a drop of Water on me nor blow my clothes or sway my person. The Waters were imperious in their power; they were titanic rather than grand. Their wet arms and hands would no doubt have wrenched great trees from their moorings had there been any. Their voice was fierce and growling yet withal symphonous and I received pleasant impressions from the numerous intonations and modulations of the moment. The hisses and rages and roars blended well with the other voices and I can imagine them all obeying some plan far transcending human understanding. The high tones gave me an uneasy feeling in the temples, but drew architectural designs in my mind. I saw forts, bridges

and towers and souls without bodies, only expressed in lines. The middle tones affected me pleasantly and I wish I could hear them again, especially when I am sorrowful. Something in them made me quick step and my own motion overcame the harsh and discordant sounds.

"Tho' inland far we be
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither."

And that "immortal sea,"

"Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving,"

is the Great Mother in one form of her manifestations. The ocean may well be called with Milton "the womb of Nature and perhaps her grave." His mother, the sea, recalled Swinburne from his wanderings to

Charm him from his own soul's separate sense
With infinite and invasive influence.

Most mystical life depends upon the sea, viz., the mystic tidings and voices of yearning which come from the deep where no storms rage. But only few learn the secret of the sea because they dare not brave its dangers; yet the sea never destroys the free. Nature-Mystics are receptive. They like to associate with the Great Mother near Water.

In his "Ethics of the Dust," Ruskin tells a charming little story which is very suggestive. "One morning after Alice had gone, Dotty was very sad and restless when she got up; and went about, looking into all corners, as if she would find Alice in them and at last she came up to me, and said: 'Is Alice gone over the great sea?' And I said, 'Yes, she is gone over the great deep sea, but she will come back again some day.' Then Dotty looked around the room; and I had just poured some Water out into the basin; Dotty ran to it, and got up on a chair, and

dashed her hand through the Water, again and again, and cried: 'Oh, deep, deep sea! Send little Alice back to me.' "

It is as Ruskin remarked, "The whole heart of Greek mythology is in that; the idea of a personal being in the elemental power; of its being moved by prayer; and of its presence everywhere, making the broken diffusion of the elemental sacred." Indeed the whole of Nature-Mysticism is in this act of Dotty's. Water is Water wherever it is, connected or not, in a pitcher or in the ocean, it is one whole and responds to a familiar address. Like Air, which is "the Waters above," it is everywhere and is a great magic agent. Water communes us with the Great Mother, whether in the baptism or by our draining of the soil. Whether we drink it or it washes out the Air, Water is a regenerator and a Living Presence. Without Water no life, light or color, hence no wisdom.

The Great Mother and Earth

I may well sing with Homer:

O universal Mother, who dost keep
From everlasting thy foundations deep,
Eldest of things, Great Earth, I sing to Thee.

And with Byron I will address her:

O mother Earth by the bright sky above thee,
I love thee, O, I love thee!
So let me leave thee never,
But cling to thee for ever,
And hover round thy mountains,
And flutter round thy fountains.
And pry into thy roses fresh and red;
And blush in all thy blushes,
And flush in all thy flushes,
And watch when thou art sleeping,
And weep when thou art weeping,
And be carried with thy motion,
As the rivers and the ocean,
As the great rocks and the trees are— — —

O Mother, this were glorious life,
This were not to be dead.

O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee,
I love thee, O, I love thee!

And why not? Homer truly addressed her "Earth, Mother of all." Is she not mother of us all? Is she not the divine womb which has carried us and sat us upon her lap? And let us run free? On looking deep into Beauty, we find her there. Asking for a tangible form of Spirit, we find she has furnished it. What is man's frame but her substance? She gives us her own flesh to eat and her juices are our drinks. If I wish to stretch my limbs, I climb her mountains. I rest on her rocks and lie myself down to sleep on her bosom. I refresh my soul by her aromas. What is there I can do without her, directly or indirectly? I may well say that the soil is divine because it mothers me and trains me. And let us no more talk about being "of earth, earthly" except when we stand in our own folly and disobedience. That kind of earthiness is of ourselves. The Great Mother did not teach us that. The Mother's gospel is regeneration, rejuvenescence and not stagnation, death. Her body is but a veil, hiding another body still more beautiful. Her fire is "holy fire" and the etheric garment of her obedient children. The disobedient ones burn in it and are in pain. Her messages are for sick souls and full of that greater life which is health and prosperity. She only asks for renunciation and detachment for the sake of resurrection. At all other times and occasions she offers us her world for use and enjoyment, but she does not say "for indulgence." Nay, the golden bridge and the yearning landscape she paints when the day closes his blue eyes, is an invitation to follow her into Mystery. I think the poet, Charles L. O'Donnell, was right, at any rate, he guessed one mystery of the Great Mother. He sang

The earth was made in twilight, and the hour
Of bending dusk and dew is still her own,
Soft as it comes with promise and with power
Of folded heavens, lately sunset-blown.

Yes, there is an Earth-hour at the end of the day and it lasts all the night. It speaks in curves and restful whispers. It is never stormy or boisterous and does not make man vulgar or sinful. It is full of marriages. In it we receive all we give. The stars time the hour and the moon lightens the highways. But the clock does not know the hour, nor does the factory whistle announce it. The birds know it. The dreamers know it. The Nature-Mystic knows it because in that hour Mother Nature speaks to him about the bourne of the Eternal Life, about ascending efforts, about onward drifts and love in higher spheres. The Earth-hour is especially the hour for the Mystic, the Nature-Mystic. He is then himself as at no other time. At that hour the Great Mother allows him a freedom in which She neither is nor is not what She otherwise is, or, to put it another way, She both is and is not. With all the energy there is in him he may at that hour see himself as her master. She puts life into his images and the next day he can realize them and make them cold facts. The hour is holy and he partakes in Nature's worship. He drinks the Sakti cup of the ever self-revealing Nature. His poetic sense is opened and he understands Sushumna. The Earth-hour is the hour of "cosmic emotion," a sympathy with Nature as it has been called. It is the hour of yearning for the great heart of the Divine Mother; the hour of pulsation or passion for her; the hour when man and she feel as one. It is the hour when we can talk about the humanity of the universe.

The Thracian poet who lived before Homer knew this hour and sang about the sky as the wings of the animated Godhead; about the ether as the intellect and the mountains as her body and the sun and moon as her eyes. He did not deal in fancies. In the Earth-hour disappear both "the finite" and "the infinite"; the Eternal only is realized, and the "all perfect" Beauty is known by affinity. It is an hour of mingling and exchanging Nature with the Eternal. The hour may also well be called the hour of "cosmic consciousness." The rites of initiation into the ancient mysteries were discovered in the Earth-hour, and they expressed the mysteries which Nature as the Hierophant, the Great Mother as the guiding priest, shows and teaches in the twilight of that hour. The mysteries are hinted at above and taught in the Golden Verses.

Whitman saw something of the mysteries when he opened his "scuttle at night" and "outward and outward and forever outward," "the farsprinkled systems" spread, "expanding, always expanding," and he exclaimed "A Kosmos am I." He was a Nature-Mystic at that time. As many of us are Nature-Mystics, who, in cosmic consciousness and with cosmic emotion, can say

Mother of man's time-traveling generations,
Breath of his nostrils, heart-blood of his heart,
God above all gods worshipped of all nations,
Light above light, law beyond law, thou art.*

"The great god Man, which is God," is the Great Mother. She is present with us in the holiness of instinct. Let us worship.

"Trailing clouds of glory, we do come from God, who is
our home."

Let us return, ere we forget our first love!

The Great Mother and Fire

Nature-Mysticism has a strong teacher in Heraclitus. The Stoics, too, were Nature-Mystics and expressed themselves very clearly about Fire when they called the Deity Fire. Seneca wrote that it was indifferent whether the creator of the world was called God or Fire or Destiny or an all-prevading Breath, the terms all meant the same. According to Stoicism every particular element is in the process of time developed out of Fire and will return to Fire again. Fire here means according to Chrysippus, the Divine Breath.

The popular mind is not mystic, nor even natural; it is artificial and non-natural and sometimes un-natural. It deals with Fire in the same dull and stupid way it deals with all the other marvels of Mother Nature's work. It is unable, so long as it remains in bondage to itself and its own stupidity, to see that Spirit and Matter are not separated by any real barrier. Spirit and Matter are but the two lines of an arc. The arch is the most

* Swinburne, Song before Sunrise.

typical of the Great Mother's symbols. To a Nature-Mystic Fire is far more than combustion. He knows it perfectly well as a chemical combination which evolves heat and light. He fixes his attention on the transmutation which takes place. He knows that both force and energy remain. He watches for the New. In Fire he sees Nature arise. "All things are exchanged for Fire, and Fire for all things." Fire is the magic wand; the Great Mother transfers some of her own intensity into us when she wants us to act: she fires us! And so everywhere. But combustion is not consumption. "A hidden fire* burns perpetually upon the hearth of the world. Scientific men call it by the hard name of *eremacausis*, which means quiet (or slow) burning. We see its effects in the fading of leaves, in the rusting of iron, in the mantling of the rosy blush upon the cheek of youth. Every tree is a burning bush. In a glory of blossoms vegetation, in Spring, flowers from its embers. The lips of the crimson-tipped daisies are touched with a live coal from off the great altar of Nature. We speak of the lamp of life as a mere poetic expression, but it is scientifically true; our bodies are burning away as on a funeral pyre, and every breath we exhale is the smoke of the Fire that consumes us."

We all know the utilitarian import of Fire, but forget the religion of all our utilitarianism. Our early ancestors worshipped Fire, and rightly. Max Müller has explained how the Aryan God Agni from being purely a physical god gradually, by spiritualization, became the supreme god. Civilization can show how Fire from being the highest religious type has become to the modern man a mere commonplace—except when he thinks of Hellfire, he has quite lost fear of it!

It was out of a limited understanding Schiller said

the elements are hostile
To the work of human hands.

Nay, Fire is not hostile, Fire is self-assertive. Let us not dare to oppose the Great Mother when she makes Fire. The dictum "let there be light" can not be opposed with impunity. "Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire" are always ready to burst out from the Un-

* Hugh McMillan: *Two Worlds are Ours: the Autumn Fire.*

known. Fire is the Great Breath; the Great Breath is Fire. Only the pure can live in it and only the pure can rise to it and they rise by means of Fire. Purity means a self-centredness corresponding to Fire's self-assertiveness. And self-centredness means that all foreign elements are eliminated and we live by our own law. A common simile explains it. By smelting the dross is eliminated and the gold remains. The gold is also melted, but readily reassumes its "terrestrial" condition or that condition necessary for it to be of use on earth. In its essence it is Love and Wisdom; in its "being in this world" it is of this world's nature and exists as a metal. Fire is its means of transmutation from spirit to matter. This is Nature-Mysticism of Fire. Nature-Mysticism leads to self-realization and the self-assertiveness of Fire is the Mother's first lesson. There is no idleness in Nature-Mysticism and no effeminacy. It encourages to awe and work. The old Iranians were instructed to "give to the Fire and the Earth their natural nourishment" and "take care that the cow does not low against you." The self-assertiveness of Fire destroys limitations and establishes Eternal Duration. Who is willing to burn? The chosen people! Not "the creeping things of the Earth."

No Fire is as real as the swing between life and death. It never burns out. It is ceaseless. A minister to sick and hungry souls finds himself thrown into that Fire continuously. Men and women make a sacrifice of him at once that they may build their homes of happiness. Him they do not care about. They want and they take what he brings. If he resists unawares, they slay him and plunder. They are like the running Fire over a forest bottom. The small creeps and the beautiful flowers are consumed together with the rotten stumps. It is with difficulty that a stop is put to the Fire's ferocity and mercilessness. Woe to the minister who has not Fire in himself to resist the devouring flames of his audience. He is lost. He must be strong as the Sun over against a campfire. The beasts of the Open fear a campfire; they may array themselves around the encircling Fire that protects the camper, but they do not go any further. They stare at him and he can see their wild eyes in the dark. The camper for the time being is the Sun. His intelligence is the Sun and superior. From the platform the minister must be a Sun and master over the wild

and passionate elements of the audience. Every member is ready to tear him to pieces if he is not Fire and speaks as a master. The mystery is there. He is Fire, the audience is Fire and the action is Fire. The Mother is also there and She is both sacrifice and the sacrificer and the mystery. What is the ministry I speak about? How it is filled? By work! Work is burning, is Fire! The Parsees were to worship Fire by digging canals, tilling the soil, giving seed to the Earth and destroying "the creeping things." A minister worships by restraining another's passions, by putting him or her to useful work; by starting such vibrations which move the masses and set them in tuneful harmony. His work is like the prayer to Ahura-Mazda: "Offering and praise I vow to Thee O Fire! Be Thou honored in the dwellings of men! Blessed the man who constantly brings fuel and the implements of service to Thee! Mayest Thou burn evermore in this house, through the long time, to the resurrection day. Give me swift brightness, food, and means of life! Give me wisdom and prosperity, and readiness of speech! etc., etc." The Fire-minister, he who is the greater Fire, the Sun, asks these boons in order to labor more and longer, not for personal gratification. Fire is always a doer and a giver. Whatever is thrown into it is reworked into its original constituents and returned to the All. Nothing is retained and when the work is done, the Fire goes away to return when called or when needed. Fire is a process and holds nothing for self. Ministry is not for self. Self and ministry are opposites. When they meet self is burned or there is no ministry. Where there is ministry, there is no self. Firdusi tells us that Zoroaster advised Gushtap "to learn the rites and doctrines of the religion of 'excellence' (fire worship) for without religion there can not be any worth in a king." I may well say learn of Fire who the Great Mother is. Nature-Mysticism is true religion and no kingship or mastery without it. I call Heraclitus a Nature-Mystic, not because they call him the Dark, but because he could read the face of the Great Mother and understood the rhythm of her features. He knew that "the order of all things" is not "created by any of the gods" but is from Her, the Eternal; Her, the Living Fire. He had realized the essential kinship of all things and Man with Her, hence his ability to apprehend her mystery.

The Great Mother's mystery which some call life and death,

he described as combustion. Upon her face he saw ever dancing, flashing, darting, flickering moods, like flames ever active, yet ever disappearing. Upon her bodily form, we saw the ever changing lines of a stream, never the same, yet for all that, seemingly so. All things flow from Fire and return to Fire and this Fire-motion is life. In Nature nothing passes away, it transmutes itself to something else. All things are and are not.

Heraclitus voices the Great Mother's solicitude for her children by these words: "The Law which I unfold, men insensible and half asleep, will not hear, and hearing, will not comprehend." Men are insensible, gross and beastly; that is the Mother's sorrow. Heraclitus enunciated a system of pure Monism, the only way on which we can fully realize the Great Mother. Dualism is one of her ways of working, but it never gives us herself in full view. Following is the first paragraph of Heraclitus' work on Nature: "It is wise for those who hear, not me, but the Universal Reason, to confess that all things are one." The eighteenth paragraph of Heraclitus, reads: "lightning rules all," or, "lightning is the helmsman of the universe." As Fire is no metaphor to Heraclitus, so neither is lightning. But Heraclitus is no materialist. His fire is the Great Mother's energy. When she shows her intensity, it flashes earthward like lightning and illumines the edges of our clouds. It is momentary, but her moments are as long as eternity and as broad as ageless life and as deep as infinity. Her lightning or facial expression men call spirituality.

To the ancients the Hearth-Fire was a sort of moral being. "The god of human nature." Vesta was the goddess of the Hearth-Fire and she was goddess neither of fecundity nor power alone. She was the universal soul to the Greeks and Romans; the goddess of Order or "Marriage," and therefore the goddess of Home. How beautiful! Fire is a form of the Great Mother, the Eternal Being, and by its mobility we are enabled to see ourselves as "trailing clouds of glory."

Animals and Plants

Nature-Mystics realize their relationship to the whole organic world. Not only do they not antagonize Animals and Plants, but they sympathize with them and the sympathy is returned. Nu-

merous tales from the most varied sources and told in all languages of the world bear testimony to this. Everybody knows the story of Andronicus and the lion.

Animals and Plants are our passions but now outside and apart from us, and they are outside as a result of "the fall" or evolution; but they tend or gravitate to their respective centres, and, we shall not be "complete" till they and we are reunited in the ultimate Wholeness towards which all life indirectly strives.

Poets, the natural sympathizers, have exhausted language to express the emotions which have been roused by their approach to flowers, trees and Animals and the company they have kept with them. Lately Anatole France and Maeterlink have given respectively trees and Animals a mystic setting. However, they have not reached the mystery of the oak and the bee but they have perceived the family relationship. Modern Mystics have yet much to learn before they feel the power of the mistletoe, the lotus, the serpent and the cat, for instance. Lovesickness with trees is not insanity. The animal trainer's power is not mere suggestion. The reproachful look in the horses', cows' or dogs' eye when they are unjustly hit is eloquent with the cry of humanity.

Let us teach our children not to hate an Animal and pursue it, and not wantonly to chop off the blossoms of the wild flowers or tear off all the flowers they see on an excursion with the intention of taking them home and at last throw them away by the roadside because they droop and die, having been torn from their rightful surroundings. The Buddhists have a sense and respect for an insect which the Occidentals have not nor even mention in their loud talks about doing good. Let us learn to do good to the brute creation. That is one way to conquer passions. We and they are interiorly related and influence each other by mystic cords. Nature's equilibrium depends upon adjustments on this field. All the Great Mother's methods of education centralize in one general endeavor: to harmonize passions, not to destroy them. If we destroy them on one field, they reappear on another. We must transmute, not kill. And all Nature's living voices call for peace, not for conflict. The undertone everywhere is sorrowful and expresses a soul full of reproach. Have any of my readers heard the "peace and good will" of the

Open as the key to the gospel preached by man? Are we not still hunting Animals searching for what we may devour? Is the Earth everywhere ready for the Temple? How about the Christ's glorious body? Nature-Mystics labor to build the temple and to establish God's-Body.

Nature-Spirits

All that which I said in the foregone paragraphs is not Spiritism or Demonology. By the elements Air, Water, Earth and Fire are not meant powers residing in the elements, such as sylphs, nymphs, pigmies or salamanders. These are creations of superstition and not forms of the Great Mother. Nor are Air, Water, Earth and Fire Spirits, such as I have referred to them above, Elementaries or astral corpses. They are unseen ministers working like dew, the frost or the wind on mysterious errands, yet they are not separate from the Great Mother any more than the aroma is separable from the flower, and they work everywhere in the same way and are never present any more nor any less. Aroma of the rose in Persia is aroma of a rose in America, however much they may vary in degree of culture. The wind is the wind, whether here or at the north pole; whether it carries ice in its arms or not. The four are everlasting associates of ours and specially occupied with our affairs. As an illustration I refer to the story of the angel which stirred the Waters at Bethesda. That angel was evidently a personality, yet mixed so with the Waters in the pool, that they acquired medicinal powers. And I quote the Psalmist who addressed Jahveh as making the winds His messengers and flames of Fire His ministers. The four are cosmic forces. The "morning stars" shouted for joy. They are "higher" than we because of their more universal domain; and they are "stronger," "mightier" in their macrocosmic relations, yet they serve us in our microcosmic conditions. We have possibilities in the direction of manifoldness, which they apparently have not. Their power and life is in one direction only; on one plane only; while we can enter several.

The Great Mother and Dance

"Nature draws Her random pictures through the year." Her pictures are shown by her Dances. A Dance is a revelation of character.

The ancient mysteries* everywhere were dramatic ceremonials to represent the recurring events of Nature, as they pass before man in cyclic forms and as they connect with human welfare. In Egypt the Drama was presented in the form of the myth of Osiris and Isis and could be interpreted astronomically, as the rotation of the twelve months of the year, also as having reference to human life and death. In Phoenicia and adjoining countries the drama was the life, death and resurrection of Attis, Adonis. In the Scandinavian North it was the story of Baldur, his murder and the restoration of the gods after Ragnarok. Among the Zuni Indians, it is the celebration of the returning seed time and of harvest, the opening of fishing and hunting season; the Winter that follows with apparent death to the seed in the soil; the Spring, and then the growth, the final blossoming and seed, and the subsequent harvest. The creation story in seven days as told in Genesis must be considered as a remaining fragment from some ancient Semitic mystery play, and can be read astrologically, cosmically and psychologically. It is one of the most precious mystery documents we possess. In Greece, the drama of the seed, its death and resurrection in the Spring, was told and enacted in the mysteries under the personification of Demeter-Proserpine.

The Great Mother's Invitation to Dance

The Great Mother's plan with her seasonal changes is to invite us to dance or to follow her method of life. The design in all her doings is our benefit, it seems. It does not appear that she works for herself alone. It is her method to be gradual. As she unfolds, so may we unfold by following her method. Nowhere else can we learn the gradual. It is not in our mind. Our bodies live by degrees, but that is her doing, not ours. Her method is rhythmic. Without her there would be no motion, no music, no poetry. There would be an unbroken Now which would not benefit us. The moral of this is of course, that we should study her methods and "live according to Nature." We can not live according to Spirit or according to ourself till we have graduated from Mother Na-

* Compare my article "The Mysteries Universal" in *The Word*, 1913.

ture's nursery school. To "live according to Nature" means to live according to the law of our (own) life, and the nature of the universe. Not according to part of our nature, but to our whole nature.

The Yearly Dance

The Great Mother conducts her organic life on the mystic cycle of the year: by seasons. The various religions begin the seasons variously, but they all attribute occult senses to them and the Mysteries were conducted progressively according to seasons. Many philosophical schools among the ancients also followed this yearly progress of the sun through the Zodiac in their arrangement of classes for teachings. With the old Romans, the year began in March. This month stood alone in the mystery of solitude and singleness. It meant Newyears and the rekindling of the Vestal Fires. April was the month of opening or unfolding of vegetation; May, the month of growth and June, the month of ripening and perfecting. The following months did not have names descriptive of Nature's operations, they were "human" rather than "natural," viz., Nature was looked upon as not directly operative but as resting and gradually going down "into the grave." A similar idea prevailed in Egypt, and, "the progress of the soul" on the Path follows in that order. It is rhythmic and renewed yearly. I call the first season Christmas.

Christmas Vibrations

Christmas time is not merely a thought-form, it is a Nature-fact and it is the Nature-fact which gives character to the Christmas thought. Astronomically Christmas is that moment in which the sun comes up upon the northern hemisphere, and, ceremonially, Christmas depends upon that time. But in the Great Mother's economy, Christmas is more than a moment. She extends her hours of instruction; she begins before the time appointed and continues long after. The main lesson of the season is about Light. The Great Mother extinguishes, or almost extinguishes the Light and lights it again. Her object is to teach us to do that with ourselves. Her teaching is, that the best way to see Light is to put out our own candle. Light a candle at daylight and you see the truth of it. Lavoisier said "without Light, Nature

was without life, inanimate and dead" and thus expressed the whole meaning of Christmas scientifically and in correspondence with the ancient "Hail, Holy Light! Offspring of heaven, first-born!"

To Light visible corresponds the Word, Light Invisible, though audible. The Great Mother works in both ways. Both are waves of her intensity and by both she penetrates. Both start "new beginnings." Christmas night or wintersolstice was called by our Norse ancestors "the mother-night" and Freya with Heimdal, was the goddess of December, the preserver or watchman, on one side, in November. And with Forseti, the peace-maker, on the other side, in January. These three are the natural forms of the Great Mother in the Christmas time or season. In Freya the Great Mother is Love, a Water goddess, a Vanadis. She is also characteristically called "the fair weeping goddess" and in her halls love is renewed after death, if the lovers have been faithful. No one escapes her influence. On her travels she is accompanied by the three Graces, Sjofn, Lofn and Var, all three love attributes. In Heimdal, "the heavenly watchman" and keeper of Bifrost, the Rainbow, the Great Mother, gives us an assurance that the Dark shall not prevail, though it is necessary in her economy. In Forseti, "the peace-maker," she shows us her silverlight as she reflects it into the Open from the roof of Forseti's dwelling. The Norsemen worshipped Forseti by opening courts of justice in the open Air when the bright season began. These three, Freya, Heimdal and Forseti were the Norseman's expression of his Nature-Mysticism of the Christmas. The Great Mother was the centre at this time. She is also in the centre in the other three seasons, that of Easter, the Mundane Tree and that of the colored Leaves.

Easter*

"We, in America, got the word Easter from England and England got it from Germany, where, among the Saxons at the time of the introduction of Christianity, they worshipped a goddess, Eastera, Eostra, and worshipped her annually with a great feast at the same time of the year as the Christian Easter is

* See my Art. "Easter in Nature," The Word, July, 1909.

celebrated. It is well known that the early missionaries adopted the Church's feasts, fasts and doctrines, to the feasts, fasts and doctrines of the people among whom they sought converts.

"It was not very difficult to get the Eastera feast turned into something like Easter in a Christian sense, nor was there any real fraud in the matter. The goddess Eostra's, or Eastera's, name connects, as it is supposed, with *austra*, an old Germanic word for East, Easterly. The goddess, accordingly, was a symbol of the East or of sunrise, and such a conception lies also in the Christian idea of Easter. The word *austra* is equal to the sanscrit *usas*, the Greek *ἠώς* (*avōs*) and the Roman *aurora*, all of which mean daybreak, the red of the early morning, day-spring—all Easter ideas. All these words also carried an occult sense, now lost. To the ancient peoples, the East meant also the opener and opening of the year, of the day, in general the gen-trix in all the senses that connect with that word.

"She represents two conceptions. The first is: she is a goddess of Light, and next: she is a goddess of revivification or rejuvenescence, the two main characteristics of Springtime.

"Here, it is not the place to enter upon the science of Light, however interesting it might be. There are, however, a few elements of that science which are of vital interest. I will therefore bring them forth. In the gospel of Matthew it is reported that Jesus said to His disciples: "Let your Light so shine before men, that they may see your good works." What can be the meaning of this admonition? Are any of you Lights that shine? Who are Lights that shine? Is anybody a Light, or is there no sense in this direction given by Jesus? Some one will tell me, that the word Light here stands figuratively and means intelligence, and that the interpretation of the Lord's words is very simple and easy; that they simply mean that we ought to speak with intelligence about the divine mysteries, and, that we should act rationally and with understanding. Others will tell me, that the Light spoken of is the divine Light within, given to believers, and so forth; I will accept these explanations as part explanation of the Lord's admonition, but I am by far not satisfied that they cover the intention of the sentence. The word in Greek is 'light physical,' Matth. 5.14. At any rate, I answer with another question, a question perfectly legitimate;

it is this: what do you mean by intelligence and by the divine Light?

I think some of the difficulties with the Lord's mystic saying can be explained when I give you certain facts, such as the following. Numerous Animals give out light from their bodies. You have seen the phosphorescence of lakes. That luminosity comes from minute organisms. Glow-worms shed a mild greenish light. Fireflies in the Orient give a wonderful splendor to the night Landscape. There are Plants in the Himalayas that illuminate mountain sides. Common marigold in dry seasons throws out a golden light from petal to petal. The evening primrose, the scarlet poppy and the sunflower all flash light, and many mosses and mushrooms do the same. In fact, Nature's cathedral is lit by many and varied Lights, more than I can or need enumerate at present.

"Now, what is the meaning of all this? It is this: that Light is the manifestation of life. The life of these organisms is Light. And by their Light they are known. This kind of Light is not wave motion, but Animal life shown as Light. And this Light shines brightly at Easter. If we search the annals of men and women who have lived the Mystic life, who have concentrated their vital forces and lived in sublime intensity, we find these annals full of records telling about Light flashing forth from these people; of Light surrounding them; or transfigurations. Here, then, are living Lights in many forms, and now comes the interesting point. When we inquire of biology if any season of the year is richer than another in such phenomena, then we are told that Spring is their time for excellence. What more need I say? 'The invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, or the invisible things are seen by means of the visible.' The character of our life is seen by the Light we throw off. And Spring, especially, is the time when the flame of life glows with the strongest Light. The Lord said these words to the disciples at the time He delivered the Sermon on the Mount, and the ancient tradition is, that the sermon was delivered in the Spring, in the month of May. Undoubtedly, I say, He took His illustration from the surrounding Nature, as was His custom. And He referred to a Light, which is life, something other and different

from the sun's light spoken of before; and it was that Light Jesus told His disciples to let shine. Have I not a right, then, to speak of Easter as the Presence with us of a living Light? And can I not now turn upon this present generation and ask: 'Is your life a Light?' 'Where is your power?' 'Can your life be seen in the Light you give forth?' 'Has your Easter this year such luminosity about it?' 'Or does the stone still cover the sepulchre waiting for the angel to remove it?'

"There is a third aspect of Light which I want to mention, because it has a relation to 'Light on the Path' and because it connects Easter with the Rosicrucian ideas and symbols. I will admit that nobody knows the essential nature of Light, and, we cannot tell what it is. But if we translate the term Light by another term, then we can gain an insight into its nature and its operative force in life. If we translate the word Light and say it is Fire, we gain such an insight and an additional or third aspect of Light valuable especially at Easter time. Let me therefore say that there is Fire in the Air at Easter time. A sacred flame flits from hill to dale, from branch to branch, from man to man. It is so swift that many never see it, though they feel the burn. In honor of this flame, it was once customary to light lamps in the Spring and to put on clean clothes (not new clothes, as some think). If anyone wishes to see this flame, they must open all windows in their house and body and go out into the Open to see the coming and going, the advancing and the receding waves of life as they sweep up through the valleys. When they come home again they shall find the flame. It has come in through the open windows and is now burning with full force within.

"Eastera was and is that power which trembles through the Earth and through the blood courses of everyone of us. Called forth by the touch of the Spring sun, this power flashes now at this time through our nerves and arteries and veins, and by and by we shall see it leap as lightning from cloud to cloud. We saw it recently in the Winter auroras, but were not thrilled by it because it was cold; but now at this time it is warm and it moulds us and builds us into forms suitable for its own purposes, and these purposes go to the filling up of the Earth with more and new creatures both in the hill of the ants and the

palaces of men; and where poverty stalks among the miserable, and, where music fills the Air, that glad lovers breathe; everywhere, it surges in flood-tides. Waves of life rise higher than ever at this time. The legend has told us that an angel moved the stone from the grave and that the Lord came out. The tale must be true, because Nature tells us the same story in the first warm Spring rain that falls. For it calls forth the Lord from the grave by removing the white grave bands of snow and by turning the black Earth into green carpets and the gray stalks to yellow flowers and it spreads glory over it all. Every Spring, when the mists disperse before the strong hand of Mother Nature's housecleaning, then the child Jesus is born again. The angel in the Air, in the woods, in the dell; that is He again. His star is first seen by the shepherds and their flocks, and they start the Hallelujah, that is called Easter.

"I know poets sing of joy in Nature at the time of Easter, and I perceive the joy myself. But I know also of no season more melancholy than Eastertime in Nature. And the reason is Love. A great Love is melancholic and full of sorrows because all things are fleeting. Overabundance and pressure of life makes us melancholic. Spring at Eastertime is not all rapture. Mater Genetrix weaves life for awhile, but soon she feels the burden. The looms of Nature weave not only Beauty and form, but also pain and sorrow. Spring winds are often stormy and rude; they break many a young sprout which cannot dance fast enough to the music, and, they crush our boats on rocks as easily as we break an Easter egg. But all this has become symbolism for us. We learn from it that the new birth is painful, dangerous and sometimes disastrous. And all this adversity strengthens the New Life.

"Many mystic orders at this time practice the severest asceticism, fearing the flame that burns within them and which is Nature's resurrection life: the soul's yearnings and longings. And strange as it must seem to the common mind, Nature at this very season of abundance also reminds us that she is the self-consuming life, the power, that for a short moment strains herself, and expands in bright colors, only to give way quickly. At no season does Nature teach mystic and painful lessons any clearer than at Spring. Nature speaks exactly in the same lan-

guage as, for instance, Tauler, and says: "The soul must sink into the divine darkness, into the secret place of the divine abyss. There is no safety save in the abyss." Do we not know it is so? Do we not cast the seed into the soil at this season? All this means pain. But no crop without it!"

The reader is invited to read the article in full as it appeared. Space forbids further extracts.

The Mundane Tree, Summer: Being, not the Becoming

My Norse ancestors called Christmas night "The mother-night." In a wider sense some nations or races are "mother-races" viz., they are the sources whence come migrations. The Scandinavian North is such a mother-race or Mundane Tree. The Thracian peninsula is to-day inhabited by people who are the descendents of Roman exiles, migratory hordes and Turkish conquerors, etc. These people are in no sense a mother-race, they are simply the outcomes of confusion confounded. They could not and did not originate tribes, races or peoples, who broke native boundaries and sought Freedom. Our Scandinavian people were "mothers," sources, "new beginnings."

The Scandinavian tree, Ygdrasil is rooted in "heaven," viz., in the Infinite, hence it sent out roots over the three worlds. It grew out of heaven and into the world and did not grow like common trees out of the Earth seeking heaven. It was a Mother. It was a Norse emblem of the Great Mother. The poets and prophets among our Norse ancestors imagined her as a tree, and they did well, especially as the tree Ygdrasil was double sexed, viz., contained within itself its own origin, end and purpose.

"The flush of life" is not quite so vigorous in Summer as in the Spring, but the speech in the woods is loud enough for all who will listen, to hear "the great discourse" about the "tree of life." To Jonas, the *arbor vite* was an ivy; to Elias, a juniper; to Ismaël, a palm; to the Druids it was the mistletoe. To the Norsemen it was Ygdrasil, a tree unknown to the botanists but very familiar to the Occultist and Nature-Mystic. Singular it is that the ancients found the best emblems for themselves in trees! They found the truth in Plato's teaching, that we are trees. Jesus uses the plant world most frequently as a symbol. He calls Himself a vine and speaks about vineyards in the sense

of the human life of activity. Summer shows the Mundane Tree, the Tree of Life. In Summer, the Great Mother centralizes like she does at Christmas. The Mundane Tree is her centralization in a universal form and shown organically. And Summer is a summarizing of life; it is a middle, yet without a tangible beginning or end. Ygdrasil, "the bearer of Ygg (Odin)," is the most complete of all the mythic or mind creations to express a world-embracing idea.

The Brown and Red Leaves

Autumn is philosophical, reflective; it is the period for thought, for change of colors. And as some will have it, for "dreames" and "darke fyre" and I think rightly, because there is a peculiar magic in the month, a magic sometimes wild with wildness. Yet Autumn is peace, the peace that follows work well done. The meadows know that peace and the valleys are serene. The gushing life of Spring is forgotten, the fruit delivered and the air is full of expectancy and "dreames" about the past joy and future repetitions. Even a light frost is welcome. It means rest. The "darke fyre" or flowers of flames appear everywhere in the fields and woods and they bring *runes* or magic spells. They are forerunners for the Pleiad month, for White Weather and the Dusk of the Year. The change of life which comes with Autumn does not mean death, nay, it means truth. The bare arms of the trees mean sharp and clear lines. All the glamor of Summer fades away and facts appear. The fading life is more eloquent than the sprouting. It takes its time; the young life is in a hurry. The Great Mother administers truths which purge and consume everything effete. Nature never forgets herself in the grave! That which runs away into the ocean from our sewers, gathers into new soil at the bottom of the ocean, and on that soil Mother Nature will do, as she has done before, resurrect a life we have thrown away—ages hence! No need to doubt it! Visit and husbandman and it shall be learned how she resurrects the crops we eat, from refuse and offal of all kinds. The farmer laughs at the city man who has not discovered the miracle. He knows Nature. Nature can show us what to do with our dead selves!

We really never know when Autumn is here. We know it as-

tronomically, but practically we do not know it, and the reason is this, that Nature never draws such sharp and distinct lines as the human mind does; nor does she care for feasts, fasts and new-moons; or for wealth or rank or power or science. The naturalist will tell us if we have not observed it, that as soon as the Leaves fall in the Autumn, the new Leaf is already there; in fact, in many cases it is the new life that pushes the old Leaf off. In fact, the Dance of life never ceases in the woods, and the brooks keep up the fiddling all Winter.

In Autumn the Great Mother takes down all her floral curtains and puts them away never to use them again. But she compensates the trees, shrubs and flowers the following Spring by new efforts. Nature does as did Penelope, Ulysses' faithful wife, who each night unravelled the work of each day, thus repelling importunate lovers with vain promises. Nature alternately doffs her embroidery and weaves it back to its old completeness and Beauty. She starts weaving anew every Spring, as a bride desirous of having a beautiful work to show the bridegroom, the Beloved, when he comes.

The ancients illustrated her methods by the bird Phoenix. The bird Phoenix prepares its own nest and nest-fire in the Autumn and burns itself. The aroma is full of rejuvenescence like the decaying Leaves which form odorous mounds. Death is a ministering angel of life. Death has no stony eye, it is rainbow colored and a "breathing form of thought." Death "keeps the keys of all the creeds" and balances all development. The petrified flames of Earth's young days are the rocks on which we build our houses and fortunes. My lungs are hot furnaces burning Air useful for the Plants, and, they in return, do similar work for me.

Tactitus* tells us that the Phoenix** is sacred to the sun, and differs from the rest of the feathered species in the form of its head and the tincture of its plumage. He calls it a bird sacred to the sun and Claudian calls it *solis avem* (sun-bird). The ancient authors

* Compare my article, Adonis, Phoenix, and Being, in the *Metaphysical Magazine* May 1896.

** "Annals", Book vi., 28.

"All affirm that it exists;
Where it is no one can tell."

That the Phoenix should be sacred to the sun is but natural, for it is simply another term for the activity of the solar orb. The sun is a manifestation of the Great Mother. An unknown author* has written the following about the Phoenix. His production is often attributed to Lactantius (fourth century). In literal translation it reads: "There is a happy spot, retired in the first east, where the great gate of the eternal pole lies open. It is not, however, situated near to his rising in Summer or in Winter, but where the sun pours the day from his vernal chariot. There a plain spreads its open tracts; nor does any mound rise, nor hollow valley open itself. But through twice six ells that place rises above the mountains, whose tops are thought to be lofty among us. Here is the grove of the sun; a wood stands planted with many a tree, blooming with the honor of perpetual foliage. When the pole had blazed with the fires of Phaeton, that place was uninjured by the flames; and when the deluge had immersed the world in waves, it arose above the waters of the Deucalion. No enfeebling diseases, nor sickly old age, nor cruel death, nor harsh fear, approach hither—nor dreadful crime, nor mad desire for riches, nor Mars, nor fury, burning with love of slaughter. Bitter grief is absent, and want clothed in rags and sleepless cares, and violent hunger. No tempest rages there, nor dreadful violence of wind; nor does the hoar-frost cover the Earth with cold dew. No cloud extends its fleecy covering above the plains, nor does the turbid moisture of Water fall from on high; but there is a fountain in the middle which they call by the name of 'living'; it is clear, gentle, and abounding with sweet Waters, which, bursting forth once during the space of each month, twelve times irrigates all the grove with Waters. Here a species of tree, rising with lofty stem, bears mellow fruits not about to fall on the ground. This grove, these woods, a single bird, the Phoenix, inhabits—single, but it lives, reproduced by its own death. It obeys and submits to Phoebus— Through a desire of being born again, Phoe-

* "The Ante-Nicene Fathers." Ed. A. Roberts and J. Donaldson, Am. Repr., N. Y., 1888. Vol. vii., 324.

nix seeks this world, where death reigns. Full of years, she directs her swift flight into Syria, to which Venus herself has given the name of Phoenice— No food is appointed for her in our world, nor does any one make it his business to feed her while unfledged— She is an offspring to herself, her own father and heir, her own nurse and always a foster-child to herself. She is herself indeed, but not the same, since she is herself, and not herself, having gained eternal life by the blessing of death— O bird of happy lot and fate, to whom the god himself granted to be born from herself!" Thus, the Great Mother works. A key to an understanding of her working method as she reveals herself in Autumn is Pain. The Cosmic Process in Autumn is Pain and the mystery of Pain: Death and Salvation. In Spring, Mother Nature marries herself with joy. In Autumn it is with Pain. In the Spring young people's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. In the Autumn stern reality turns thoughts to sacrifice. "A marvellous thing truly is the mystic marriage of Nature with herself: the relations which, in our minds, intimately unite the most different parts of the great whole—the animate with the inanimate, the visible with the invisible, matter and spirit; and in each of these spheres a being with another being. This unity, this universal harmony, is instinctively revealed to all minds."* Only in the distance do most people see the self-inherent elements of Salvation. Their view of the Cosmic Process may be expressed in the words of Huxley:**

"Natural knowledge tends more and more to the conclusion that all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth are the transitory forms of parcels of cosmic substance wending along the road of evolution, from nebulous potentiality, through endless growths of sun and planet and satellite; through all varieties of matter; through infinite diversities of life and thought; possibly through endless modes of being of which we neither have a conception nor are competent to form any—back of the indefinable latency from which they arose. Thus the most obvious attribute of the cosmos is its impermanence. It assumes

* Alex. R. Vinet : "Outlines of Philosophy and Literature," page 508.

** "Evolution and Ethics, and Other Essays," page 50. New York, 1894.

the aspect, not so much of a permanent entity as of a changeful process, in which naught endures save the flow of energy and the rational order which pervades it."

The Dance Month By Month*

December

December is the year's Sabbath of the fields. It is a day of rest and a day of retirement into self. For once—only for once—Mother Nature seems to stand still. That is to say, she works a little slower in some of the many chambers of her palace. In the exceedingly cold and hot rooms she does not vary her methods very much. But in her midregion, in the sphere where her pulse beats strongly, and where she observes a monthly vibration, she has instituted a time for Sabbath; a time for retirement unto reflection and she has excluded fruitfulness. By so doing, our kind hearted Mother, always bent upon teaching us, shows us the primitive order of Nature, the joyous idyllic life. To be sure, most of us do not thank her for the cold hands of hers which lead us, or for her frosty breath; but that is our fault, not hers. If we had not exhausted the elixir of life, with which she filled our blood and nerves during eleven months, we would not feel cold. Her design of a Sabbath is a wonderful gift, but like most of her other gifts, it is ignored or spurned. The Sabbath is designed for the soil as well as for man. We are pilgrims and strangers on Earth. We do not belong here. During the Sabbath of December the cosmos cries aloud to tell us that we are only guests. Instead of listening to the lesson that comes in the storm, the cold and the snow, we hide away and fasten the doors securely, and come out in the Spring no wiser, and unfit for the lessons of rejuvenescence. The winter-gospeller shall not try to give Beauty for ashes—he can not do it. Let him bring out Beauty from ashes, or the innermost of the human heart that beats in the Great All, and all shall then "see salvation." The innermost in us feels all things as omens and signs. It joins the Holy Assembly of all these powers, animate and inanimate, which sing the perpetual Halle-

* These articles on the months are digests from my articles in "The Word," Oct., 1912-13, but with many new Thoughts added.

lujah. The face of death in the sun of life is the cup out of which it drinks its Christmas cheer. On the Winter stage of its way it surrenders its Summer clothes and puts on the garments of the essential life. To those who live disorderly, Gea, Mother Earth, in December means Giant Despair. But to those who live in rhythm and measure and by number, she is an artist without comparison. No artist brings out mysteries so marvelous as those the Mother draws upon our bedroom windows. They are not wonderful adornments only. Why is it that she always draws forest images and never anything like houses or other artificial human products? She does not draw Animal figures. She has a preference for luxurious curves, wild and spontaneous life; curly tresses of women, tendrils, all those chaste lines which are a despair of Art, but a glorification of virtue and Beauty. She never approaches anything like a sensual line. Her stylus is solemn and ritualistic. Why thus? perhaps it is her geometry. I think it is. All the contrariness and apparently lost harmony of December can be seen and heard by the attentive eye and ear and by the Inner-Life, and a little observation. For instance, strike the keys of a piano as if by accident, and you hear a great crash; but if you watch, you will notice how the discordant sounds die away in a final vibration which is no longer a jarring noise, but a soft and pleasing tone. Similarly Nature brings harmony out of discord and softens rude noises. In the Open this may be studied in December. This method of harmony is one way in which the Great Mother erects the Gate Beautiful. In December new life is booming in the woods and all the branches are full of Spring prophecy. The naked arms reaching up are whistling Mother Nature's simple melodies, at the same time they are wrapping the young buds with gums to prevent the frost from destroying the life. The trees sing their Jubilate as loudly as they do in any monastery at Christmas time. Mother Nature is in her holy temple among the cliffs and in the valleys in December as much as in any other month. "Let all the Earth keep silence before her." There is less sweetness in her Winter sanctuaries, but more sanctity.

January

If we

“Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature’s teachings”

and do not fear the dull, leaden sky or the barren and dreary Landscape, but follow the frostbound roads, or tramp across the crystal-laden grass in the meadows, we shall soon discover that January is the month for head-people, for those high-minded souls who think and who make their beginnings by thought. January is especially a revelation of that subtle something we call Thought. It is easy for anybody to look beautiful when dressed up in clothes made by others, and it is charming to indulge in Summer’s fancies, but only few can stand forth without fear as the trees do in the Winter and in January, revealing their true contour. How many dare call out with Southey: “Come, melancholy Moralizer, come!” The rich birch dares do it; its gentle delicacy proves a fine and deep interior. The oak, too, can proudly show its rugged grandeur and point to perseverance as an element of attainment. The elm can vie with the birch and the oak and enjoy its beautiful ramification and suggest courtly grace. These trees are thought-forms which the Great Mother can best show in Winter. When the leafy dress is removed the truth is shown. How pensive is not the spruce; it is not asleep or sunk below the threshold of consciousness. Like thought, it enjoys the clear cold air of bracing January. Even if “Janiveer freeze the pot upon the fier,” as the English country people say, the spruce and all its relatives are wide awake and ready to tell us that they saw Light before any of the leafy trees and that their office is to show the eternal life of thought. Capricorn and Aquarius divide January between them, and they are, some Occultists say, the knees and ankles of the Great Mother, which signifies usefulness. The Mother’s symbol of usefulness in January is the little moss. Brilliant as is the grass silvered with hoary vine, it can not compare in usefulness to the mosaics of mosses spread wherever Mother Nature is not interfered with. It is by means of the mosses that she makes soil in January. When the rocks crack for one reason or other, the mosses which hold the melting snow, let the stream

into them and when the Water freezes there, it breaks off small particles of rocks, the first elements of future soil. In among the fragments come the bacteria and they make it porous. Bacteria also dig down when Jack Frost has loosened the top layers of the soil; by so doing they make it porous and airy. Mother Nature thinks of all such things in January, though men call it a "dead season" and cry about "sore times." Let us learn that the Great Mother keeps the doors open to her museum of Nature all Winter and that even freezing showers and black frost are her blessings.

February

February has its own marks and was singled out by the ancients. February derives its name from *februa* or "means of cleaning" such as for instance pieces of wool distributed at the feast of *lupercalia*, the yearly ceremony of cleaning, not only the houses but also, for instance, the unfruitful women, who at this time were chastened by the priests for their weakness, by being whipped with leather straps. This brutal idea connects the custom with the conception "the hearth." But February also means purification in other senses. In this month fall the Church's "Candlemas and Lent," and in more than one sense they mean preparation for the coming Spring. In February also comes Valentine's day with such ideas as Hymen, cupids,

"Sad weather now declines
Each bird doth choose a mate."

February is the month of the hearth. A lair or a resting place are fundamentally the same as a hearth. Man's resting place or home, as we call it at times, has of course, its own peculiarities and in those it differs from the Animal's quarters, but essentially it is a habitation for protection against weather and enemies, and a centrality for his family and property. When man's abode assumes a romantic character the special fireplace becomes the hearth or the ideal place it holds in stories and tales and thus gives a character to man's domicile, which a lair, a den, or a nest can not have; nor can a camp, a cavern, or a tent represent the hearth and its idea. All these places suggest

a sojourn, not a maternal home. The true home or family hearth is most characteristic of man. On one side it is mind and the other it is Nature. Home and marriage are necessarily of a social character; they develop domestic virtues, and mutual helpfulness. And in these traits they point to that Universal Brotherhood which has always been the dream of mankind and the hope of romance. The hearth as a home type represents the actuality of all desires, thought, love and aspiration.

The word "hearth" connects with "erda," the earth, and thus becomes a direct emblem of the Great Mother and her Presence within man's dwelling. The baking of bread is one of the main symbols of a home. There is no home where bread is not baked—that is to say, a home in the old style. The rudiments of civilization and home life are first found when bread baking begins. People who live simply on fruit have not yet settled and come under the forms of civilization. No family hearth exists among them. The Animals bake no bread and those who live always in public places have no idea of bread "as the principle in which all things stand together."

March

In spite of many contradictory marks, people will insist upon calling March the first Spring month. As regards their meaning, they are rarely correct if the first part of the month is considered. They are more often right in the last half. To speak of March as Spring in the sense of delight and joy, is not to speak correctly but that is the way people speak. I have already spoken of Spring and pointed out Spring signs in December. I have not been far astray. Spring begins when the sun comes above the equator and starts in to stimulate all organic existence. It is true, as Thoreau remarked: "No mortal is alert enough to be present at the first dawn of Spring." Be it so, that no mortal has the key to Nature's Spring mystery, it is nevertheless a fact that the days we call March are Spring days; that is to say, they are manifestations of that "fighting" energy, the classical people personified and called Mars. The beginning "frog-talk," the mare's shedding her coat on your dress, the bright colors, are March's striking Mars' bucklers and calling for the Dance of life. In these signs there are many

of February's mystic and melancholic characteristics. They are seminal, noisy and sometimes licentious. War in Nature's sense means aggressiveness, push, quickening. War also means destruction, but in Nature's sense such a destruction means recasting the old into something new. As a destroyer and yet a restorer, Mars and hence March is symbolized by a staff or a spear. The sword cuts asunder, but when the wound is healed harmony is found to have been born. Such is the story of the love of Mars and Venus, properly read. Homer gives us a presentation of Mars (Ares) which is most interesting and which can be readily seen in the temper of the month. In point of strength he is divine, but in point of mind and heart he is below even man, he is Animal. He is a compound of deity and brute. Seen in the characteristics of the month, we readily discover him in his boisterous animal energy and always in wild actions and senseless doings. March is "storm and stress"; the desire to "get out"; to break a bondage; to enlarge oneself; to multiply oneself by sex and by mind. But March has no philosophic understanding and method. March is quite fairly personified by Mars, the god, the soldier. To be called a Mars or a son of Mars is no compliment; it means no more than being a blinded bull insensibly rushing on. Every March the Great Mother sends a unique form of dizziness over the world and her human children feel her grip upon their hearts in peculiar ways. She tests their strength for new roles she intends to distribute. The sluggish heart which does not give Spring glory to the Water drop upon the grass straw nearest to it, will not be a banner bearer of the new life. Dry bodies, withered souls and unmoved spirits, take secondary parts in the new play, and in another year no part at all.

Every March the Great Mother delivers at least one lecture on the Mysticism of life. Browning must have heard such a lecture. In a stammering fashion he has reproduced some of it in his Paracelsus. We learn the idea of her lecture from Paracelsus at Constantinople, in the house of the Greek conjurer. Paracelsus has failed to find the Great Mother, because he sought knowledge at the sacrifice of love. In so doing he violated a natural law and is suffering for it. Knowledge and love are inseparable in life.

Five years later we find Paracelsus at Basle opening his heart to his old friend, the professor, at the university. Outwardly Paracelsus has "attained," yet he feels his failure. He has contented himself with lower aims in order to be useful. And that is not Truth. He has also drawn around him a lower kind of men, and that has produced a false position. We hear Paracelsus exclaim:

No! No!

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;
These are its sign and note and character,
And these I have lost!

This is the Mother's March lecture:

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;
These are its sign and note and character.

April

In his *Fasti*, Ovid tells us that April is Venus' month. After the following passionate outburst, "There are some, O Goddess Mother, who would rob Thee of the honor of this month and who begrudge Thee April," he speaks as follows: "April, the Great Mother, having laid her hand upon it, claims it as her own. She indeed most worthily holds sway over the whole circle of the year; she owns a sovereignty inferior to that of no deity. She rules the heaven, the Earth, and the waves that gave her birth; she it was who created all the gods; she furnished the primary causes for the Plants and the trees. She it was who brought together the untaught minds of men, and instructed them to unite, each one with his mate. It was she who first divested man of his savage habits of life; from her were derived the arts of dress, and the careful attention to the person. By means of her were a thousand arts first touched upon and through the desire of pleasing, many things were discovered which before lay concealed. Can anyone be found to dare to deprive this goddess of the privilege of giving her name to the month of April? And no season is more becoming to the great goddess than the Spring; in Spring the Earth is beautiful; in Spring the soil is unbound—" April has more peculiarity than any other month. The season is inspired with energy of the Whole, is brainy, is educat-

ing in character; that is, the Great Mother leads our thoughts into largeness, into the Open. We breathe suggestions, we tremble with germinations and growth. We move in rhythms that have Fire in them. There is a new melody in our blood; it is moody, passionate and at times despairing. The music lacks unity and is therefore wanting the man's principle of Beauty, but it is full of secret meaning and it quickens the intuitions. April is not of the home-keeping order; it is full of fancy for adventure; its Mysticism is of the outgoing order, it is not introspective. Its Occultism deals with the Great Mother's fluid expressions. It does not talk about crosses and crucifixions, but about the heart of man and its longings. Soon it will be discovered that April showers have intoxications in them.

April awakens memories everywhere as abundantly as it calls out the new growth. But the Great Mother softens the grey and tearful memories by illuminating them with warm Air. She smiles upon paleness, and bright days give hope and encouragement. Sad memories are washed in influxes of courage, and wails of despair are lost in the vast circulation of life.

May

Everywhere the Great Mother's smiles are full of blessings and promises in May. She makes this month a "merry month" with bird song and exhortations from the newcomers in many a nest. The frogs "sing" or call or croak, which is the technical word? "Singing" is a better term after all, because their voice resounds in simple love of life. Let those who doubt it listen to them on a warm starlit night. Frogs and wild flowers laugh in Springtime and voice the Mother's desire better than cathedrals. If you listen and are humble enough, you can hear the Great Mother's laugh throughout all organic creation and see her vigor in the swelling breasts, full of life's nectar. She indulges her own nature and empties the cup without fear of intoxication. She knows not what intoxication is. She is always a master in balance. Her balance does not mean immobility. In May she swings between joy and tears, ups and downs, and is not partial to either. In the morning she may rush forth with much vigor and fly her banner of hope. In the evening she may feel de-

pressed by the mightiness of her own strength and the greatness of her self-imposed tasks. But in the night she recovers herself.

May and June nights are peculiarly able to restore balance, not only for youths who go out "to find the May dew," but also for the Great Mother herself. The generous warmth of darkness is redemptive. In darkness we go back behind all phenomena and manifestations and can bathe in the abyss. This is a mystery to the uninitiated. Various peoples have expressed their understanding of May in their manners and customs. The Kelts had their Beltein, the Romans their Floralia, and the English their Maypole, and the "bringing home the May," their "going-a-May-ing." The May pole was also known in ancient Mexico. All meant to honor the Great Mother:

"——— the fay rest may'd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around."

In the Zend Avesta the resurrection is typified by the image of a young maiden coming to meet "the pure man." She comes in a sweet-scented wind and is "beautiful, shining, with shining arms, one powerful, well-grown, slender, with large breasts, praiseworthy body; one noble, with brilliant face; one of fifteen years, as fair in her growth as the fairest creatures." The phenomenology of May and the Mother is something like this: Up to May Day the Great Mother is the giant of eld, a mystery to herself. She lives retired and with eyes closed, but she is wonderful in universals. In those days she lives the Inner-Life in a self-concentrated way we men can not realize, nor even find an image for. She will not have us know her secret. When May comes, she shows her temper and she revels in "going out"; she then shows us a many colored garment merely to suggest the soul and to mark the lines of her physiognomy, that we may guess her thoughts and also in the endeavor to penetrate us and create a consciousness of her. Her colors are parallels and correspondences to the laws of our reason. They are one of her many languages, and addressed especially to minds below the line of consciousness, but their theme is the light-sense and they awaken spirituality. Get into the habit of looking upon color as so many

unblinking eyes and my reader shall discover Presences behind these eyes or colors and that they are the Great Mother's initiations. Colors are full of enchantments, but only for the faithful ones. The stones keep their secrets to themselves when the noisy ones are about, and the trees hide their loves that the impure shall not see them. There is no magic in the colors of the moonbeams except to the hands that we keep outstretched towards them. The colors of May answer all quests for the Infinite and they interpret life. The month of May was in ancient times the month of a goddess, *Bona Dea*. *Bona Dea* is not a name, but only a designation of a mysterious deity whose real name was not known, even if she had one. Whatever she was mystically, this is certain, that she was a protective deity of the female sex, a shy and unknowable deity of fertility.

June

If my object were merely to find an expression for the organic life in June, such as I could write in Nature's calendar, I would simply borrow this from the poet:

"Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
And instinct within it that reaches and towers
And, groping blindly within it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives——"

But June is characterized by peculiar human notes. In June and July a great number of people come in personal contact with Nature, which they know nothing about the rest of the year in the peculiar way of the Summer. It is not only the uninstructed

masses which have an awakening to Mother Nature's doings and life, even the scientists and philosophers come under the spell of an undying impulse in humanity. All classes rush into the country, not only to get fresh milk, fruits and good food, but also to clothe the dry bones of reason with fresh ideas. And city folk need it. They know nothing about the immanent deity calling aloud in every color and offering the sacramental wine in every flower cup. They have, perhaps, seen a mountain, but never felt the self-assertive character of one. On a Sunday afternoon they may have crossed a lawn in a park or played croquet on one; but ask them about plains, steppes, prairies and similar wonderful faces of country, and they do not know what you talk about. Their thoughts measure by inches not by miles. None of the city people who stray into the country can say honestly and out of a full heart: O mother Earth, by the bright sky above thee, I love thee, O, I love thee!

What is Nature? What is the call which in June comes to the undying yearnings of the human heart? The call is to be distant with men sometimes, to take interest in other things than mankind's affairs, even when these affairs are of a higher order. Shun the preacher in the Summer time, in June and July. Fall back into Mother Nature's profounder silences. Recover the family connection with stones, trees, and running brooks. They have much to tell about origins; they are full of the sense of the Infinite; they serve in the ministry of Beauty and sing psalms they have heard where the mountains strike roots, and the earth's inner warmth teaches the Great Mother's Bible lessons. In June the Mother withdraws her inspirations from bricks and stone-yards, and suggests savagery. She can be savage herself. The Great Mother starts new developments several times a year, but perhaps none of them are more interesting than the one in June, Summertime. In June we can see the meaning of all her work since Spring. June means accomplishment. In June the Mother also gives lessons in imaginations, Aspirations and ethical earnestness, as in no other season. Away from the city the soul is more sensitive to the larger appeals of Nature. At sunrise there is a widespread religious consciousness in the air, and during the day there is poetry under the shades of the trees. In all there is Aspiration and impulses. June is particularly synonymous to

Motherliness; not so much to gestation and nursing as to loving care, to sympathy and to devotion. In June the Great Mother's care is about the fruit, its protection against injury and its freedom to grow and develop its true character. All disturbing influences check its character and may even destroy. The fruit is as sensitive as nervous children. Adverse conditions sap the strength of both. The gentle winds of the hot days therefore whisper about self-protection. The key to the season's outdoor philosophy is Quietism. Quietism, as the Mother teaches it, means self-trust, privacy, and nourishment, such as generous air and soil may give it. Quietism fosters congeniality and companionship. June Quietism is second birth, awakening to individuality and a sense of our true estate. A look into a full blown rose suggests ideas that connect with that which I said above, about the month of June being synonymous with motherliness and Quietism and distance from men. Those ideas appear also to be the reasons why the rose is dedicated to the Virgin. St. Dominic instituted the devotion of the Rosary with special reference to those ideas.

If Juno were not the goddess of the month, an antique goddess of similar character was it. That seems clear from Ovid. At any rate, the month of June has a feminine character. I call June the month of the Great Mother and can understand why her color is yellow orange.

July

June and July have a double character according to the way we live. In pure subjectivity they are "love and emotions" and "domestic" or as astrology says maternal and active. But objectively July as Summer is apt to be tyrannical. The Great Mother may blind our eyes with too much Light or smite us with an excess of Heat. The dusty roads and the torrid Air almost strangle us; the insects torture us both night and day. The lakes look placid, but they are often only stagnation and numerous watercourses have disappeared. The Air lying still does not mean repose, but rather indifference to life. The face of the Landscape otherwise so eloquent with the Great Mother's emotions, seems untouched like the pyramids and the columns at Abydos, yet the everlasting Sphinx is there. Back of this objectivity such as it appears to the casual observer lies something terrible, "the im-

perious call of the wild." Something we call craftiness is a characteristic of July. The Great Mother allows the arrogant and blustering city man to affront her for awhile. She lets him attempt to cross the desert without a guide and remains deaf to his call for help when he discovers his folly. She may not have a guard ready to save the foolish swimmer beyond his depths or in the tumultuous breakers. Astrologers call July the month of Leo, ferociousness, fire, thunder, etc., and rightly. The month is fiery, fiery with "flaming swords" both within and without, and these are always terrible to the weak, the cowardly and insincere. But they are redemption to the strong. Without intensity no character. Without Summerheat, no ripening of the crops. The Light may blind the eye, but Summerlight reveals trees, for instance in contours which Winter is impotent to produce. It is not because the tree is leafy that it looks differently; it stands forth in an attitude as if it were arguing with the spirit of the Air, protesting and asking for mercy for its youngest Leaves. Trees are more personal in Summer than in Winter. There is much thunder in Summer which means argument, extremes, self-assertiveness. Who rules? Do we or does the Great Mother?

August

August is an open secret; the crops prove the meaning of gestation and growth and vintage brings joy that the child is born. But while there is termination written everywhere, it does not mean finality or end to the Great Mother's activity. On the contrary she is as busy as ever in all her creatures. A walk in the Open will soon show that the Mother has beginnings even in August. The young brood is learning the first lessons in independence. The seamew flies and dives by itself and away from the mother. The woodchuck knows who the mink is and does not stray too far away. The everlasting song of Nature is heard as much as ever, not only in the rude accents of the Mother's human children, but especially on the sea shore, where the screaming multitudes of seabirds have taken up the refrain last heard of in the woods and more sonorously than now. The reflective thoughts of September begin in August. The month invites to retirement, to serenity and contemplation. Contemplation is a beholding rather than thinking in syllogisms. The men-

tal movement comes to us rather than starts with us. The things and their essential qualities force themselves upon us. We do not take them and can not do it, even if we tried. August invites us to such schooling. The open space which lies upon the ocean and which looks upon us from out its immensity has the power to harmonize all dissonances preparatory to contemplation. They seem to stretch out a hand wishing to place us upon the sand ready for the teachings of the Great Mother. In the Autumn we are inclined towards these lessons. We are more sedate than in the Spring. In the Spring we have the quality of rivers and the onrush. In August we like to rest on the lake and prefer the calm and the peace of the wide Air. We fear the heaving deep. The Air is reflective, that is to say, it reflects the Great Mother's will. The reflection is a motion which can not be calculated physically. There is something of the Eternally Ongoing in it, which defies analysis. But it is no uncertainty; it is quite individualistic and definite.

September

September is philosophical.' It invites to sober reflections and to consider what we mean by the month of fruits, by purple and red, by ripeness and profusion. "The goldenrod is still golden" but "the heart of the sunflower is darker and sadder." Is this the case because September means closing of Summer? And yet, perhaps no season shows the Great Mother's Landscapes more serene, especially towards sunset. Is the Landscape or her face so beautiful because "Queen September goeth by" as the poet sings? September is silent, but not somber or sad. There is still music in all echoes. The Great Mother moves slowly and serenely because she is preparing new plans. Upon the atmosphere one may read her mind: "I aspire!" Those who read aright answer her back:

"This world is no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good;
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

October

To speak of Nature is philosophical. To talk of the Great Mother is personal; and, it is theosophical to observe and study

her Dance through the circle of the year. She dances in the round and she leads us in the Dance, though most of us do not know that we are carried around and around, through month and month, year after year, and, at last fall exhausted to the ground—to see again? Yes!, but how?

Watch her, the Great Mother! look at her in October. Just then she looks like a woman of forty-five to fifty or a little beyond and yet she has all the characteristics of the young matron, who has changed her life from restless productivity to balance. She is recovering her physical form and restoring her shape. The Light is not direct and the heat rays are not blazing; they are slanting and less operative. The nights are even cool and spell indifference, silence and solitude. The days are serene though mostly of lovely golden hues. Showers are not needed, yet severe weather comes at times. The change of life creates occasional storms. The Great Mother changes her colors and her dress. The green chlorophyl which was her customary costume during the Summer now disappears by transformation, and the red, purple or brown anthocyan take the place. "October may draw long lines of shadows on the pale cheek, but nutting enlivens the face. Nutting times the heart to celestial melodies. Nutting-time is the opposite of Spring fervor and lust. Nutting means immortality.

November

The harvests are garnered; the fields are bare, barren and murky; the soil is cold and the trees do not drink as freely as before. Everywhere the Great Mother wanders, looking for her lost daughter Proserpine. She herself shivers and the clouds that seem to follow her witness her tears. They are her only companions in sorrow. The ploughman does not sympathize, because he is ignorant about the Autumn mystery. If he understood it, he would not swear at his horses, but would worship. Incessantly the Mother asks of the small creatures that have not yet sought shelter: "Where is that daughter of mine?" Neither the muskrat nor the beaver nor the bear can help her. The bereaved Mother knows that her daughter is in the underworld; but is she happy there? The Mother is feverish. The flush of red on the Leaves that still remain on the branches shows it.

Man calls it "the red fire" "the turning of the leaves"—yes, but they do not know the significance of that color. They are thoughtless and looking for show, like the crowd in the Roman amphitheatre, and always calling for blood. In the turning of the Leaves the Great Mother sheds her blood and her human children decorate their houses with it. What a perversion! Hallowe'en and Hallowmas are not merely a night and a day. They are everywhere where there is no dormancy, where Nature Mother does not keep some other children asleep. She has many mansions and many rooms. She visits them all in November and takes care of all her flock, but she cannot forget that one daughter, Proserpine; hence, where she comes at this season shadows fall before her, and the ignorant call them ghosts. In the month of November her human children have more psychic ability than in any other month, because their animal vigor, lent them for special purposes, is not wasted quite as much as at other times. Lucifer, the Light Bringer, one of her faithful attendants, is always busy in November. In the Spring he teaches how to continue life; in November he is engaged in instructing how to improve it. Hence there is more introspection in November than in the Spring, when we look out and about and not up and in. Consequently, November is a good month to begin the Inner-Life. Most of us have felt the presence of the ancestral self awaken in the Spring. We have then quite often revelled in that uncontrolled and wild self which we have feared and condemned in reasonable moments. But, I think, only few observe that Aboriginal in the Autumn. But she is there, the savage Sakti-Durga! Silently, furtively, she moves in us and the habits of the deer, the squirrel and the wild fowl testify against us in the courts of the spirit. We go hunting. The hunter is nothing but a savage, a carnivorous animal. The hunter is an inverted man; he is a pagan and does not know of a wolf dwelling with lambs, or leopards lying down with kids or young children leading lions. Such a state is impossible, he says. He believes in cunning and blood, and blows his horn to tell the neighborhood that he has disturbed the cosmic order and is proud of it. But he is only an inverted man. He has used his superior possibilities for evil and not for good. November is the hunter's month as I have stated, but these hunters are not

Mother Nature's favorites. They do not hunt as she wishes them to do. They should follow the ways of Orion, who arises at this time and who is the most glorious of the constellations on the Northern Winter sky. This valiant hero fights the raging Taurus, followed by Cetus, the sea monster. He is human intelligence fighting ferocious and demonic forces which have torn themselves loose from the Mother's guiding hand.

Wild Nature, The Early Christians and the Great Mother

By wild Nature I understand such Nature as is unaffected by man and which is by man called useless, confused, terrible, etc., though at the same time often called beautiful and romantic. Spots which man shuns or has shunned in the past, savages feel hold beings, beneficent or maleficent. It would seem that such places could not be loved by man, yet in our own day we talk about love for wild Nature. Love for wild Nature is modern and I see in it a revelation. There has been sporadic cases of love for the wild, and I will mention several. In the past it was an instinct that led men into the wild; an instinct, a perception of Beauty, which was unconscious. It is not before Christianity, but after it had opened human nature to us, that we found that family-likeness and communion which we now may have. Christianity created a special temperament; it exalted the feelings and called man out of himself and his social environment into what appeared "the real world." While the new doctrines emphasized the soul and the value of the soul, they also created a longing for new habitations, for surroundings which give that Freedom the soul longs for, and, that Freedom was found in the Mother's greater temples among the mountains and in the deserts. St. Jerome for instance writes to the monk Heliodorus: "O desert, blooming with Christ's flowers! O Solitude, from which are brought the stones to build the Apocalyptic City of the Great King! O familiar retreat delighting in God! How long will you let the houses press you down? How long will you shut yourself up in the prison of smoky cities? Believe me, I know nothing more brilliant than the light here. Here one lays aside the burden of the body and flies up into the pure and splendid aether."

There is here no special aesthetic expressions, such as we hear them later, but there is that joy which the newborn souls felt in their retreats, and, any one who has a romantic vein and is in an exalted psychic condition knows the Freedom which comes with that joy.

St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, in the third century wrote against "Public Shows" and contrasted them with the shows of Nature, such as sunrise and sunset, the waxing and waning moon, the seasons, the troops of stars, the heavy mass of the Earth balanced by mountains, the rivers and their sources, the seas with their waves and shores, the mere Air, and in the Air the birds, in the Water the fishes, on Earth man. "Let these, I say, and other divine works, be the exhibitions for faithful Christians. What theatre built by hands could be compared with such works as these? Though reared with immense piles of stones the mountain crests are loftier; though the roofs glitter with gold, they will be surpassed by the brightness of the starry firmament."

Even St. Augustine, who perverted so much of the original teachings of Jesus, has enthusiasm for the sea for instance. He had crossed it often and gazed on it from the harbor at Carthage. His immense passions understood Nature's wildness and he probably heard the Great Mother's voice many times, but his turbulent soul was too occupied with his own thoughts to be able to interpret what he heard. Just such men as St. Augustine hold abilities which make it possible for the Mother to reveal herself. But the clock of Nature had not yet struck the hour of day, when he lived. He wrote (in his "City of God," towards the end) about the sea: "so grand a spectacle when it arranges itself as it were in vestures of various colors, now running through every shade of green and then becoming purple or blue!"—"Is it not delightful to look at it in storm?" Back of such joy, even if it is not purely aesthetic, we can feel a call for a Larger World. A similar tendency appeared in Seneca, when he wrote in his essay on "Peace of Mind": "Let us make for Campania: now I am sick of rich cultivation: let us see wild regions; let us tread the passes of Brattici and Lucania; yet amid this wilderness one wants something of Beauty to relieve our pampered eyes after so long dwelling on savage

wastes: let us seek Tarentum with its famous harbor, its mild winter climate, etc." Immediately after he writes "as Lucretius says 'thus every mortal from himself doth flee.' "

It has been shown* that it is remarkable how many of the most famous and sacred religious shrines of Christianity are situated on places which suggest the modern love of the wild.

No doubt the early Christians were still under the old influences and traditions relating to "high places," etc. How could it be otherwise? Conversation changes one's psychology, but not one's learning. From their paganism they carried with them the meaning of high mountains, and their readings in the Old Testament did not change their beliefs. They remembered Sinai, Zion, Hermon and Carmel as well as Mt. Olympus and the numerous other mountains which had been "sacred" ever since primeval times. And about caves they thought like Seneca: "a cave eaten by time in the flank of a mountain fills the soul with the feeling of the existence of a high power" and they remembered Delphi, etc., and all the sacred springs. Being driven out of their contaminated environment by the Spirit of Newness and the Great Mother's silent admonishings, they followed their national and personal habits. The Spanish shrine of Montserrat was a temple before it became a Christian place of worship and was just such a place which Seneca speaks of with horror. Now it is one of the most fascinating spots in Europe and all the horrors of wild beasts and solitude are removed. Sainte-Baume, the cave in a rocky height, was according to legend, the secluded scene of Mary Magdalene's repentance. It is now considered a delightful and romantic spot. So is Rocamadour. It can not be accidental that the ancient Christian ascetics chose solemn and beautiful wild spots for their retreats. To find them and to locate them required almost superhuman endeavors in those days. There must be an aesthetic impulse in Contemplation—and there is! The contemplative order of the Cisterciens in England has left the beautiful ruins of their abbeys in what now seem to us the most exquisite and romantic spots in the land, as at Fountains, at Furness, at Llanthony. But at the time of founding, the places

* Havelock Ellis in "The Contemporary Review."

were horrible wildernesses, infested with wild beasts and they were far remote from men. When Tauler uses such a phrase as "the wilderness of the quiet desert of godhead" it seems evident that he must have spoken under the influence of love for the wild and found in that phrase an expression for his realization of the godhead. The "spirit of wilderness" is a thought often recurring in mystic phraseology. It corresponds to that other of "darkness" of the Deity which has come down from the Areopagite and is a favorite expression used by the most contemplative and quietistic Mystics. There is an element of "wildness" in all asceticism; an unbounded desire to "get away" and "back," "way back" into the Unknown, into that Nature where no hypocrite can go and where the soul meets truth naked and face to face. Ascetics find their passion met when Wildness surrounds them. In their intensity they then become free. They are then alone with the Great Mother, whether they call her so or not. There is a tremendous power in the desert: a Presence not to be denied. When Renan wrote that the desert was monotheistic, he wrote better than he knew, but he had perhaps realized something of the Presence. In the desert Nature holds sway; man is powerless; art and science are helpless. Terror and magnificence rule. Wildness and desolation are normal conditions. Everywhere in the horizon rise forbidding mysteries and clouds of brooding evil threatening the traveler. Images of unknown vitality rise before his vision; they seem to spell to-day as they did in Jesu time "it is written." These images seem to be Mother Nature's Bible and to express the laws she has formed as a result of the life lived in ancient times and in the regions before they became deserts. The laws are fundamentally the same now as they were then, but they act differently.

The Arabs say: "In the desert one forgets everything; one remembers nothing no more." It is the power of Quietism which removes all that which belongs to the insincerity of civilization. For the "no-thing," the desert gives "the thing" in all its strength and truth. Ecclesiastic Christianity does not admit that power in Nature. Only that Christianity which is the Inner-Life does.

The early Christians who sought the Wilderness of the desert or of the mountains sought their places not for aesthetic reasons, though the places in most cases are most aesthetically situated.

They sought for solitude and for "new beginnings" with the Mother. They paid their respects to her by cultivating the ground and building temples to her honor. A lover of Nature can feel that to this day. In spite of all the history that clings to the places, it is still possible to feel the sacredness which clusters to the spot and a Nature-Mystic can have no doubt that the Mother delighted in the place and hence brought her devotees to it, that she there in seclusion might give them the mystic embrace. A Nature-Mystic feels the Presence on such places and his sense of the Infinite is quickened. Rocks and roads, springs and caves give testimonies to the Most High Mother. The valleys still sing for joy and the mountains lift the veil to let us behold Beauty. It seems natural to think that Francis of Assisi got the inspiration for his Hymn to the Sun from his mountain height at Verna, "his Tabor and his Calvary." There is an intimate relation between his asceticism and his feeling for Nature. With the Renaissance much of the early love for wild Nature was lost. Renaissance culture embraces some love for the wild, but that love is not a primary motive in life. Dante and Petrarch have feelings for the Landscape, but their feelings are those of poets, not that of lovers and wild men like hermits, ascetics and builders of monasteries. And so it was in France and England and elsewhere. With Rousseau dawns a new age.

The Landscape and the Great Mother's Face

Much has been written in our day about Nature-feeling and attempts have been made to show how the ancients looked upon the Landscape. It seems to me that all the writers have missed the main point. Did the ancients see the Great Mother's Face in the Landscape? Do moderns see it? Have they discovered that the Landscape

Can give an inward help, can purify
And elevate, and harmonize and soothe.

Are they filled with

The sense
Of majesty and beauty and repose,
A blended holiness of earth and sky?

These two quotations are from Wordsworth.

To him was given
Full many a glimpse of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills.

Wordsworth had something like "a foretaste, a dim earnest." The Great Mother's Face seems to appear when he describes himself as "a portion of the tempest:"

To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time; and reckless of the storm,
. while the mists
Flying, and rainy vapors, call out shapes
And phantoms from the crags and solid earth,
. and while the streams
Descending from the regions of the clouds,
And starting from the hollows of the earth,
More multitudinous every moment, rend
Their way before them—what a joy to roam
An equal among mightiest energies!

The Mother's Face is clearly seen in this Ossianic Landscape. The lines, full of human feeling, are from Fingal;

Morna, most lovely among women,
Why by thyself in the circle of stones,
In hollow of the rock on the hill alone?
Rivers are sounding around thee;
The aged tree is moaning in the wind;
Turmoil is on yonder loch;
Clouds darken round the tops of Cairns;
Thyself art like snow on the hill—
Thy waving hair like mist of Cromla,
Curling upward on the Ben,
'Neath gleaming of the sun from the west;
Thy soft bosom like the white rock
On bank of Brano of white streams.

Poets, preachers and essayists have been quoted on Nature-feelings and I need not repeat. Alexander Humbold and Alfred Biese can furnish any and all quotations needed for popular use.

Modern Nature-Feeling

Strong words these from Edward Irving* especially because they come from so strong a man, a man so full of Bible words and mind:

"Nature is not in a state of ruin—: seeing it is not crumbling, nor unstable, nor covered over with dust of ages, but a fabric firm and orderly, fresh and beautiful, standing to its ancient constitutions, and fulfilling the intentions of its Creator. There is a mighty power, there is an infinite variety, there is an unspeakable grace in all its operations and productions; insomuch that it is ever stealing away the worship and the adoration of men; and hath so charmed the minds of this scientific and tasteful generation, that by thousands, and tens of thousands, they are leaving the worship of Christ for the worship of Nature. And, though doubt there can be none, that in all its parts Nature is underlying the sore and grievous curse which was pronounced upon it after the Fall—yet it is not a decayed or decaying ruin, but a firm and enduring structure, constituted under strong and sure laws, which preserve themselves unbroken until this day.—(Nature) shadows forth the regeneration, the perfect condition of things yet to be, at present believed in, and hereafter to be manifested, which we call spiritual and eternal.—I believe God hath ordained Nature in its present form, and established it according to its present laws, for the single and express purpose of shadowing forth that future perfect condition into which it is to be brought; so that from man down to the lowest creature, and from the animated creation down to the lowest plant, and from the vegetable creation throughout the elemental and inorganic world, everything containeth the presentment of its own future perfection; hath been so constituted by God as to be prophetic thereof; and is bearing a silent witness to the redemption and restitution of all things which is yet to be; is in a state of travail and great sorrow, groaning and wailing till it be de-

* *Miscellanies from the collected writings of Edward Irving, London 1865.*

livered of its immortal birth, in the day of the manifestation of the sons of God. And herein lies the proper meaning of the word 'Nature,' (*natura*, 'about to be born') that it is about to bring forth; not that it is anything, but that it is to become by bearing something.—The idea of the natural world, as being merely the promise of a birth, forms the basis of what is called 'natural religion': which is not, as they define it, to discover a religion distinct from Christianity or revelation, but to show that Nature, or rather the culture of Nature's barrenness and the promotion of her well-being, is really a lower revelation, a preparation for what hath been brought to light by Christ; so that as Paul saith: 'the invisible things of God from the beginning of the world are clearly seen, even His eternal power and Godhead.' This idea also contains the link between all natural sciences and the revelation of our redemption, making Nature the handmaid of grace, and everything venerable in society to serve for the outward court of the Christian temple."

Feeling for Nature or a joy in Nature for Nature's own sake is modern and finds its first typical expression in Rousseau and Goethe or, in Romanticism, speaking in a general way. The feeling is not inborn, but results from spiritual culture and the general expansion that is characteristic of human progression in the Occident. The Orient has remained stationary in this respect. That this feeling is a result of growth has been shown in much recent literature, such as for instance, Alfred Biese's books and the many collateral works it has called forth. *Sakuntala* shows us many beautiful descriptions and many approaches even to our modern ways, but, nevertheless, the background is too metaphysical to allow us to classify it with modern works in which love towards Nature is the dominant note. Homer speaks about Nature only in order to make comparisons to men and men's activities. The Greeks and Romans were city-people and not outdoor men, hence Nature could be no more than a frame around their art and man. Horace loved his garden simply as a delightful resting place, but the sea was to him horror and fear. The old Norse people and the Germans were no city-people but outdoor folks and lived as far as we know in intimate relation with Nature. In this intimacy rooted all naïve feeling for Nature which shows itself with the Minnesingers and came to full flower

in the Middle Ages. Yet in all their references to Nature there is no perspective; only fore-ground, so to say. There is no systematic view nor philosophy. Nor has their Art appropriated their ideas, excepting in Gothic architecture, perhaps. In the Norse Sagas there is but little Nature description and always merely as setting for the story. Njals Saga is a good illustration.

But there is a decided progress from India till the Norse and German Middle Ages. The feelings have been developing; Nature experiences have multiplied and the minds expanded. The effects may be seen in the Renaissance period and in Petrarch and Dante for instance. Aeneas Sylvius, the later pope Pius II, has an open eye for lines in the Landscape and for details. Titian, born in the Alps, seems to have loved Nature in her grandeur and power.

In Rembrandt, Ruisdall and finally Rousseau and Goethe we come to our own day, and, in Wordsworth we get Nature-Worship and the recognition of a family likeness between Nature and Man. These features in the main I will dwell upon on the following pages. These artists and authors are among Nature's poets, prophets and Mystics. The views these men give us are not only the results of cultivated reason but also the outcome of a return to spiritual sense. They are all singers of the glory of the Great Mother. Some of them she has taken into her lap for a caress, some she has kissed. She has guided the hands and stylus of some; others she has directed by her eye. A few she has spoken to.

Modern Individuality and Nature

The modern spirit is unfortunately limitless individuality. It cares little for public spirit and patriotism. However it has related itself to Nature and has created what is called "the modern feeling for Nature." It avoids systems and sighs for Freedom. It finds a companion in Nature and can with Ausonius cry out: "Rocks give answer to the speech of man, and his words striking against the caves resound, and from the groves comes the echo of his voice. The cliffs of the coast cry out, the rivers murmur, the hedge hums with the bees that feed upon it, the reedy banks have their own harmonious notes, the foliage of the pine talks in

trembling whispers to the wind: Nature has made nothing dumb." How much this sounds like our own Whitcomb Riley's

"There is a song everywhere," etc.

Nature-Worship*

It is easy to see how a reverential attitude to Nature would rise. Take for instance this illustration. By accident or purpose primitive man dropped a few seeds in the soil. After awhile the seeds sprouted and in course of time the plant which arose out of one single seed sprouts out again and with many seeds, say for instance, a wheat corn with its manifold increase on the new plant. A marvel has come to pass! Whence these many seeds and the consequent riches? Who did it? How can it be discovered? Why did it happen? These and numerous similar questions must have arisen in the mind of the primitive man and they arise now where there is intelligence. They remained unanswered to him and they remain unanswered to-day. They are a mystery, a Nature-Mystery. But they call out wonderment, awe and reverence. They illustrate Nature-Mysticism. Similarly the primitive man was puzzled to find his hearth Fire similar to the relentless sun and that the wind blowing in one direction could drive his skiff in either of two opposite directions or across the river. And where did the river come from and what is that Something he called Water; the primitive man saw it not only in the river but saw it fall down from the Air. The Air itself, or, space as it appeared to be; what was that and what did it say when the wind spoke? While he wondered at all this mobility, he himself rested on something that seemed solid and which was the meeting point of all the other phenomena. The Earth seemed even more mysterious than the other forces. Wonder and fear everywhere! The elements became his teachers, thought he did not realize it. He was overwhelmed. His teaching did not make him a philosopher and a free man. It made him what we call religious or reverential. It created Inner-Life out of Outer-Life and the two became one in a mystery. Nature-Worship is a life in two worlds at the same time: an outer world and an inner world.

* Only modern Nature-feeling could have created such a poem as Whittier's "Nature Worship." (See my comment on it in my "The Inner-Life and the Tao-Teh-King.")

"Two worlds are ours—
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky."

Nature-Worship cultivates "the invisible things of God from the creation of the world (and they are) clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." And how natural it is! "Our northern natures can hardly comprehend how the sun and the moon and the stars were imaged in the heart of a Peruvian, and dwelt there; how the changes in these luminaries were combined with all his feelings and his fortunes; how the dawn was hope to him; how the fierce midday brightness was power to him; how the declining sun was death to him; nay, more, how the sun, the moon and the stars were his personal friends, as well as his deities; how he held communion with them and thought that they regarded his every act and word; how in his solitude, he fondly imagined that they sympathized with him; and how with outstretched arms he appealed to them against their own unkindness or against the injustice of his fellow-men."*

How natural is not the following invocation:

Ye deities! who fields and plains protect,
Who rule the seasons, and the year direct,
Ye fauns—
Ye nymphs that haunt the mountains and the plains
Bring your needful succor.
Leave, for a while, O Pan! thy loved abode,
You who supply the ground with seeds of grain,
And you, who swell those seeds with kindly rain,
Be ye propitious
. hear and grant our prayers.**

Nature-Worship becomes a natural act the moment the Nature-Mystic realizes that "the world is a Man, and Man is a world,"—that, "the world is an idea of the self existing,"—that, "the earth is all enchanted ground"—and especially this,

* Help's "Spanish Conquest of America."

** Virgil Georgies I.

that "the world is not and can not be separated from the sum of the substance of the mighty Goddess, the Great Mother. Nature is visible mind and mind is invisible Nature, hence the mystic mind readily sees the personality of these features and phenomena which are nothing but stupid facts to the ordinary mind. Nature is not symbolical but a real fact; not an illusion or suggestion, but all that which we realize and much more. Nature is not Maya or "mere appearance" and does not "stand for" something else. Nature is a life to be lived; a power that influences us, even a secret to be discovered. The Pagans, so-called, realized all this and even more keenly than we do and their poets expressed their experiences for them, not, however, in personifications, but in real poetic presentations; presentations which were meant for prophetic images and religious incarnations. And these presentations had the power of life and have it still. The Gods of the ancients are the Ideas of Plato and the forces of Nature as science knows them. The Pagans, so-called, and the true man of to-day feel the Humanity of these gods, ideas or forces and both are as ready to-day as ever to worship. They know the truth of the statement of the Gita that "this world is not for him who does not worship." Those who have lost the power of worship face the gods as demons, as opposites in existence, as forces working contrary to their interests. They suffer and do not know why.

Being, The Great Mother

The god of Nature-Worship is primarily all that which lies in the Greek *νέστωρ*, the Ground and Power of Existence. Next, that god is the worldordering Thought, reconciling the world to itself. In Nature-Worship both forms are found. The latter form, I have called the Personal and described as the Presence.

Visions of the Great Mother

In an address before the American Social Science Association, which met at Saratoga in 1883, P. C. Mozoomdar said, answering the question: What is Hinduism?—"It is a deep appreciation and insight into Nature. You have heard of the natural scenery of India, the mountains, the rivers, the great for-

ests, in the midst of which the hermits and sages lived. Amid this scenery the Hindu gained an insight into natural forces. He penetrated into the life and soul of the universe. When he awoke in the mysterious dawn, he saw in the twilight the form of a mysterious person, and he called that person God. When the luminary of the day arose, the sun conveyed to him strange suggestions of another power, an eternal effulgence, which he called God. When he looked on the blue skies, he invested them with divinity. Thus, living in Nature, the Hindu lived in God. Superficial observers have accused our fathers of Nature-Worship, of idolatry. When the sun was addressed as Thou, there was a Sun within the sun that was addressed. When the heaven was addressed, the prophet spoke to the Lord of the heavens. They did not worship the forces as such, but as representations of an invariable reality. Lights and shades, dawns and births and deaths, all presented to them a great fact, a soul behind all souls, Brahm."

This enthusiastic outburst also explains what Nature-Worship is and should remove all stigmas of superstition, etc. Those who rest in "revelation" lose the power of it, if they persist in denying the truth in Nature-Worship, the Mystic soul of things can not be theirs.

Nature, or the Great Mother in Sufism*

A Persian proverb says: "He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of Love and Thought." Love and Thought, i. e., heart and mind, will reach the Mother before the dull intellect has begun to consider the question. Love and Thought know that "the heavens declare the glory of God," that "day uttereth speech unto day," and that "the night showeth knowledge unto night." Heart and mind shall see the "table of Her bounty spread far and near." With the Mystics, they shall be "immersed in the ocean of vision" and behold "the form of Her beauty." These quotations are drawn from poets and prophets of Moslem and the Law, but they are Sufi in character. We might as well have found them in the *Gulshan I Raz*, or in the *Mesnevi*, or written by Attar. In one word

* Compare my article in The Metaphysical Magazine, April 1895.

they embody this sentence of the Desatir: (The world is) "like a radiation, which is not and can not be separated from the sun of the substance of the almighty God! the Great Mother." The same thought is also given in this anecdote: "Nánác, the Persian, lay on the ground, absorbed in devotion, with his feet towards Mecca. A Moslem priest, seeing him, cried: 'Base infidel! how dar'st thou turn thy feet toward the house of Allah?' Nánác answered 'And thou—turn them if thou canst toward any spot where the awful house of God is not.' " The Sufi preacher tells us this story to prove that Nánác was the true worshipper, and he might have added, in perfect accord with his philosophy: "He is a man of high understanding and noble aspirations who recognizes the Divine in the smallest things of the world:" a Nature-Worshipper.

If we study Nature in such a spirit we are Sufis, and our philosophy has become religion. The Great Mother is the subject of both philosophy and religion. True philosophy, as John Scotus Erigena said, is true religion; and true religion is true philosophy. The Sufi philosophy of the Great Mother is also expressed in this parable told by a sage fish to some fishes who wanted to know what water was:

"O ye who seek to solve the knot!
Ye live in God, yet know Him not.
Ye sit upon the river's brink,
Yet crave in vain a drop to drink.
Ye dwell beside a countless store,
Yet perish hungry at the door."

The key to all these Sufi words is this thought, that Nature is instinct with Divine life; that there is an "impress of the face of the Divine Mother upon the atoms of creation;" that Nature is no false similitude, nor crumbling and unstable and covered with the dust of ages, but a fabric firm and orderly, fresh and beautiful, standing to her ancient constitution and fulfilling the intentions of the Being who is the Soul thereof. More than that, Sufism sees in Nature a shadow of the coming regeneration, the perfect condition of things, which the human mind and heart long for. The Sufis are wiser than we. They keep constantly

before their eyes the fact that Nature is "nothing" finished, but a constant Becoming (*nascor*, to be born), a revelation of the self-unfolding and self-manifesting Great Mother. Most Western students of Nature might follow this method; they would then be, as the Chinese Buddhists say, "like a man who takes a lighted torch into a dark house; the darkness is dissipated, and there is light." Who can not read the Mother's heart in the following from Jellalladin:

I am the whispering of the leaves, the booming of the wave;
I am the morning's joyous gleam, the evening's darksome pall;
I am the tongue and all it tells; Silence I am, and thought;
I am the sparkle in the flint, the gold-gleam in the ore,
Breath in the flute, the soul in man; the preciousness in all.

What do these words mean? They describe to us the transformation in time and space of our Great Mother. She in the garb of Nature is continually "dying," as we call it, only to live again. Between these two, Death and Life, the Great Mother assumes innumerable different forms, remaining, however, essentially the same. Death is to Nature a condition of existence as much as Life is. Either of them, and all that lies between them, are only transformations of one and the same power. Behind these transformations Nature hides her secrets of growth, preparatory for other and higher degrees of existence. When she has completed one round of life, she leaps to another; but in all her transmutations "she seeks herself, she conserves her own energy," which proves her essence. Thoughts like these lay hidden in the verses of the Sufi poet above quoted. He threw his whole personality into his study, his philosophy, his religion; hence his vision. We must, according to him, become one with Nature if we will penetrate to the Great Mother. We must be strong, for she accepts no half-hearted lover. But only the pure are strong. The words of the lamented Professor E. H. Palmer are apropos here:

"Steering a mid-course between the pantheism of India on the one hand, and the deism of the Koran on the other, the Sufi cult is the religion of Beauty, where heavenly perfection is considered under the imperfect type of earthly loveliness. Their principal

writers are the lyric poets, whose aim is to elevate mankind to the contemplation of spiritual things, through the medium of their most impressionable feelings."

Sufism has been called Mohammedan Theosophy. It is a grand philosophy of the Mother. Its chief centre is Persia, but many Sufis are found in Egypt. It is difficult to state definitely who was the founder of Sufism. Like Neo-Platonism and most forms of Mysticism, its principles are inherent in man. Derwishes are Sufi initiates and prophets. The word Sufi is derived from the Arabic word *súf*, wool, in allusion to the dress adopted by the Derwishes.*

A Hindu Religious Enthusiast on Nature**

Many an Hindu has felt the Great Mother and knew what her Presence means, but few have been able to express themselves so that we of the Occident find pleasure in listening to them. Mozoomdar is a glorious exception. I have gathered some of his enthusiastic thoughts below. "The earliest process of divine inspiration is through Nature's medium. The later, fuller, higher revelation of the Spirit does not exclude Nature or supplant it, but discovers in it greater lustre, a deeper mine of spiritual analogy. When man's mind interprets Nature, the result is poetry, science, art. When God's Spirit interprets it, the result is prophesies and Scriptures. When Nature loses its inspiring power, humanity ceases to inspire, the Scriptures become dry records or mere moral stimulants, even the correspondence with the Indweller becomes every day fainter; spiritual death is the effect sooner or later. Every seeker of God must therefore retire at times into solitude within Nature's sanctuaries, that the Spirit of God may there speak to him through symbols which his own breath has called into being."—"The divine significance of Nature is as old as the religious records of the most ancient races,—nay, older; for it was there before man's faith and reverence could be embodied in any sacred writing at all. But the modern priest

* Most of the above is from an article by myself in the *Metaphysical Magazine*. If my reader wishes to know more about Sufism, he is referred to the articles on Sufism in the *International Encyclopedia*, *The Cyclopedia Americana* and *Concise Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge*; they are all by me. Elsewhere I have also spoken about Sufism for instance in my "Sufi-Interpretation of Fitzgerald and Omar Khayyam."

** P. C. Mozoomdar: *The Spirit of God: The Spirit in Nature*. Boston, 1894.

of Nature is simply 'disturbed with the joy of elevated thoughts,' " —"In the prophetic age the passion for Nature was a fierce, wild insight, a sort of periodic madness, in the fever of which things laid bare their innermost meaning. A flight of birds, or a gust of wind, the flower of the valley or the veil of night, 'dark daughter of day,' or the light of dawn that 'wipes away darkness like a debt,' suddenly recalled to the seers memories, responses, combinations, continuities, likenesses, which slumber in us all as strangely overlooked or half forgotten things of some by-gone birth.—Our conceits and calculations have expelled the Spirit from what the Spirit has made; and in the throne of Providence speculation reigns and terrorizes.—Nature is a universal blank, or a stimulant of mild poetry. It inspires, at best, landscape-painting in colors or in words, if it inspires anything at all above prospecting for mines, enactment of forest laws, and the practice of sportsmanship. Be it so to the scientific Occidental, if it must. To us Eastern men the mystic ministry of the old Mother continues. She is still the grand apparition, instinct with living fires of actual God-presence, still the oracle that often resolves the perplexities of faith and conduct. The mountain is holy ground which recalls the associations of a thousand years, and awakes in the soul the spiritual raptures of revered ancestors. The ancient sanctuary still holds its presiding Deity, to whom every devout Aryan must make his pilgrimage. 'Creation's cup sparkles with the heavenly wine' in which the Persian Poet 'saw melted his rosary and all the holy names around it.' "

"And are we to look upon Nature as a vanity, as a delusion, and a snare? Or must we look upon her face with wondering eyes, full of the light of love and trust, as the child looks upon the face of its mother for the first smile of imperishable love and the first lesson of unerring wisdom?"

"This bright, marvelous, mysterious, haunted universe has no message for religion? The clouds still gather on Sinai, and the blooming bush at sunset burns with an unconsuming fire; but there is no Moses to approach them with reverent feet. The Voice, ('I am that I am') is silent forever. The rose-tree flowers in Shiraz, and the nightingale sings its wakeful song; but

there is no Hafiz, intoxicated with the wine of divine love, to behold the face of the Beloved. The abodes of snow on the Himalaya are holy, but deserted. In the dark, empty forests the Aranyaks are no longer uttered, our vast rivers roll in solitude, the lips of the Rishi are silent, the voices of devotee has died away. The world is losing faith, first in God's creation, and then in God."—

"The Hindu doctrine of Maiya, or 'illusion,' does not mean that the objective universe is a dream, but that it is a disguise: it veils the Spiritual Being who pervades all things, and men are so far deluded as to believe that nothing exists except that which meets the senses."

Mythology and the Great Mother

Let it be understood at the outset that the ancient people and their poets did not believe in the many separate gods, which our mythologists tell us about. That individual persons mistook manifestations for the Great God was no doubt the case, but that does not change the fact, that the ancients worshipped a Supreme God and that they gave personal names to that Deity's manifestations, such as for instance, Zeus-Jupiter to the heavens and at times also to the "power" of the heavens; Juno to the Upper Air; Demeter-Ceres to corn, etc. When I therefore in the following speak of gods and goddesses, I speak of them as manifestations of the one supreme power and the Supreme I call the Great Mother. By treating the subject that way I am in accord with the best modern judgments in the study of religion.

They talk about being Christians. I would like to see a Christian. Has there been any since Jesus? All are really heathens. And it is well that it is so. Heathenism is the Path to the Christ. When we become Christians we are taken away from this phenomenal world and sat in a larger place.

All Nature-Mystics cry with Wordsworth:

Great God! I'd rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

They need not be ashamed of mythology. Mythology is a form of intuition and mystic insight; it is both science, poetry and philosophy and guided mankind along before these arose. Mythology spoke in personal terms; modern learning is impersonal, abstract and distant. Mythology was a joy of life:

O fancy, what an age was that for song!
That age, when not by laws inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses held;
But element and orb on acts did wait
Of Powers endued with visible form instinct,
With will, and to their work by passion linked.

But moderns have lost the sense for mythology. The modern state is as described by Wordsworth, thus:

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—

The Great Mother is of course herself the primary object of mythology or the story of the Gods. She is called by many names as for instance

The Great Mother, the Myrionymus*

According to Mariette Bey, Isis was worshipped three thousand years before Moses. In India she was called Sacti; in Greece, Rhea, Demeter, Cybele, Hecate, etc. She is the Ishtar of Nineveh, the Astarte of Babylon, the Frigga of the Norsemen and Saxons, the Isa or Disa of the Teutons, the Mylitta of

* Compare my article in *The Metaphysical Magazine*, February, 1895.

Phoenicia, the Semele of Boeotia, the Maja of Thracia, and the Idæa of Creta. Everywhere she is the *Good Mother—bona dea*. She is styled "Our Lady," "Queen of Heaven," "Rose," "Star of the Sea," "Governess," "Earth Mother," "Tower," "Savior of Souls," "Intercessor," and "Immaculate Virgin," etc. Why should we call this absurd? A man of our own day, Earnest Renan, addressed her upon the Acropolis, thus:

"Thou alone art young, O Koré; thou alone art pure, O Virgin; thou alone art holy, O Hygeia; thou alone art strong, O Victory. The cities, thou watchest over them, O Promachos; thou hast enough of Mars, Area; peace is thy goal, O Pacific. Legislatress, source of just constitutions; Democracy, thou whose fundamental dogma is that all good comes from the people, and that, where there is no people to cherish and inspire genius, there is naught; teach us to extract the diamond from the impure mob. O Ergané, Providence of Jupiter, divine worker, mother of every industry, protectress of toil, thou art the nobility of the civilized laborer, and settest him so far above the indolent Scythian; Wisdom, thou to whom Zeus, after taking deep thought, after drawing a long breath, gave birth; thou who dwellest in thy father, wholly one with him in essence; thou who art his consort and his conscience; Energy of Zeus, spark that kindlest and maintainest the fire of heroes and men of genius, make thou us rich in spiritual gifts!" Let us not be ashamed of such prose dithyrambic expressions. If we understand the gods and their meaning, "they will lift us beyond mere existence."

Every Egyptian maiden told her love to Isis. Every mother found sympathy in Isis. Theodore Parker struck the chord of human sympathy when he addressed the Deity as "Mother." According to Plato she "feeds and receives all things." She was called *Myrionymus*, "having ten thousand names." She said of herself, according to Apuleius: "I am Nature, the mother of all things, the mistress of the elements, the beginning of the ages, the sovereign of the gods, the queen of the dead, the first of the heavenly natures, the uniform face of the gods and goddesses. It is I who govern the luminous firmament of heaven, the salutary breezes of the seas, the horrid silence of Hades, with a nod. My divinity, also, which is multiform, is honored with

different ceremonies, and under different names—." On her statue stood engraved: "I am all that has been, and is, and shall be, and my peplum no mortal has uncovered." Apuleius is undoubtedly right when he says: "Isis and Osiris are really one and the same divine power, though their rites and ceremonies are very different." Montfaucon truly said: "The Egyptians reduced everything to Isis." Isis was the Egyptian name for the Great Mother.

In this conception of Isis there are yet all the characteristics of the Eastern mode of thinking, which is not philosophical, but religious. It lives and moves in Unity; it draws its existence from Nature in a spirit of passive resignation. The human mind in ante-Hellenic and ante-Christian times rested in an unreflecting belief in its own harmony and in its oneness with Nature. This is its glory and strength. For that reason it knows intuitively more than the West. But it is also less able to express its knowledge. It is not philosophical as I have said. To philosophize is to reflect, to examine things in relationship and in thought. Religion, on the other hand, is active, ethical, and meditative, i. e., keeps itself in the Universal. Cybeles' name Maia or Ma has been connected with Maya from Mexico. Maya is supposed to mean "Mother of the Waters" or "the teats of the waters, Ma-y-a, she of the four hundred breasts." Brasseur explains this derivation from the fact that the soil of the country is honey-combed and just below the surface there exist innumerable and immense caves from which water issues.

Mother Goddesses

Mother goddesses, matrons, *deae matres* were goddesses, of which we know comparatively little, among the Celts and Germans of the Roman provinces. Scholarship can not yet settle whether such Mother goddesses were universal. They probably were. *Matres* or *Matronae* were cultivated in many places. They are known to us only from inscriptions and monuments. About 400 inscriptions are known. Roach-Smith holds that *matronae* represent the feminine principle in Nature, with maternity and offspring, while *matres* presided over the fruits of the earth and private and public business. It does not seem that antiquity knew of two cults, though they may have had common

origin. Mother goddesses apparently were conceived in triads and this has given rise to the idea that they are the *parcae*. There is no ancient literary treatment of the mother-goddesses known. But it seems that they were local and friendly divinities, primarily. And that persons of low rank cultivated them. It does not appear that the higher classes did. Fairies may correspond to *matres*. Aditi, Addity, was a goddess of the Rig-Veda. The word is composed of a negative and *dita*, bound, viz. means the unbound or infinite being. She is the mother of the Adityas.* The word *aditi* is also used descriptively of many masculine gods and in such cases translated eternal, endless, limitless, without limit, independent, inexhaustible, fluent, whole, free, and similar terms; all for short meaning "without end" and always of religious signification and great import. Aditi is the lovely, the graceful, the friend of man, always beautifully giving; she is also the one who can not be attacked (*anarvā*) and the one who can defend; who has a large place which can hold many; whose power is far reaching and never deceitful. But in all these terms she is no more specialized than many other gods. It is especially as mother that she is remarkable, and it is strange that a god so masculine as Agni (Fire) often carries the feminine name Aditi. Aditi may mean "personification of the imperishable daylight," also Nature's rejuvenescence, also eternally young, always liberal, full of life, the source of life, etc. But such terms as these must not be supposed to lessen the first and primary idea that she is a living person, the Great Mother. Aditi is also the wife of Vishnu but in the Ramayana she is the mother of Vishnu by Kasyapa, the sun in fertilizing form. Aditi is also called "the mother of the world" and of Indra. She was incarnated as Devaki mother of Krishna.**

The Ancient Deities and the Great Mother

The further we go back in mythology, the more forms we find of the Great Mother. The ancients lived in communion with

* The Rig Veda mentions as many as 8 among them. Varuna, the great master of life and death, also Mitra, Savitar and Surya.

In later times there were 12, viz. the 12 months of the year.

** In a footnote (page 145 of "Natural Religion") Max Muller explains that *aditi* does not mean the Infinite as a result of a long process of abstract reasoning, but the *visible Infinite*, visible by the naked eye, the endless expanse beyond the earth, beyond the clouds, beyond the sky; a very realistic presentation of the Great Mother.

her directly and not indirectly in her works. And they understood as children understand their mother, and they did not care for clear definite shapes. She was too big to be enclosed in intellectual caskets. The tribe of poets had not arisen. As illustrations, I now mention a series of ancient Greek female deities all of indefinite shape, but most universal in character and expressing numerous aspects of the Great Mother.

Chaos was the Great Mother or the seed of all: the great womb out of which came both the passive and active powers, both substance and subject. Chaos was selfactive and emanated all. Chaos was intelligence and not, as erroneously thought by some, confusion.

Earth or *terra* was the Greek Mother's substantial form. Eros was her form as subject and her formative method personified. Some mythologists thought that Eros existed before all generations. That idea seems to suggest that the Great Mother was ever and always creating and producing. No wonder that she is worshipped everywhere in this aspect.

Erebus or Night is the Mother's tremendous breath of darkness sent over her works for her own purposes and as it seems to hide some of her ways of doing. By night she covers her Order, Figure, Succession and Retention. Theology calls these attributes Providence. Mystics call them Contemplation, because the Great Mother reveals them in our dreams, and dreams are contemplative, viz., ways of beholding. In Night the Great Mother also covers what man calls deceit, malice, trouble and hunger, war, duplicity, perjury, qualities which he dares not openly charge to the Mother. Some day men will return to Night as to a greater god than the Day. At that time man shall be happier than now. Poets now dream of and imagine the gardens of the Hesperides, and place there the happy land of the Great Mother, a mythological Paradise.

Death or *Mors* is another equally mysterious side of the Mother's Ways. By Death she balances all her acts and their consequences. It is a grand restoration of equilibrium. The seed dies to live. The evil ones fear death and dress in black clothes at her approach. Innocence wraps itself in white. When the Mother is less radical, she acts as sleep and by dreams. The

artists know the Great Mother in her capacity as Death under the form of a beautiful boy with or without wings.

Somnus or Morpheus is that form of sleep which quiets the passions. The artists expressed it by letting him rest his head on a lion and allowing a lizard at his feet and the poets tell us that Somnus gives prophetic dreams.

Nymphs are the expressions of the Great Mother's nursing qualities. They are "young maidens" representing the benevolent qualities of Nature, such as are found in some hills, forests, meadows and springs. They are called Niads in springs, Oreads on hills, Dryads or Hamadryads in trees. They all infuse fruitfulness, health or other good qualities to the places they occupy. Health and inspiration comes from them and when man has a distant realization of peculiar helpfulness, in certain places, he may be sure of the Great Mother's presence there. Nymphs may be called the spirits of the place they inhabit and man must be careful how he deals with them. In the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius, Phineas thus explains to the heroes the cause of the poverty of Peraebios:

But he was paying the penalty laid on
His father's crime; for one time cutting trees
Alone among the hills, he spurned the prayer
Of the Hamadryas Nymphs, who, weeping sore,
With earnest words besought him not to cut
The trunk of an old oak tree, which, with herself
Coëval, had endured for many a year.
But, in the pride of youth, he foolishly
Cut it, and to him and his race the Nymph
Gave ever after a lot profitless.

It is not only on account of Nymphs that rivers may give us the impression of the Great Mother's presence. Many rivers and fountains are directly associated with her. Most rivers are feminine. Nymphæ means prophesy or a peculiar divine virtue pertaining to femininity, and the feminine ready receptivity of the divine afflatus. Oracles existed which were called Nymphæ. The Python-Apollo oracle at Delphi was called Delphus, the womb. The Pythoness derived her mystical gift from inhaling

the exhilarating gas from a fissure in the ground called *cunnius diaboli*. Orpheus' interpretations were derived from the same source. Suidas informs us that the mother of Zeus was called Nympha by the Athenians, in other words Zeus was not self originated, but born. His mother was a form of the Great Mother. It is commonly understood that the vulgar neither can or dare go where the Nymphs dwell. Only artists and poets and those inspired are admitted. Warbling brooks, the sacred gloom of forests and the secrecy of the "firmly-rooted" mountains destroy the irreverend.

Styx was a celebrated river of Hades flowing nine times around it; nine is the number of gestation of man. An oath is sworn by the solemnity of the course of a soul through the Mother on the way to existence on earth. Even the gods swear by Styx.

Hecate's power extended throughout the universe. She is incarnated magic and is called Luna in heaven, Diana or Artemis on earth and Proserpine in Hades. Almost any and all powers of the Great Mother are personified in Hecate which explains why she was invoked at all sacrifices and offerings. In many aspects she is Night, not night as a physical phenomenon, but Mystery. She is the Occult and the power which the Great Mother gives to favorite enchanters and enchantresses. She haunts crossways and graves in company with spirits and spectres. Offerings are made to her at those places. All kinds of crossings are "occult," because two or more powers meet there and either mingle or struggle everlastingly. Usually death lingers at crossings. Railroad accidents ought to assure moderns about that. Hecate is not handsome; on the contrary she is fearful, being represented by three statues standing back and back, one having a dog's head, one that of a horse and the third that of a woman, representing respectively beastliness, cleverness and enchantment. The dog is the only animal that will turn and eat its own excrements. Hecate eats dead matter as well as living.

A genuine old trait shows how mankind from early days realized the Great Mother's Presence in or with their own person. The trait is belief in genius.

Genius was "a great unknown"; a godly personification of a man himself. Women had their Junos in the same way. Man

recognizing his genius, shows his realization of his bisexual character and his willingness to recognize his inner and unseen character as the highest in him and which he was willing or even anxious to obey. The word genius probably means *generator*; if so, the respect for genius is explained. A genius may be male or female, but is usually thought of as of no sex or rather bisexual and therefore naturally a clear type of the Great Mother. A genius is by Plato for instance called a Daemon. As house protectors they were called *penates* and were originally gods; they were also called *lares* and were originally human beings.

Horace is the name of the Great Mother considered as the mover of all things; the time dancing away with man, but guiding and guarding him if he will. They represent equity.

The Graces or Charites are the charms which surround Aphrodite when the Great Mother smiles fragrance and incense.

The Muses are very ancient deities of music, song and dance and special forms of the Great Mother when she enters the halls of man and wants to bestow poetic wisdom on him and teach him to write his own history, a history not paralleled by any of her actions in the Open or the Universal. The Muses loved Mt. Helicon, the opposite of Cithaeron, inhabited by the Furies.

Both Greek and Hebrew Mythology give us an insight into many mysteries relating to the Great Mother. Here is one aspect.

Mt. Helicon is in Boetia and was the haunt of the Muses; here flowed the sacred spring of Aganippe around which the Muses danced and the clear source of Hippocrene in which they bathed. The whole mountain was celebrated for its fresh rills, cool groves and flowery slopes.

Mt. Citharon is also in Boetia but on the opposite side and separating it from Attica. Here the Erinnyes yelled and the wildest Bacchanalian orgies took place. It was a savage, cold, gloomy and inhospitable mountain. Here an infuriate troop of women tore Pentheus, the Theban king, to pieces. Here Actaeon was devoured by his own dogs set upon him by Diana because he had seen her in the bath. Here the luckless Oedipus had been exposed by the order of his father. Here the terrible Sphragitian Nymphs inspired a visitor with frenzy, etc.

The two mountains encircling Boetia symbolized to the Greeks respectively the pastoral life and tragedy; on one side culture and refinement; on the other the savage passions, etc., the double nature of our emotions.

In Palestine there are two similar mountains: Gerizim and Ebal. Also here has the mythological mind found expressions in a sort of kindergarten language for its intuitions about the Presence of the Mother. And the character of the expression is strictly Hebrew.

Mt. Gerizim lies in Ephraim and from it were pronounced the blessings. The record is this. Six tribes were placed on Gerizim and six on Ebal, opposite. And the ark probably in the valley between them and Joshua read the blessings and cursings successively. The Levites on either side re-echoed them and the people responded "Amen!" This is recorded in Deut. xi: 1-15 and Joshua viii: 33-35.

Mt. Gerizim was full of cities and natural beauty and rich in Nature bounties. Mt. Ebal was bare and rocky. They almost meet at their bases, but are about a mile apart at their summits. Ebal is to the north; Gerizim to the south. The human voice can be heard distinctly from the top of one mountain to the other and in the valley between. The site of Joshua's altar is supposed to have been where now is "the monument of faith" on top of Ebal and the Kabbalistic mysteries of the whole subject confirm the supposition.

Not only do these two mountains respectively of Greece and Palestine illustrate the double nature of our emotional life such as Kabbalism understands the Eternal Mother, but they are also cosmological signs for certain physiological conditions, such as antiquity loved to find them in Nature. To the Mystic these opposite mountains speak what Walt Whitman calls "the right voice."*

To revert to the Graces.

The Great Mother's manifoldness is also illustrated by the Graces. The Graces are the central power of gracefulness in Nature and the human form. The Graces are art forms and synonyms of slenderness, that kind of slenderness which means

* See my "The Inner-Life and the Tao-Teh-King," second chapter.

strength so completely under control that it makes perfection. The best Greek statuary shows it by giving the figure an impulsive movement, yet leaving it at the same time at perfect rest. Praxiteles's Hermes has that kind of gracefulness in masculine form. Gracefulness such as the Mother shows it so often, if we are attentive, can be seen in the drapery of the figures on the pediment of the Parthenon. A loose drapery can hardly ever fall otherwise than gracefully after the forms and the shape of the body. Even if this is not perfect, the Great Mother always tries to call attention by means of it to her language of beauty. To be graceful when nude is a most exalted virtue, but rare. The Graces are rarely nude. Said Pausanias: "I do not know who was the first person to represent the Graces nude either in sculpture or painting, for in olden times both painters and sculptors represented them draped." And why draped? For the reason of correspondence. As already said, it is an extremely rare gift to be graceful without garment. Gracefulness lies in the folds of the garment and the motion behind it, but separate they represent something else.

"These three (the Graces) on men all gracious gifts bestow," and they are named Aglaia or Splendor; she infuses art. Thalia or Bloom throbs in true religion. Euphrosyne or Joy is the mystery of our union with God.

Hebe was youth incarnated. She is the Great Mother freeing a man from the chains and bonds of irrationality, conventionality and illusions. She pours out the Elixir of Life and is naturally associated with Minerva. Roman youths offered prayer to her when they put on the *toga virilis*.

Flora and Pomona are the Great Mother's forms when she manifests herself in flowers and fruits. They are luck; and so are Victoria, Fortuna, Fortitudo, Veritas, Pax, Fidelitas and Amicitia. All these forms are personifications of the Great Mother's work in civil life. They are as old as civil life and their existence proves how universal was the worship of the Great Mother in ancient days. To mention them now is to prove them as unknown gods, for I fear that few of my readers know of them and I am sure still fewer, if any, worship them.

The Sybils were the views of the Great Mother as prophetess.

The word is Doric and means "the will of the god." They are mentioned as dwelling at Troy, in Ionia, on Samos, at Delphi and at Cumæ. The most famous was the Erythraean, often identified with the Cumæan. The Erinnyes or Fatal Sisters are goddesses of light and types of the Great Mother in her fatal determinations. The Great Mother will not stand any transgressions of her natural order. Without mercy as Allecto "she who rests not," as Tisiphone, the "avenger of murder" and as Megaera, "the jealous one" she avenges herself. She wants "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." But her three forms are "honorable" and "kind"; they are not arbitrary. The Roman Furies are mere adaptations of the Greek Erinnyes, and Aeschylus' Gorgons are poetic fancies.

The Erinnyes are the mystic types of life's laws of necessity or the Great Mother's inflexible will, a will which must be obeyed because it expresses the good and the best for all concerned. The heroes and the gods are especially subject to the Erinnyes, because they are the Great Mother's special messengers and workmen in the world among men. It is only in struggle that they are perfected and their pain is a result of acts they commit and must commit. Phoebos must kill Kyklopes and himself atone for the murder. Alkestis must die, if her husband is to live. Heracles must become a slave to one weaker than himself. Perseus must unwittingly do harm to others and be punished by insanity, etc. All these acts are acts of the Great Mother, done at her command—and punished by her. Injustice? No, Man cannot understand her ways. Those who are wise among the ancients called the Erinnyes Eumenides or "the merciful ones" because they realized there is mercy and goodness in all the Great Mother does. A series of Goddesses of similar character connect with the Erinnyes. They are the Moirai, the Fates, the Norns, Nemesis, Adrasteia, Tyke, etc. They are nature-forms of the Great Mother's when she works among men or in human society, but that aspect of her revelations lies beyond the scope of this book. If the reader will take the trouble to compare the number and significance of all the female goddesses to the male gods in Greek mythology, there can be no doubt left in the mind about the universal recognition of the Great Mother, and it may even be said that she is the main subject of mythology.

Everything fundamental is feminine; the manifestations are sometimes masculine but not ordinarily.

The Great Mother and "*Naturam Expellas Furca, Tamen Usque Recurret*"

Another way of talking about Proteus is the proverbial

*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret
Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix.*

"You may suppress natural propensities by force, but they will be certain to reappear and in silent triumph break through thy affected disdain." (Horace's Epistles I: 10, 24.) "Custom could never get the better of Nature, for she always comes off victorious." (Cicero.) "Nature is obstinate; she can not be overcome; she demands what is her own." (Seneca.) Popular proverbs express the same thought:—"What is bred in the bone will never out of the flesh." "Plant a crabtree where you will, it will never bear pippins." "A wolf changes his hair, but not his nature." "The fox may grow grey, but never good."

"And this is rightly said by Diogenes, that, if all things were not out of ONE thing, it would not be possible for them to act, or to be acted upon by one another: for example, that which is hot should become cold; or, reciprocally, that this should become hot—for it is not the heat nor the coldness that changes one into another, but that evidently changes which is the SUBJECT of these affections: whence it follows that in those things, where there is acting and being acted upon, it is necessary there should belong to them some ONE Nature, their COMMON SUBJECT."*

Proteus and the Great Goddesses

Proteus was a sea deity who could assume any form at pleasure, changing into fire or water, plant or animal and thus difficult to catch; always evasive. He could however, be caught and when held fast by strong arms was compelled to appear in his real character and had to give answer in the spirit of divination. This mythological tale is rendered by Heraclitus under the phil-

* Aristotle: *De Genes, et Cor.*, I., 6, 20. Ed. Sylb. The Diogenes here quoted was a contemporary of Anaxagoras, and lived many years before the great cynic of that name.

osophy of Flux. The Great Mother has always been presented in numerous forms. She is a veritable Proteus. And yet she has also types among the Great Goddesses, those of Olympus. All Nature is motion, changeableness; even a superficial observer can see it. But he does not see the life that is changeless: the life, which is the Great Mother behind the veil. Proteus is actually no form, but the capacity of all forms; the motion which rushes into forms and shapes. Lord Verulam tells us that Proteus signifies Matter, *mater*, "the ancient of all things." In the Odyssey Proteus is "the deathless ancient of the deep" and Virgil in Georgics says

the slippery god
 various forms assumes, to cheat thy sight.

Love, passion, desire and fire are but Proteus transformations and forms and can not be separated. Fire is the Mother-Father; Light is the Sister-Brother; Heat is the Spirit-Mother; three in one: the Great Breath. The Great Mother's Proteus character recalls Rousseau. His description of a landscape is almost a picture of her. In his twenty-third letter to Julia, Rousseau expressed how charmed he was by "a surprising mixture of wild and cultivated Nature." "Here Nature seems to have a singular pleasure in acting contradictory to herself, so different does she appear in the same place in different aspects. Towards the east, the flowers of spring; to the south, the flowers of autumn; and northwards, the ice of winter. Add to that the illusions of vision, the tops of the mountains variously illuminated, the harmonious mixture of light and shade."

Among the Olympian goddesses there is a fourfoldness of forms of the Great Mother, just as we should expect. There are Light, Fire, Water and Earth goddesses. The Roman satirist Petronius said, "it is easier to find a god in Athens than a man," and as far as the number of the gods is concerned he spoke the truth. I will therefore not attempt a full exposition of what Paul called the Athenian "carefulness in religion," but only speak about the most important gods and goddesses as they relate to the Great Mother. And again it shall be seen how the fundamental forces of life are feminine and not masculine.

Athene

Athene is probably the Vedic Ahana, the morning, or the Greek Daphne (Vedic Dahana). She is a child of the Waters, viz. she springs from the forehead of the sky and remains fresh and undefiled for ever. She is a virgin. The Athenian Akropolis recognized her as purely physical, but being Dawn, the awakener, she becomes light and knowledge. According to an earlier tradition, she had no mother; was self-originated. But she is also called Tritogeneia, child of Tritos or all the streams. The story of her birth from the head of Zeus by a cut from Hephaistos' brazen axe is explained by Pindar as illustrating the sudden stream of light shooting up in the morning sky, which it seems to cleave. She is often called Pallas, Pallas-Athene, which means the dawn springing from night and the night seeking to mar or destroy her, symbolized by the giant Pallas attempting to violate her purity and therefore slain by her. Pallas is a form for Phallos. She has an endless series of names, all describing her in terms of mind, but her physical character is never kept out of sight. In one of the Orphic hymns she is said to be both male and female. She is the Latin Minerva. Minerva is the Greek μένος the Sanscrit *manas*, or Mind, but as such she leaves the distinct Nature form of the Great Mother. Gathering up the various threads, it is clear that Athena is the Great Mother as the transparent Ether, whose purity is always breaking forth in unveiled brilliancy through clouds and obscurity. More specially as a deity, she is the thunder and lightning which destroys all falsity and lies. Hence she is often called a goddess of war. It is from the Ether or the Upper Air that bright air and dew comes. It is the morning that brings peace, hence she is called the giver of the Olive-tree and as peace gives wisdom, the *peplos* or mantle was presented at her chief festival, the harvest festival. Mother Nature is thus peace, wisdom and maturity and for that reason also the mother of numerous discoveries and the protectress of arts and handiworks. It is readily seen how manifold Athene is and that she is both masculine and feminine or in other words a rich form of the Great Mother. Phidias discovered her art form.

Aphrodite

Aphrodite is another dawn goddess or goddess of light. She is originally not the same as Venus, as will appear. She is originally the Great Mother as day or life coming out of the sea. She is therefore called the foamborn, Aphro-genesia or Anadyomena "she who rises" viz. out of the sea. She is at the same time goddess of the air, earth and water. As goddess of the sea she is worshipped by sailors. As goddess of the earth she is adored and worshipped in gardens and groves. In both cases her worship becomes very sensual in later times, because her worshippers had degenerated. But as "the heavenly" Aphrodite Urania, she also remained and remained triumphantly, because her inherent nature is heavenly. Athene was the severity of the morning; Aphrodite is its charm, its loveliness and splendor, and as the dawn is unsullied by any breath of passion, so she is "heavenly" and full of arrows; the giant Polyphemos found that out. Athene's ministers were the Vestals. Aphrodite's attendants were the Hierodouloi of the later days, and, a disgrace they were. Originally she had no girdle nor needed it. The girdle was witchery and external and persuasion. In art Aphrodite has been represented under a higher and lower aspect, as love and as lust. Aphrodite as the Great Mother is patient with her children. To some she is a goddess, to others a cow. To all she is aspiration and yearning. The cow does not understand herself. Venus was a Roman goddess of springtime or rejuvenescence. More specially she was called Venus Genetrix as mother of the Roman people. It is not clear how she came to be identified with Aphrodite. But as a goddess of spring she is, of course, easily recognized as a form of the Great Mother. Her name is indicative of Spring. It connects with the Sanscrit root *van*, to desire, to love, to favor. The word is found in the German *wonne* and the English winsome. Aphrodite is the Great Mother or that charm which finishes everything; which perfects creation; she is that delicacy which refines all manners and makes culture and civilization in their best aspects. She burnishes the feathers and furs. She spiritualizes everything.

Here

Here is rather a semblance than a reality of any independent

power. She is the Sanskrit "gleaming heaven" or the Upper Air and thus a type of serenity and majesty. The artists represent her as a majestic woman, as the "large-eyed" and the "white-armed," and these characteristics are clearly personified passions springing from jealousy and fury. But originally she is the upper ether or atmosphere of permanency, quiet and regularity, quite removed from strife. In that we see the Great Mother as spiritual substance, as lustre or appearance of inner value, as master-light, as exaltation, as queen of ascendancy and protector.

Juno is the Roman conception of Here. She is the feminine conception of the Heavenly Light, especially the light of the moon and thereby she becomes sacred to woman. As every man had a genius, so every woman had her Juno to whom she sacrificed and by whom she swore. As all goddesses of light are goddesses of birth, so also Juno. She was the special Roman *Lucina* or goddess of birth and marriage. Juno-Here lost the golden apple in the contest with Athene and Aphrodite. The upper air can not be called lovely or charming like the fair dawn of mist, Aphrodite. Athene lost because she was solemn.

Artemis

Artemis was a virgin and twin-sister of Apollo. She was goddess of chastity, the chase and the woods. She was also a celestial deity and called Luna, the Moon. As goddess of the infernal regions she was Hekate or Persephone and kept the multitude of ghosts in order. What a multitude of views of the Great Mother! Evidently Artemis must be an ancient deity and most important. She roams over hills and dales, both night and day; deals with man as well as with gods and the infernals; with all, except the Waters. She is a counterpart of her brother, Apollo. What more could she be in one person? Like Apollo, her brother and counterpart, she is Light, both as purity and as shaping or moulding power. That is her central character as ruler of the day and of the infernal regions. As type of the Great Mother's work, she is the plastic force of life; the hand that moulds and makes for right. Artemis is also identified very often with Isis, Ceres and Rhea, Kubele and Aphrodite Urania and therefore called the Mother of the World and rep-

resented with emblems signifying heaven, earth and the Under-earth. When she is tired of the chase, she unbends her bow and hastens to Delphi to her brother and leads the choruses of the Muses and Graces in singing the praises of Leto. As Diana she was known at Ephesus, on account of her many breasted statue which was supposed to have fallen from heaven. The lower part was formed into a Hermean statue in the usual square form, a symbol of the female productive powers among the ancients. (About the Square I have written elsewhere.) Artemis Diana is thus multiform, but not so diverse that she would be a heterogeneity. On the contrary she is the Great Mother in a most harmonious appearance in Nature: the Moon, Selene. The Moon is a mediatrix. In chaste sobriety she has the power to balance opposites and stays all passions and meanness. The cool light of the moon chastens wildness.

Hestia-Vesta

Prominent among the Fire forms of the Great Mother is Hestia-Vesta. She is the fire on the earth, symbol and pledge of kindliness and good faith, of law and order, wealth and fair dealing. She is a pure maiden like the fire on the hearth in the inmost part of the house. She represents the Great Mother as Truth innermost in the heart. She is thus a tutelary deity and does not belong to the Open. (Of Fire I have written elsewhere.)

Water Goddesses

Among Water-gods, the Naiads and Nereids are prominent; they are nymphs and have been explained in their proper place among "ancient deities." The Sirens lure the mariners to their ruin by singing. It is not they who sing; it is the sailor who sings in the calm and forgets the sandbars, who is lured to ruin or who sends himself there. The Sirens, however, are also symbols of the magic of beauty, eloquence and song, viz., they represent the Great Mother's charming attractiveness on the seashore, for instance on a warm afternoon or evening when the sun's rays fall slanting over the waves, illuminating their crests and turning their music into higher keys of superlative character and causing the human ear to forget dangers.

Scylla and Charybdis were two "terrible" monsters of whirl-

pools against which even the help of Poseidon was unavailing. They are the opposites or forms of the Great Mother which all must avoid. The Mother demands a straight course but gives the sailor his freedom. Life is Necessity, but we have our freedom, which, if used correctly, brings us into safe haven. Without Scylla and Charybdis, the Great Mother could not educate us. The Great Mother is, in Slav legend, called the Sea into whose arms the sun sinks wearily at the close of the day. She is also called sea-serpent, *Labismina*. The Great Mother is commonly conceived as a sea in ancient cosmogonies either because the ancients saw physical life arise from water or because of the general analogy between water and wisdom. In Babylonian cosmogony, she was the Unfathomable Wisdom and also called "the lady of the abyss," "the voice of the abyss." *Labismina* comes again in the corruption *l'abysme*; which Murray's Dictionary translates "a subterraneous reservoir of waters."

In Chaldea *Mummu Tia wath*, the sea, brought forth everything and *Mama* meant "the lady of the gods." This same word *mama* was also used by the Peruvians and Slavs for mother.

Demeter-Persephone.

Among Earth forms of the Great Mother, Demeter occupies a most prominent place. Demeter-Ceres, mother of Persephone is not the same as Earth or Gaia. She is the life on the earth, manifested as growing corn and in agriculture in general. Demeter's life and character is clearly connected with that of her daughter, Persephone or Proserpine as she was called by the Latins. Persephone played with the ocean nymphs on the Nysian plain and plucked flowers. Suddenly she saw the beautiful Narcissus, an amazement to "all immortal gods and mortal men" and unconscious of danger she was as suddenly caught by Aidoneus (Aides, Hades) or Pluto and carried off to his realm, Hades. Her mother in great grief sought the lost daughter. Nine days she wandered over the earth with flaming torches seeking her and tasting neither nectar nor food. At last she learned from the god of the Sun who had carried Persephone off. Sorrows, trials and adventures now come to Demeter. At last Hermes is sent to Hades and brings back the message that Persephone could come back provided she has not eaten anything

in Hades. She had, however, eaten a pomegranate. As a result of that she must spend one third of the year with the husband; the other two she could pass with Demeter and the gods. The myth explains the Great Mother's method with the grain. It lies hid for a time in the soil and sprouts, and, lives the rest of its existence over the ground.

The Persephone myth illustrates the connection between the Underworld or the Other-World and this present world of daylight. Life swings between Light and Darkness. The swing is the Great Mother's Presence. It is and it is not. But it is the Reality which appears in the *momentum*. (Of the Moment, I have written elsewhere.)

Gaia-Rhea.

The Great Mother Earth is seen preeminently in her Priests: Gaia and Rhea. Hesiod mentions the Great Earth as Gaia, the self-existent, without parents. With the sky, another aspect of herself, she bears a host of children. He calls her also Rhea, who by Time is the mother of Hestia, Demeter, Here and some males. Rhea produces life through death. She is thus preeminently called the Great Mother, Ma and Kybele. With Rhea are connected the mystic Kouretes, Daktyls, Kabeiroi and Korybantes, magical nature powers of great variety. Rhea is usually called Mother of the Gods and is Fruitfulness. In Rome she was *Magna Mater* and introduced by order of the Sibylline oracle and became very popular. Her trees are the oak and the pine; her animal is the lion.

According to the plan of this book, I now have mentioned only classical goddesses and enough of them to show how powerfully the Great Mother dominates mythology. Other mythologies will show the same.

Semitic-Hebrew Views of Nature

A transition from the Greek atmosphere to the Semitic nature views is marked with strong contrast and mainly because Masculinity is too prominent a feature.

To look for Semitic views of Nature, we do not go to Genesis, for instance, but to the Psalms, the Prophets and the Book of Job. These writings reflect the Hebrew poetry of Nature and

their central thought is the immediate Presence of the Great Mother. They do not give lessons in Nature details; they describe Wholeness, Vastness, Movements, and the descriptions convey the idea of Femininity. The terms do not stand for mere descriptions, they are delineations of character. The book of Job enters somewhat into individual details in order to point out the visible witnesses to the Invisible One.

The Hebrew books make some sharp distinctions between creator and creation but we need not take that philosophy for more than poor style, defective method of expression and as a result of the Mosaic forceful teaching of the Unity of the Deity. The books could not avoid expressing the Nature they sprang from, no matter how severe the external discipline was. Everywhere one feels the restraint and also the submerged freedom. The Hebrew mind had developed in the Open and not in the city; it had lived to full maturity under the constant drill of the Unseen Presence and directed by the Great Forces around about it, it could not deny its nature. And from Egypt the Hebrews carried fruitful ideas on Nature-Worship. The result of so powerful influences could only be as they were. The Hebrews wandered with a veil before them; they, so to say, only felt the garment of their Leader, but they had no doubt about a Living Presence everywhere and at all times. They could never be sure whether or not the Eternal One might or might not break through any minute.

The Old Testament

The Old Testament contains a progressive revelation of the great name, such as the Hebrews learned it. The oldest general names are such as these: El, Eloah, Elohim and El' Elyon; they express multiplicity or the Deity in manifoldness without any individualistic characteristics. Whether the special use of these terms was polytheistic or immanential, no matter, they were terms for the Most High expressing fulness, plenitude and awe, just such ideas as are connected with Mother Nature when men submit and adore. And a most interesting fact is this, that the name is united to a singular verb, clearly indicating that it stands for one personal being. El as a name for the Deity means "the strong one" and El' Elyon is the "Most High God,"

no doubt, the Highest Nature, judging from the Hebrew awe for that Omnipresence which the nation only later learned to call El Shaddai and Jahveh, two words meaning "God Almighty" as the "living one," "the creator." In all these terms lies a personal character. The Hebrew sought God, not abstract truth. He was led as by a Mother, even if this Mother was at times very masculine.

The Old Testament view is that Nature is the self-revelation of the Deity in glory and joy (Ps. civ. 31) Even Jahveh swore "As truly as I live, the whole earth shall be filled with glory of Jahveh" (Num. xiv. 21). The prevailing idea in the Hebrew conception of the Deity is an almighty will ordering all things in conformity with an eternal purpose. But that does not imply a previous chaos or a ruling principle against hostile and obscure forces. Even in the poetical allusions to such powers in Job ix, 13 and xxvi, 12, it appears that these are incapable of resisting the Deity. Nature is from the morning of creation still and forever a continuous song of glory in which the earth unites with the heavenly host (Ps. cxlviii). Nature's order is also the moral order of the world. Everywhere we find traces of divine wisdom and its relation to human affairs. The Old Testament holds four terms of characteristic value for the understanding of Nature as the manifestation of the Deity or the Great Mother. They are the Glory, the Name, the Face and the *malakh* of God. The first term means the consuming fire so often spoken of; that dazzling light no one dared to look upon. From Ezekiel on, that Glory is connected with the sanctuary. For us, of to-day, there is no difficulty in reading the Mother's messages in Light. The Name of the Deity is no mere title. The Name of the Deity is everywhere where the Presence is felt and experienced. The Name means Presence and Presence is an experience, no intellectual signification. The Face of the Deity is an expression also for Presence. Peni-el or "face of God" was Jacob's exclamation: "I have seen God face to face." It was God's "face that attended Israel across the desert" (Ex. xxxiii, 14-16) viz., the guiding Mother, the Shekinah. *Malakh* is a difficult term, but probably means the Angel of the Lord or God's Presence. The term is mentioned as early as the song of Deborah. It may also properly be translated Logos. These

four terms for the Deity when revealed as God are most significant. They all, taken together, mean the Presence of the Great Mother; singly, they stand for four prominent attributes: Light or Prophecy, Foundation or the Apostolic Ground; Spirituality or the Pastoral Guidance; Speech or Evangelistic Proclamation. (Comp. Eph. 4). Indeed we

"May find a tongue in every flame,
And hear a voice in every wave;"

and easily perceive the Presence in the sable woods and Her revered form on mountains, all illumined by the bright and radiant sky.

The Book of Job illustrates the Mother. It is not Hebrew, it is Semitic in a general way.

The Book of Job

To get the full and right understanding of this book the attention must be riveted upon the prologue and the epilogue. From the prologue it is evident that Job was a righteous man and that his afflictions and pain were not results of sin and iniquity, but that Satan was permitted to try him. From the epilogue it appears that Job was a faithful servant and that the Lord had a peculiar pleasure in him. Eliphaz and his two friends were admonished and ordered to make an atoning sacrifice, because they had not spoken rightly and as reverently as Job.

Which are the essential truths taught? They are as follows: The Great Mother through her Lord Workmaster, Jahveh, visits even the pious with manifold afflictions to develop piety, faith and virtue. This is expressly taught in the prologue. The book also teaches that it is foolish presumption to be angry with the Workmaster or the Mother. No man is able to fathom the wisdom of his guide. Finally the book shows how blessings and glory come to the persevering ones. The book is full of passion seeds and flaming swords which burn all ways. The Great Mother's wider wisdom enkindles the reader's mind and heart. The book is not a catechism, but a torch which illumines her beauty. All ages have turned to it and will continue to do so. The Mother's power to kill the dragons of unbelief is in it; also

a realization of her Presence. It teaches how love may question, yet waits; love is a pilgrim staff and lustral flame. The book is full of the unearthly light of the higher forms of Nature-Mysticism.

It is most remarkable and characteristic for my understanding of the book that "God" is usually called Jahveh in the prologue and epilogue, but not so in the discourses. I see in this fact that the general plan of life is (as in the prologue) referred to the Workmaster, and that "God" spoken of in the main discourses, is the Mother herself. A detailed examination will bear out this point.

The Book of Job is a marvelous book indeed; it vibrates with Prometheic fire and Titanic talk. There are traces in it of Sabeism. The Zodiac plays a part; the constellations appear as giants and monsters in insurrection against the ruling Deity. The serpent, the dragon Rahab, Ash, the Great Bear, Orion, the Pleiades and Arcturus, all form parts of the drama. The Dawn and the Dawn stars seem invested with a peculiar sanctity.

The Greek Titanic hero, Prometheus, complains that Zeus' rule is not just. The Hebrew Titanic hero, Job, on the contrary is convinced that Jahveh's rule is just. Both deal directly with the Supreme in invectives and with a freedom that is amazing and most instructive to us. And the Drama brings Jahveh upon the scene in a whirlwind that He may speak in self-defence. He thunders in sarcasms and awe-inspiring descriptions of His Nature. All these traits and others like them make this book a grand Hebrew Nature poem, full of instructions on Nature's moral dealings with Man and on the now lost symbolic relationship between individual man and his heavenly Guru: Jahveh.

Let me draw out some of the main points of the action and the speeches which describe Nature. Job was not a Jew. He lived in the land of Uz. *"The geography of the land is a commentary on its poetry. Conceive a land lorded over by the sun, when lightning, rushing in, like an angry painter, dashed his wild colors across the Landscape; a land ever in extremes—now dried up as in a furnace, now swimming with loud Waters—its sky the

* George Gilfillan: *The Bards of the Bible*. Harper and Brothers, N. Y., 1874.

brightest or the blackest of heavens—desolate crags rising above rank vegetation—Beauty adorning the brow of barrenness—shaggy and thunder-split hills surrounding narrow valleys and water-courses; a land for a great part bare in the wrath of Nature, when not swaddled in a sudden tempest and whirlwind; a land of lions, and wild goats, and wild asses, and ostriches, and hawks stretching toward the south, and horses clothed with thunder, and eagles making their nests on high; a land through whose transparent Air night looked down in all her queenlike majesty, all her most lustrous ornaments on—the south blazing through all its chambers with solid gold—the north glorious with Arcturus and his sons—the zenith crowning the heavens with a diadem of white, and blue, and purple stars. Such the land in which this author lived, such the sky he saw; and can we wonder that poetry dropped on and from him, like rain from a thick tree; and that grandeur—a grandeur almost disdaining Beauty, preferring firmaments to flowers, making its garlands of the whirlwinds—became his very soul. The book of Job shows a mind smit with a passion for Nature, in her simplest, most solitary, and elementary forms—gazing perpetually at the great shapes of the material universe, and reproducing to us the infant infinite wonder with which the first inhabitants of the world must have seen their first sunrise, their first thunderstorm, their first moon waning, their first midnight heaven expanding, like an arch of triumph, over their happy heads. One object of the book is to prophesy of Nature—to declare its testimony to the Most High—to unite the Leaves of its trees, the wings of its fowls, the eyes of its stars, in one act of adoration. August undertaking, and meet for one reared in the desert, anointed with the dew of heaven, and by God himself inspired.”

Such was the setting of the drama played and described in the book called “the Book of Job.” The setting is full of the pain of birth, the Great Mother’s stern ways of love and rue. Everywhere the book is painted in colors like those of the pictures I have presented in the earlier parts of my book. The veil of life is embroidered with vernal bloom, but also with starvation. We breathe the raptures of Oriental nights and awaken to discover we are only impassioned dust. Everywhere the Great Mother in her ever varying character!

The moment Job begins to talk, he emphasizes Night as the condition when the Mother is absent: "thick darkness"; "the stars of the twilight are dark"; we "look for light, but have none." "Let the night behold the eyelids of the morning!" Job means to remove all the possibility of organic existence and thereby he hits the point he wants to make: there is and can be no more desolate and miserable existence than that in which the Mother is absent.

To Job as to most Hebrew thinkers happiness means life and comfort. The wild ass does not neigh over his pasture, nor does the ox low over his fodder. Job is a burden to himself because he is deserted. He is alone in a terrible solitude, in which his spirit is heaviness, his soul a bitterness and Jahveh's greatness is oppressive. Such solitude results from the Mother's absence. No wonder that Job exclaims to Jahveh: "Why took'st thou me out of my mother's womb?"

The book divides itself into three parts and this division and the sequence is so simple that it is easily overlooked, but it ought not to be neglected. The division is natural and according to the Great Mother's method of educating us, when she does it by natural means. In the first part Job is afflicted. That is the beginning of the training. In the second part, the three friends come in their worldly conceit and pass an uncalled for judgment; nevertheless their mission is in the order of things. In spite of themselves they do a good work. In the third part Job has come face to face with the problem of his life; he gets larger views and discovers how all things in Nature obey the law of their lives, except man. His contemplation of Nature saves him.

Eliphaz is one of Job's friends talking with dignity and very ably. His theme is the unapproachable majesty and purity of God or the Manifestation of the Great Mother. He is not very lucid in his descriptions and that is to be excused. It is not easy to draw anything from the silent sea of shadows, but this much must be understood, that he does not see or perceive a ghost. He was no doubt in the Presence and it was under the influence of the Presence that he spoke to Job.

It is to be noted how strong are the personal expressions used. Eliphaz is not talking about laws and causes or natural effects.

His philosophy seeks something Personal and not Thought; he moves in concrete conceptions and not in abstractions. His arguments are drawn from experience, not from metaphysics. The atmosphere is one of the Inner-Life or Mysticism.

The whole tone of the book of Job is personal in this way and thus it is a chapter in the Mother's Gospel. Eliphaz's advice is no clerical advice. Though he is ignorant of the cause of Job's trouble and believes that he suffers for sins committed, his advice is nevertheless a statement in words of Universal Order to which we must commit our cause. If we do that, we shall not meet with darkness in daytime. If we "seek unto God" we shall not be afraid of the beasts of the earth, because Universal Order is then established. Moreover, among "the marvelous things without number," will be this that we shall be "in league with the stones of the field" or, in other words, we shall be in full possession of our occult powers: "We have searched it, and so it is." Poor Job replied and tells how the "arrows of the Almighty" and the "terrors of God" are against him; likens "his brethren" to the deceit of a brook: now so charming and attractive and then again "passed away when it wax warm."—

Bildad, "the son of strife," in the course of his admonishings gives a fine Nature description and draws a lesson for the perfect man therefrom.

The profound truth almost buried in this simple description, is this that we can not grow "without the mire." False asceticism cuts off the rush while it is yet in its greenness, if "the mire" is removed or if it is pulled out of its ground. How can "the flag grow without water?" Impossible, yet some teachers pretend to have the Living Word though they have cut off that root which connects them with Intensity or The Eternal Fountain: the Great Nature.

Job quickly answered Bildad: "Of a truth I know that it is so," and continues with unbounded admiration his description of the great architect.

Shortly after, Zophar, another of Job's friends, blends his admonishings with those enthusiastic words: "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?"

The refrain sounds in our ears like this: vanity and nothing but vanity. Man is even inferior to trees, yet personally Job is persuaded that Jahveh will visit him again. Job is revealed not only as the patience-man but also as a genuine truth-seeker. His words prove his capacity for research. The passages referred to are numbered as Chapter 28 in the common version and also often called Job's Mount of Transfiguration because it stands isolated in the book as a poem by itself and expresses Job's highest attitude of philosophical religion. The sum total of Job's Nature-philosophy is this: "the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom and to depart from evil is understanding." And the sum total of Job's axiom is this: that we must become reconciled or come into harmony with Nature or which is the same, with the Great Mother's working method. And the Great Mother's working method is almost always masculine, because life's form is and must be masculine. In the Book of Job, Jahveh is the pivot and the actor and stage manager. The play is a Mystery-Play and the Great Mother is all of it. Transcendent wonder!

Before we come to the closing scene of the drama Elihu speaks once more on the glory of existence.

What can I say to supplement the words of Job, that contemplative enthusiast or the descriptions of his friends? Can anything be added to these testimonies to the Most High, the Great Mother, and her Manifestation through the Workmaster, Jahveh? Only this can I say without fear of being gainsaid: We may receive the testimony of men, yet "the testimony of God is greater" (John v). Yea, because the testimonies are wonderful, I have sought them and "I have meditated and thought on these things" (Eccl. xxxviii). Let us adore the Mother and the Lord in the holy court in which we wander daily and nightly and always! Let us keep silence, that we may listen to the Eternal Song of the Universe. The Universe is the Holy Temple, and it is built by the Most High: "Heaven is my throne, and the earth my footstool; hath not my hands made all these things?" "What other house will you build for me?" Let us leap for joy in Nature's colossal and ever open basilica. "It is great and has no end—it is high and immense" (Baruch cxi). The mountains are altar stones, the thunder, the organ peal and sweet air the in-

cense. The Open is always impressive and forms the arches and columns. The sun and the moon are the lamps and the winds whisper the Benedicite. Let us lie down where the forest murmurs and the poetry of common things bring a refreshing sleep with visions of the Creator's love; where vapors and mists are emisaries of grace and consecrated gifts; where plumed minstrels sing among flowers and creeping herbs; where silence transfigures thought. Let us listen to the mighty surge, that ebbs and swells upon the shore. It is the heaving breast of the Great Mother and her baptismal font. The sounds that come from the breakers carry the prayerful wishes and sighs of the ocean's uprising petitioners, the future generations. Everywhere the stones cry out "ought human lips be mute when inanimate objects seem vocal with praise? From everywhere come these mystic and strange words *Sursum Corda*. They come from living splendors, from beauty, from the awful calm as well as from dreadful avalanches. Let us bow down and lie low when we hear the terrible eloquence of the tornado and the earthquake; when we see the furious fire and when the light smites the eye with intolerable glare; when the ice crushes our hopes and death carries away Life.

Jahveh's "self defence" is the dénouement of the drama. In the main it is an onslaught upon Job by sarcastic questions.

Job declares his folly and will repent in dust and ashes. Finally Job is restored in all ways.

In the above delineation of the Book of Job, I have paid attention in the main to the Nature-Mystery there is in the book and either ignored or passed lightly over the Hebrew and other theological doctrines involved.

Those of us who yearn for a fuller soul life are also sensitive to Nature's aspects as set forth in the various speeches. We feel the life that throbs in them. Not only have we a sense of the Infinite, but we have realized many of their features. Nature to us is much more than a rich hieroglyphic book. We speak of Nature where we should say the Presence.

The tragedy of the Book of Job is played on many stages "while the eternal ages watch and wait." Unfortunately, to most people the Inner-Life is no more than romantic poetry. To them

"Far off the spell-doomed world withdrawn the while,
Looms like a dim-seen land through dazzling mist."

Oh! That a study of the Book of Job might lead some of my readers to Reality, or, which is the same, to the Great Mother!

The Book of Psalms

The Book of Psalms is mainly lyrical poetry of a religious character and aim. It is a collection of songs largely in praise of the Great Mother and God, her Workmaster. It is admirably suited as a devotional manual. Back of its masculinity lies a powerful intensity.

For my present purpose, I refer to only those Psalms which are of a Nature-Mysticism character and pay no attention to the individual singer or his age. I endeavor to single out the wonderful and beautiful sequences which observation forces upon us and which the Hebrew poet-singers have described. But I want my readers to hear more than poetry. I want them to respect, admire and worship that real quality—call it what they will—which they hear and which is the essential texture of the Universe. If they do that then the poetry of the Psalms shall be to them "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge."

The reader should begin with the 65th Psalm, a hymn of praise to "God," the Great Mother's Workmaster.

It is clearly a rural thanksgiving song. It is not a confused and wild jubilation, but a dignified hymn of praise, rich in thought, loveliness and tenderness. God, the Mother's Workmaster, is celebrated as refuge and strength, "a very present help in trouble." The help sent by Jahveh awakens a feeling of kinship and the heart swells with joy that "the ancient arms are beneath" and that "he will be our guide even unto death." With a slight change of pronoun from the masculine to the feminine, the hymn is addressed to the Great Mother.

We may well interpret David as the human soul and his psalms as the passional expressions of the soul; they certainly run through the whole gamut of fiery emotions. Their mountains look like the Great Mother's 'hills of holiness' and the valleys

give out deep solitary complaints and bitter cries. Everywhere the facts are on fire.

Why should we not translate these hymns and make them songs to the Great Mother? They are "apples of gold, set in a network of silver," most suitable for ornaments. The key to the eighth Psalm is wonder: we owe it to the Mother. The twenty-ninth surpasses all descriptions of a thunder storm: is the Mother not in it? Have we not heard the voice? Why else has the Psalm been translated oftener than the others? And how about the one hundredth and fourth? This is the Psalm which Humboldt said presented a picture of the entire cosmos? It calls upon all men to bless Jahveh as the Lord of the World and its greatness, order and life. The Psalm seems to be patterned upon Genesis and has a parallel in Psalm 139.

The one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm emphasizes as most of the other Psalms the active, plastic world-building energy of the Great Mother expressed as it is in masculine terms.

The way to read the Psalms is like the way to read most of the Old Testament. Their form is masculine, because thought is masculine, but their substance and power is feminine because their purpose is to express the fundamental energy of the universe in which the singers triumph and glory. And the fundamental energy is the Eternally-Feminine, the Great Mother.

Ecclesiasticism Hostile to Nature

Not all forms of Christianity are hostile to Nature, but most of them are. Jesus, Himself, was not opposed.

The Psalms are full of the glory displayed in Nature, but official Judaism looked upon Nature as a fallen angel and that Christianity which followed it, did the same. That Christianity was a transcendental philosophy rather than a life like that revealed by Jesus. Hence it despised creation because of the entrance of "sin" and held the belief that the world became a caricature by the fall. It looked upon the earth as upon an enchantment of the devil and was anti-cosmic in all its teachings. But Christianity, of old or of to-day, could not and does not avoid the logic of being in the world. While it can refuse and does generally refuse the classical joyful views and the beliefs that Nature is "the Great Mother of all things," it can not escape

all the consequences involved in its doctrine of Providence. That doctrine at least makes Nature an instrument in the hands of her creator. But the fact remains that Christianity as an ecclesiastic system set a deep cleft between Nature and Spirit and that chasm is still there. But while Christianity as a system has emphasized a dualism that can not be bridged, it discovered the worth in the individual and the individual has recognized Nature.

While Christianity as a philosophical and theocratic ecclesiastic system stands in sharp contrast to Nature and the truth of life, Christianity as a theosophic system has created the wonderful doctrine: The Mother and the Son.

The Mother and the Son

The common mind does not know its own ideas nor how they have been acquired. It is unaware of growth. It has not observed that in youth the Mother is the all and most prominent factor in its life; nor has it discovered that it is by teaching, it has come to its Father idea and has substituted Father for Mother. The same process is easily seen in the life of mankind. By ecclesiastic teachings mankind has been so stultified, that it has lost its power to observe and reflect. And for that reason mankind has lost the idea of the true relation of Mother and Son in Christianity and the Son has become the only religious expression. The true relation is of course that of Nature's own make. The Mother is the Foundation, the independent and self-subsistent power, and the Son is the executor of her will. And that is the tacid understanding of the New Testament. The Roman Church has elaborated the ideas very strongly.

Mary, the Mother of God

In speaking about the Eternal Mother from no dogmatic standpoint, I am at liberty to write down my results drawn from study and experience. But the case stands differently when a specific view is to be presented, one so different as that about the Virgin Mary, of whom the Roman Catholic Church claims to be the only one who has a right to speak.

To state the doctrine of Mary as "the Mother of God" as far as the theological side is concerned and in relation to my subject the Eternal Mother, I shall fall back upon a book by the

Rev. J. D. Concilio, pastor of St. Michael's Church in Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A. The title of his book is "The Knowledge of Mary." It was published by the Catholic Publication Society and was duly authorized. The following is the train of his exposition:

"The incarnation of God in Jesus Christ was a necessity consequent upon the world's having lost the true idea of God. Men wanted an object to worship which they could touch and hear and see; something to satisfy that instinct which, ill-directed, has resulted in idolatry. That this incarnate God might be in full sympathy with man and awaken man's sympathy with him, he must be born of a woman, and thus partake of our common human nature. But the woman selected for the mother of God must be the most perfect of creatures, free from sin, and she must also voluntarily consent to fulfill the ministry appointed to her. All these requisites Mary possessed, and she is therefore by Nature, as well as by her office, exalted above all saints and angels as well as above the whole human race. Inasmuch, too, as the body born of her was divine, she may properly be called the Mother of God, the Spouse of the Father, and the Sanctuary of the Holy Ghost. She is also the Co-redemptrix of Creation and the Queen of Heaven, and has over her august Son the authority that every mother has over her offspring. Therefore all men should honor, venerate, and worship her, and those who refuse to do so are estranged from the true Church."

And these are his words about incarnation:

"Man wanted a visible, tangible God; man wanted a God-Man like himself, with human nature and faculties, with human feelings, human sympathy, human sufferings. He had been yearning after such a God for forty centuries. So strong had been that craving and that aspiration that, for want of a true God-Man, he had created to himself gods of all sensible objects around him; he had raised his very passions to that dignity. The *theophanies*, or the manifestations of some divine attribute clothed, so to speak, in sensible apparel, had not been sufficient for the Jewish people; and that same people, who had adored the angel one and three at Mamre, who had seen the lightnings and been terrified by the thunders of Sinai, who could speak to God at the

foot of the ark, who had seen his column following them and guiding them during the night and sheltering them from the Eastern heats during the day, who had eaten of the manna, and who had seen God's shadow in the cloud which took possession of Solomon's temple, were not satisfied with all this; they went after the gods of the Gentiles, for they, like all humanity, wanted a true, visible, tangible God.

"Man was so steeped in sensible things that none but a man like himself, except in sin, could entice him away, and none but God could bring him from the knowledge of himself as man to the knowledge of himself as God. It required a God-Man—true man with body and soul like ours, and true God with his divine nature and perfections: a twofold nature human and divine, in the unity of one divine personality. Take away any of these three elements, and you take away the reasons for which Christ is necessary. If he is not man, he can neither suffer for man, nor attract him. If he is not God, his sufferings and attractions are of no avail. If both his natures do not subsist in one divine personality, but each nature has a personality of its own, they are two distinct persons, one human, the other divine, and neither of them can answer the purpose of humanity." This is the familiar statement of the incarnation. Granted the premises, the logic is good and to the point.

About Mary's office in this matter, he writes: "If, therefore, we could suppose a woman blessed among women, from whose spotless flesh the Word should take a portion and unite it hypostatically to Himself, and unite that same portion to a human soul also personally wedded to Him, and that that union should take place in the womb of the same blessed one, it would follow that such a woman would conceive a body and soul united together by the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, a body and soul united hypostatically to a divine person—to God; that she would conceive a God; and that, therefore, she should have the title and rights of Mother of God. It is true she would have nothing to do with the production of God, which would be an absurdity, but she would have all to do in conceiving a nature united hypostatically to a divine person at the same moment of conception, and she would be entitled to the name and rights of Mother of God, not by producing God, but by conceiving a nature which is God

by union—a nature which would subsist or be concrete and individualized except through that union. Such was the case with Mary.”—

“In one word, the union which exists between Mary and God, considering her dignity from this point of view, is that of blood relation. She is really and truly related to God by blood, as she is really and truly the divine Mother of God. It is evident, therefore, that a part of Mary’s substance is united hypostatically to the divine Word, and is and must be called God in Christ; and hence a part which belongs to Mary’s immaculate flesh, which she can claim as her own in its concrete sense, is God.—

“The relation with the first Person is that the Eternal Father associates Mary with Himself to produce the Son. The temporal generation of the Word Incarnate is not distinct from the eternal generation, but simply the identical one. The Father endows Mary, by means of the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, with a power of grace corresponding, so to speak, to his natural power of generation to produce the same Son. Hence Mary can strictly and more properly be called the Spouse of the Eternal Father.

“The Virgin, on the day of the Annunciation, in giving her consent to the Incarnation and Redemption not only agreed to become the Mother of Jesus Christ the Redeemer, and consequently, as a representative of the whole human race, to administer to Him His human nature, to be offered and immolated for man’s redemption, but also to become co-sufferer with Him, so that Mary’s compassion was to accompany, to go hand in hand with, Christ’s Passion, both being necessary for the redemption of mankind, according to the plan selected by God’s wisdom.”

I shall not offer any comment upon the doctrine “that a part of Mary’s substance is united hypostatically to the divine Word, and is and must be called God in Christ,” nor that a part of Mary’s flesh is God. I will only call my reader’s attention to that mysterious statement. As they will see, it involves the deification of Mary.

The mystery deepens when we hear the following:

“Finally, this same relation of motherhood implies on the part of Mary a kind of authority over Jesus Christ—the authority of

a parent over his offspring." It is true our Lord was God, and, as such, no creature could have authority over him; consequently, if we limit our observation strictly to his person, Mary could claim no authority over Jesus.

"But then this is true of the Eternal Father also, who, strictly speaking, can have no authority over his Son's personality, as he is God, co-equal and consubstantial with him.

"But as the Eternal Father is the principle of the Word, he can claim authority over him—an authority not of superiority on the part of the Father, nor of inferiority on the part of the Son, but an authority of order; so that the word is subject to the Father, not because inferior in Nature to him, but because dependent upon him for his personality. So Mary can claim authority over Jesus Christ, not, by any means, because she is superior to, or even equal with, her Son, but because she is his mother; and, consequently, Jesus is subject to her, because dependent upon her for his human nature."

And Mary is the "coredemptrix of the human race":

"Mary's consent implied two things: First—As a representative of the whole human race, as the hostage and surety of mankind, as St. Augustine calls her, she consented to administer to the Divine Word His human nature, which he was to immolate for man. Second—She consented to undergo all the anguish and sorrow and martyrdom consequent upon her from the sacrifice and immolation of her divine Son, to join her compassion to his passion, in order to redeem mankind. In one word, she consented to become the coredemptrix of the human race.

"We have insisted on the second side of Mary's dignity that she was the arbiter of the works of God. Upon her consent the incarnation took place, and upon her consent, foreknown and supposed, all that went before the incarnation was made and effected. Now, one and the chiefest of these works was the redemption of mankind from original and actual sin and their consequences, and it was effected by the free deliberate consent of, and the necessary qualifications on the part of Mary."

As a result of this exalted position, Mary has an infinitude of spiritual graces. Of these our author speaks in the words of the Jesuit, Father Ricardus:

"Suppose the space between the earth and the stars to be filled with so many grains, and suppose every grain to contain 10,000 smaller grains, each representing an angel endowed with as much grace as an angel arrived at his utmost perfection must have: and suppose Mary to have exercised 200 acts of charity the first 200 quarters of an hour of her life—the result would be that the amount of Mary's grace would be equal to 1,596,938,044 planets equal to ours, filled up with grains of mustard seed, each grain containing 10,000 smaller grains, each representing an angel or an apostle with so much grace and multitude of merits as had the supreme angel at the summit of his perfection; that is to say, that the grace of Mary in the first 200 quarters of an hour of her life, supposing her grace at the first moment of her conception to have been superior to that of all angels and saints by one degree, exceeded in number 1,996,988,044 worlds, each full of grains, and each grain representing 10,000 angels, and each endowed with as much grace as St. Michael, the highest and the sublimest angel."

From this materialistic measuring of graces, I now quote our author on Mary's relation to the Trinity:

"God has a twofold life—one absolute and internal, one relative and external. In his absolute and internal life he is capable of development and perfection. His external life is the manifestation which he has been pleased to make of his infinite, internal excellence by means of the works he has effected. Now, every one knows that God has not manifested himself all at once, but by degrees and stages, each degree and stage increasing the manifestation of God's perfections. In his external life, therefore, God is capable of development and completion; and in this sense we assert that Mary has completed the Trinity—of that completion which does not fall upon God's nature, attributes, or personalities, but upon the external manifestation of his infinite life.

"Mary was actually the effort, so to speak, of the Holy Ghost. He, being barren in the bosom of God, wished to become fruitful outwardly, and therefore took his nest in the soul of Mary, and so lavished upon her all his gifts, so concentrated in her the fulness of his graces and gifts, so as to make her conceive and

bring forth a divine Person, who was nothing but the bud and blossom, the sweetest and tenderest, the most beautiful flower of grace and sanctity."

Mary's ministrations are defined as follows:

"The mediation of the saints is limited to certain graces, to certain places, to certain persons. Mary is a universal agent, whose power extends upon all places, all times, all good, all evil over the whole world. Universal patroness of mankind, mother of men, God has given her a heart in proportion to that ministry, and has poured out into it a charity which embraces in its solitude and tenderness all her children. What he has done in small proportion for each one of our mothers, he has done on a colossal scale for the Holy Virgin. He has made her Mother, as he is Father.

"The second distinctive trait of Mary's mediation is no less incomparable—its efficacy. The saints are not always heard—whether God does not reveal to them that which is the greatest good for him for whom they pray, or because the sins of the latter are too great and the meritorious relation between the saints and Jesus Christ is limited, or because their merit is more particularly included in the order and course of ordinary providence, which they cannot move except in a certain measure. But it is different in Mary's case. To her maternal charity it has been given to know God's secrets, and to see all in that mirror of truth which is her Son; to have all power with him, even so far as to cause in a certain sense the decrees of Providence to be changed, as the anticipation of the miracle at Cana seems to indicate. Full herself of grace, there is no grace which she cannot obtain, being in immediate relation with its source, and that grace from her heart is poured out upon ours.

"This ministry is therefore included in the divine maternity. From the moment the Virgin Mother conceived in her womb the divine Word, one may say that she obtained a sort of jurisdiction over the outpourings of graces and gifts of the Holy Ghost, of which she had the fulness. As no ray can be drawn from the centre of a circle unless it passes through the circumference, so no grace can be drawn from the heart of Jesus except it pass through her who surrounded him, according to the sublime ex-

pression of the Scripture, '*Faemina circumdabit virum*'—a woman shall encompass a man."

Consequently Mary is the queen of heaven: "Being the Mother of God, the arbiter of God's exterior works, the core-demptrix of mankind, the most perfect of all human creatures in gifts of nature, the most perfect of creatures in privileges of grace, the happiest of all creatures in glory, she deserves an honor far above all created intelligences, as she towers above them all, and therefore is the queen in honor.

"She is queen in power—first, in consequence of her magnificent sanctity. It is sanctity which makes a creature powerful with God, as it is that which makes the creature beloved and cherished by God. In this lies the reason of the power of the saints. They are friends of God, the chosen ones of his love, and cherished of his heart, and they are therefore powerful with him. Who among the saints so cherished as Mary? Who so much loved as that tower of sanctity? Who more intimate with God than this miracle of his goodness?

"She is the mother of Him to whom all power has been given in heaven and on earth; and as once the mother of Solomon, sitting at the right hand of her son, could obtain all things from him, as he felt that nothing could be denied to a mother, likewise the magnificent Mother of Jesus, sitting at his right hand, can dispose of his omnipotence and of his infinite merits in behalf of mankind.

"Mary is the instrumental cause of creation, of redemption, of grace, and of glory. These things would never have taken place except she had given her consent. All angels, therefore, owe Mary their creation their redemption, the grace which sanctifies them, the grace which makes them persevere, and the grace which glorifies.

"Is she not, then, as instrumental cause in all the exterior works of God, entitled to a supremacy of power?

"No wonder, then, that she is styled Queen of angels, Queen of patriarchs, of prophets, of apostles, of martyrs, of virgins, of confessors—the glorious Queen of heaven and earth."

I have stated enough of the Roman Catholic doctrine of Mary. To enter upon an analysis and comparison with that which I

have gathered from many sources about the Great Mother would be useless. It ought to be evident to my readers that the Church's dogmatics crushes the life out of great truths. It will also appear that the Church has only proclaimed a very small part of the Wisdom of the Ages.

Madonnas and the Great Mother

The Roman Church has for some centuries paid special worship to the Virgin Mary. In that I have seen a realization of the Great Mother, though the form was limited. Nevertheless the increasing veneration offered the Virgin by new dogmas also points to an increasing understanding of the Great Mother. In spite of this, it must be admitted that Christendom has forgotten the Mother of Mankind and pays more attention to her Son, than to her. Having forgotten its mother, mankind has lost real life, real religion. Mankind has ideas, has general notions about the Deity, but does not live a personal life in communion with Deity.

I will speak about the Virgin and begin with the New Testament story. It is rather remarkable that the Gospels give so much space to the story of Mary, as for instance, Luke. It was to be expected of Luke, who was a physician. It is easy to read the mystic sense of Luke's details for instance. The Gnostics read the Gospel of Mary as a Cosmic drama and so may we and so we ought, because it is only in the light of the World-drama that Jesus can be understood. Luke is the most broadminded of the evangelists. His gospel is the Gospel of Humanity. The savior to him is the savior of the world and not of a particular race. He knows the meaning of prayer as only an initiate knows it. Luke most emphatically and most distinctly teaches the greatness of woman in relation to Jesus. He has translated the Eternal Song that all Mystics can hear and have heard as long as the world was and shall hear as long as the world shall last. His translation of the Eternal Song is the Magnificat and now chanted in so many churches—and not understood. It is woman teaching in the church forever yet without usurping authority!

Browning's finest lyric is his Magnificat. It is Pippa Passes among the Liturgies of the world. In Pippa Passes Nature is

brought in, and in full sympathy with the human element. The whole Magnificat is in these lines

God's in His heaven——
All's right with the world,

and Woman is the World Savior.

✓ Luke's Gospel is the Gospel of poetry and creates a religion of beauty and always with woman as the officiating minister. And the Woman is the Great Mother. We hear her chant everywhere between the lines.

✓ The strongest characteristic of the ancient religions is the conception of the Divine Being as Mother and not as Father. Not only were the ancient religions full of the Mother idea, but the social systems were, too. The heroes of the land were described as sons of the goddess, and, at death they returned to the Mother, who bore them. Even to-day we still say that we return to mother-earth, when we pass out. The male element in the Deity was in those days conceived as the secondary figure. The God was only a help to the Mother in her Great Work as Mother, as protector and educator. It was particularly where life was lived in the Open; where great plateaus or wide stretches give habitation to men, that the mystery of the Mother Goddess was known. The Open means abyss—space—receptivity—impressibility—freedom, all that which enlarges us. We have forgotten the Mother because we have chosen the narrow views of the city.

The Mother Goddess must not be thought of under sexual character, at least not as the ancient initiate knew her. That the vulgar herd thought of her under the form of sex, does not concern me. I am speaking in Universals. The Mother goddess must be thought of as Nature, as that ever renewing or regenerating power, which keeps life agoing without an end. Every Spring the Mother bears a child: renews life. In the light of that idea we shall understand the child Jesus, the Christ. He is a cosmic phenomenon and therefore also a social factor and regenerator or redeemer.

With this idea we can read the New Testament as a drama of divine life and shall know how to worship the Great Mother.

In the ancient rituals, the Great Mother is personally the essential and most important figure. The god is only an adjunct needed for the development of life.

Of the ancient rituals, I shall not now speak. For the present I wish to recall my reader to the Great Mother.

A few of these ideas about ancient Mother goddess have survived in Christianity in various forms.

The Christian artist has always been in trouble when he tried to represent the Trinity. The trouble arises from his desire to idealize. But the Trinity is no ideal. Christianity calls its revelation an historic fact, an actuality, and that makes trouble, because Art is not and can not be an actuality.

When the Christian artist, for instance in the cathedral of Montpellier, attempted to represent the Trinity, he did it by giving one figure three faces. The elder Holbein and Maitre Etienne Chevalier* did it by making a group of three figures exactly alike in every respect. Sometimes Christian artists have painted the Trinity under the forms of an old man, a young man and the two holding a dove between them, by the hand. All such attempts are, to say the least, crude. They do not solve the problem. The mystery of the Trinity is this, that the three are one and that mystery no artist has solved and it can not be solved by any craft.

Albert Dürer has produced what appears to me the most satisfactory—unsatisfactory as it is—solution. He painted God, the Father, holding the crucified Son in the lap and the whole was surrounded and illuminated by angels and spirits, who of course, were meant to represent the Holy Spirit. The whole is woven into one as far as it seems possible. Its leading idea seems to me to be a presentation of the process of salvation rather than the three personalities.

Christian art on the other hand has been very successful in painting the Mother of God, the Virgin. Note! I say the Mother of God, not the Mother of Jesus, because I am not speaking about the ordinary Madonna. I speak of four types of presentations of the Eternal Mother. My reader may call them Madonnas—but they are much more.

* See Brentano "Miniatures in Frankfort-on-the-Main."

The first I will mention is by an unknown painter of the Umbrian school. It represents a blending of spiritual and bodily purity, not possible in an earthly woman, yet the painting is so truly a mother, that I must call her "the blessed one among women," the queen of creation. The painting, in my opinion, is not that of a Madonna, though called so, it is the Great Mother, the Mother of the World.

The second type I see in Niccola Pasano's work. This Mother of God is thoroughly classical in character. The whole of Greece and Rome is in this masterwork.

The third is an old mosaic where the God-mother looks like the Phrygian goddess. The figure is placed in the midst of numerous symbols, but these, like the Divine Child, are so skilfully arranged that they form one figure: the Mother. It is the Great Mother represented as a burning furnace of violent passions. We smell the myrrh and cassia. Puritanic minds call the Phrygian goddess voluptuous. But the Puritans never heard the song of life and never saw the mystery of Nature's division of labor in the act of reproduction, hence it can not understand.

The fourth and crowning picture is the unsurpassed painting by Raphael: the Madonna di San Sisto in the Dresden Museum. She is both Mother and Virgin. The extremes are harmonized. One gets the impression that Raphael has wanted to tell us that motherhood restores woman's virginity; that even a fallen woman is made divine by officiating as mother in the service of the Great Mother. To understand Raphael's idea and the mystery he would express, the beholder must draw the figure of the *Vesica Piscis* or Oval, as it is called, around it for it belongs to it. With this third element the Madonna di San Sisto becomes a true presentation of the Trinity: Mother-Son-Spirit.

This figure of Raphael's satisfies the four fundamental claims of Art. It is enthusiasm manifested in such a way that our image-making faculty at once grasps its idea and sees most of the world of the Subconscious revealed in human form. Again, Raphael's figure stands forth in enormous strength of immediateness. This second characteristic is probably unknown to most visitors who have seen the painting. Only a loving eye can divine the eternal purpose of a strong form and only the inner ear can hear the eloquence of its lines. In these two characteris-

tics, I see the apostolic and evangelistic offices, such as I have defined them elsewhere. The Great Mother is, of course, the power and energy of them. If you wish to understand me thoroughly, look up a good photograph of this Madonna and hang it up in your room for meditation in honor of the Great Mother.

The third characteristic of the Madonna di San Sisto which makes her the God Mother is the rhythm of movement shown everywhere in the figure. There are no straight lines anywhere; but everywhere melody and always under the severest control of law. Only great creative power could have painted her. It is as if the Great Mother had drawn all the lines herself and shown Raphael that although she uses space and time in her work, she herself is not space or time. This third characteristic of Raphael's presents the Great Mother as the prophetic witness, as Life.

The fourth characteristic of true Art as seen in this Madonna is Truth. Art is Truth in sensuous form. The Great Mother as we can conceive her is Truth in the sensuous form of life, such as we know life. No artistic eye trained to see form and expression can fail to understand the truth of Raphael's drawing of this human form and its meaning, nor can a Nature-Mystic fail to see Spirit made visible in this figure or fail to realize that this visible figure is a sacramental form of the invisible. All these four characteristics demanded by true Art are present in Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto and the two last ones represent the Great Mother as she appears to us in the offices we call prophetic and pastoral. The first two characteristics are flames that destroy the impure. The two last are white light and illumination.

Besides noting that which I said in speaking about the two first characteristics, I want my reader to examine the painting again and look intensely and there shall be discovered traits of Kali and the Phrygian goddess; not these goddesses in their hideous forms, but they shall be seen as they appear in the deadly blue evening air which sweeps over a swamp or meadow. If one looks intently into her eyes a far off view shall be perceived, absorbed, as it were, in the dread realities of life and death. Such is the Mother's staring at us at times, herself wondering why she is the Dark Mother. In the boldly raised head and strong neck we may read a wild and untamed Nature, unsubdued

mammoth

as the icefields of Greenland and the monmouth icebergs they send floating into the tracks of man's ships and canoes. In all of it we may perceive the Mother as she is met with in the Open, for instance, when the ocean lies dark in the moonless night. She may be dreadful at such times. She is as resistless as the iceberg. And that is the Hindu Kali, the Mother. All this is unknown or has been forgotten except by the initiates, the Mystics and the Inner-Life people. But while Mary and her mystery has been forgotten or is unknown, Jesus and His mystery is not ignored in the same degree.

Jesus in the Open. The Preacher of the Eternally-Feminine

In another book,* I have spoken of Jesu parables as flesh and life of our life, because they have the humanity of universal humanity in them. And such a key unlocks all the mysteries of Jesu relation to the Great Mother. "Jesus" as said Renan, "is at once very idealistic in his conceptions and very materialistic in his expressions." I said further: "We do not attain freedom by any ever so exalted knowledge of the mystery of life, even by sympathy. We must assimilate the world, and that means to love it; and, that again means to love it as flesh of our flesh and altogether as ourselves. To be such a lover seems almost impossible; yet if we would be free we must enter into such a familiarity with all parts of existence. Jesu way or method of such a familiarity was this: He saw all things in God; He attributed spirituality to all things. He saw the mountain as any one might see a mountain, but it meant to Him a sermon on the constitution of the eternal kingdom. The lilies of the field smiled with innocence and the waving grain led His thoughts to the ocean of nations, storm tossed and restless. Rocks and sands suggested foundations for eternal temples and frail self-help. The little sparrow became an emblem upon providential care, and the reed bending before the wind showed that non-resistance saves from breaking. He had the eye to see through the veils. Everything was transparent and revealed itself through the thin covering called Nature. He was more than a friend of Nature, He was personally related. And the human activities of the

* "Jesus, a poet, a prophet, a mystic and a man of freedom."

daily life around Him were living thoughts, sisters and brothers; wine-growing, sheep-herding, fishing, house-cleaning, traveling, planning, and so forth, all symbolized in some form or other the quest for the infinite, the spirit of beauty, the essential life, the empire of love, and so forth. They were like Himself, problems, teachers, forces, and witnesses, about communion with His god. He can teach us to spiritualize all material things, and how to lift them into their ideal reality. He can also teach us how to illustrate the spiritual by the material, how to clothe a far-reaching thought in a garment that makes it very present to sense. In spirit He met all things. Spirit was His and their meeting ground and mediation. He passed by all the incidental and saw only the real values of life. He lifted all details into a higher potential power, or rather saw them in their essence. The stream of His consciousness came from the mountains and the freedom of the Open. Hence its mystic tendency and passionate serenity. The high roads of Palestine became the Path. The Desert meant self-communion. Bread and wine were communion. In all this were both the theosophy of the Great Mother and symbols of the inter-relationship of all members of the human family. The storm He knew well enough, He, too was as severe as the Great Mother can be, and like her He smiled also and called to come up higher. His reproofs had a profound human color in them. Jesu* mountain teaching was significant. He hailed from Galilea, where they saw little of sacrifices of bulls and goats, such as in Jerusalem. Significantly we hear nothing from him about sacrifices and offerings. His teachings and thoughts rather reverberate with the words of Isaiah (44:23)

Break forth into singing, ye mountains;
O forest, and every tree therein.

His mind and heart must often have been troubled with the ecstasy of the Great Mother, such as she leaves her Presence among mountains and upon high places. No doubt He climbed the limestone cliffs behind and above Nazareth in the early morning and He probably often watched the sun's course across the

* Compare my articles "The Inner-Life and Jesus, the Christ," in "The Word" 1912, particularly the 7th article.

heaven and the country before Him. The scenery before Him far and wide must have roused the latent god-wisdom in Him. The scenery told more than the law that "righteousness shall shine forth like the sun" and we can hear the echo of His teachings. The views were wisdom, seeing the infinite in the fruits. They transformed Him as mountain views do those who will admit them. They make for likeness. The landscape shows the Mother's face. Bathed in the light, Jesus saw from the cliffs, the hillsides clothed with golden gorse, acres of blue lupins or purple salvia, fifty varieties of clover in flowers; cream colored cistus and lilies of greatest variety and profusion. No wonder, because Palestine seems to be "the garden of Eden run wild with flowers."

Flowers are so many visible heartbeats of the Great Mother Nature. Flowers arouse a yearning pensiveness and naturally they would stir His sense of Messiahship. Flowers are colored pages in Nature's book and they spell lessons in the Eternal Gospel. And Jesus must have read many a lesson in His retirements. From the cliffs Jesus must have seen many rainbows, "that everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." Could the imaginative Jesus see a rainbow and not think of Ezekiel's vision of the rainbow which was "the appearance of the likeness of the glory of Jahveh," the workmaster of the Great Mother, and, not realize Himself and His kinship? Impossible! "The glory of Jahveh" was Shekinah, a Femininity. The vision must have enveloped Him; He must have felt the Great Mother's embrace upon the mountain.

From Mary, He must have learned that the Hebrews called thunder "the voice of Jahveh". He must have heard thunder very often and listened to that peculiar personal character which there is in it. The Great Mother's voice must have trembled into His innermost and then left that thunder with which He later on cleansed the temple and swept out all the bad influences of selfishness, like a thunderstorm clears the atmosphere of miasma. Like the thunderstorm reestablishes natural balance, so He restored order. Jesus must have been on the same cliffs in His youth over night, just as He later spent the night in the Open. How serene are not the stars? They know absolutely nothing about human interests. We do not even fall in love with them.

They are too distant and cold. The man Jesus must have disappeared completely when the stars looked upon Him. Jesus must have been in the Christ office already as a boy when He saw the starlit heavens. The influences of Space, the solemnity of Time, the solitude and silence must all have worked to create and recreate the Christ work. The Christ consciousness comes out of sublime transformations.

Old authors, many of the church fathers and hermits, draw parallels between Jesus and the objects of His environment and thus they give Him names characteristic of these natural objects. They call Him the sun, a star of light, a stone, a rock, fire, water, a tree, the vine, a lamb; in short, comparisons have been found with elements from all the kingdoms of Nature. I have found two hundred names of that kind. Such naming is not accidental or meaningless. The religious felt a correspondence and naturally so; they felt Jesus as the living type of Nature; the Mother's only son, by whom and for whom She manifested Herself.

Quite characteristically Jesus Himself uses similar names for His disciples and followers. In that lies the same meaning as in the similar names given to Him. His disciples and real followers were so many cosmological facts, nature forces and not mere men. There is, however, this difference in the method, that Jesus is called the living water, the living bread, the living fire, etc., where they are merely water, bread, fire, etc. As a result of this method of naming, it is clear that we should not talk about Jesu biography but rather about His cosmic character, about Him as cosmology. By removing Him from biography to cosmology, we come to the truth about Jesus, and only then. Jesus is not a man, He is Man, the Cosmos as Man.

Hereafter, my reader will read the Gospel story as a description of Nature's banquet or table set with beauties made out of Eternal Thoughts such as the Great Mother constantly bears them, and mixed with Everlasting Love, such as the Great Mother nourishes it! After reading the Gospel stories of the four Evangelists in that way my reader will understand that that which he hitherto has called Nature is the Sacramental Table of the Great Mother and that Jesus presides at that table.

The peculiarity of the Gospels as narrated by the four is this:

that "the impersonal" phenomena so called have been made personal and described in a biographical way. The Gospels are really Nature-pictures personally told for easier comprehension.

Jesus and the Natural Rhythm of Palestine

We can not understand Jesus and His relation to the Great Mother unless we see Him as an expression of the Holy Land and see the Holy Land as an expression of Him. It sounds mysterious when I make such a statement and there certainly is a mystery in it. But in the same way as our bodily members serve different purposes and therefore are organized differently, so the different surfaces of the earth serve different purposes. Some lands are called "holy" or "sacred" because they are or have been consecrated to the Inner-Life, others are not. The district of Benares is sacred to Buddhists; the Merv district with its innumerable firecraters was holy to Zoroastrians and Palestine is the Holy Land of the Gospel.

I can show some peculiarities of Palestine which connect it with the Incarnation and which give it the "sacred" or consecrated character. Kabbalism knows the mystery. I will give a few of the main traits of that Mysticism in order to show, as I said above that the Holy Land is an expression of Jesus, and Jesus is an expression of the Holy Land. Palestine naturally divides itself into three (4) parts geographically. In the south is Judea or "Foundation" according to the law of Fourfoldness. Above it to the north is Samaria with Gilead across Jordan. It answers to the Solar plexus region of the body. Further to the north is Galilea, "the circle" which answers to the head and breast in the Grand Man according to Kabbalah. North of Galilea is again what was called an "outside" region not yet fully "incorporated" in the main body: The Crown. It is not necessary to separate this tract of land. It is also called Northern Galilea and Galilea proper is then south Galilea and the two are one.

Jesu life moves rhythmically according to this division and it follows time and seasons and expresses the greatest truths in perfect harmony with its forms. My reader will marvel when I show Jesus walking up and down and systematically through the land called holy, teaching truths which correspond to the character of His surroundings and to the quality of the season

of the year. My reader will also come to see and wonder at the relationship between His acts and doings and His environment. Everything, every thought, every act, is consistent. I want to point with much emphasis upon the significance of Jesu restlessness and frequent journeys up and down the Holy Land. Very little attention has been paid to it in the various lives which have been written, and, for that reason these lives all lack a natural background; they reek with dogmatism and the cosmic life of the Master is ignored. In contradistinction to all the ancient teachers and founders of religion Jesus was restless, was incarnate mobility, a current, a stream rising and setting by the tide. And all His teachings have the same elasticity. They resemble a running fire seen at night in the underbrush on a wooded hill. I have sometimes tried to understand Jesu teaching after the method of those who have never, or rarely, left the city but I find it impossible to grasp anything of it. Like most of the ancient teachers known to us by name and classed in the same category, Jesus was accustomed to spend nights under the open sky or retire to the desert for peace, hence the vast views of His teachings. And He did not choose city people as his interpreters. Would Jesus ever have become the Christ if He had studied at a high school? Could an academic education fit Him?

Had He been a pupil of the schools, His teachings would have been arid intellectualism and His life pedantic. He could not have come so close to life as He did, and He would not have been a guide of souls but only a mentor of minds. He would have taught philosophical categories, but no parables, and His life would have been molded on the same arrogant lines as pedagoges move in, even to-day.

Look at the difference between Paul and Jesus and the naturalness, the freshness of Jesus is apparent immediately. Paul comes perilously near disaster. Paul was a traveler too, but he was decidedly a missionary and traveled for a purpose. But the narratives relating to Jesu life do not call Him a traveler but a Wanderer and in that lies the difference between Paul and Himself and the beauty of Jesu life. The Wanderer has time and leisure to commune with the natural surroundings; not so a traveler; he is aiming at a definite point. Study the method of life revealed by Walt Whitman and Wordsworth and you see their vitality

bursting through the limits of conventionality imposed upon them. The city could not furnish them enough elbow-room and the streets were too narrow for their thoughts. Hence they became wanderers; but they lived and toiled for the city, nevertheless. The refrain of their song was constantly "come out into the Open; you are suffocating in the miasma of city shabbiness."

I have laid much stress upon what I have called the restlessness of Jesus and have described it by retelling the story of His life lived in journeys up and down Palestine. I have done so because these journeys of His, reveal much better than any other method, I think, that we attain knowledge of God through successive unfoldings of existence and never wholly at any one time or suddenly. We must live into knowledge of the Great Mother, we can not read ourselves into it or think ourselves into it. And above all, these wanderings, this restlessness of Jesus reveals the relationship of the Inner-Life and the outer and His nearness to the Great Mother.

As was the outer, so was the inner. His teachings have that richness about them which the fresh air gives the flower. They are rich with sap like the clover, which drinks the morning dew and breathes a Hallelujah of peace at sunset. They have that eternal renaissance of passion in them which can never be killed by bad translations. Take His words individually or isolated; take any sentence and no matter which way you dwell upon them, they show you the eternal loom on which their beauty was woven. Jesu journeys are an index to the occult lore of the four gospels. Few only know the significance. If a botanist will apply his knowledge in plant physiology to the study of these wanderings up and down he shall soon compare them to the rise and fall of the sap in the plant and see more than one meaning in Jesu being the tree of life, the vine, etc.—

Judea, the southern part of Palestine, is secluded and not traversed by the highways from Egypt. On one side is the Dead Sea and on the other, narrow valleys flanked by steep mountains; both separate this part of the Palestinian organism and indicate that it has something secret about it. Correspondentially the Desert or Judean mountains give Judea the character of Wildness, a designation of vast moral significance and symbolism, when it is remembered that it was in the Desert or the

Wilderness that Jesus was tempted. His victory there began that ministry which received its main spiritual character in Galilee.

The whole of Palestine is topographically characterized as a great chasm running from south to north through the entire length of the country. This topography finds its terms of expression best in the intense passion of Judea. Judea is hot, wild, aboriginal, bloody and sexual. In modern terms, drawn from Mohammedanism and Kabbalism, Jerusalem, the chief city of Judea, is called "the sanctuary" a term purely occult. Judaism or the religion of Judea in the narrow sense, is still called "a river of God full of living waters" which has a mystic sense understood only by the Occultists. In Judea the Great Mother showed some of her stern and terrible side of character equal to earthquakes and convulsions, muddy caves and wadys. It was here Jesus suffered and began His life.

Samaria was called a half heathen country, viz., a midregion. The road through Samaria was unsafe on account of the feuds of the two rival people; a fact corresponding to the unsettled principles of the region, something answering to the passional life of the solar plexus region of the body. Samaria is more pleasant than Judea, both as a country and as regards its people. These were largely of Assyrian stock and settled here after the original Israelites were carried away into captivity. They did not take part in the rebuilding of the Temple after the return from captivity, signifying undefined passion. They raised a temple of their own on Mt. Gerizim, an ancient "high place" or nervecentre so to say, to speak Kabbalistically. Even to this day, a small remnant of Samaritans at Nablus perform annually the pashal sacrifice on the top of Mt. Gerizim. Under influence of the Great Mother, Jesus did not recognize the narrow feelings of race. He recognized the psychic power of the region in His parable of the Good Samaritan; He commended the faith and spiritual insight of that Samaritan who out of the ten lepers healed, returned with thanks; He revealed a heavenly mystery in His conversation with a woman of Samaria and many Samaritans believed His message. The Apostles witnessed in Samaria and gained some success. Samaria is still Samaria and three times a year, at the feast of unleavened bread, the feast of

weeks and the feast of tabernacles they make a pilgrimage to the sacred Mt. Gerizim. They celebrate all the Mosaic festivals and at the Passover they offer sacrifices. All of which shows that the Great Mother has still use for the Midregion and Kabbalistically she still reveals herself in the solar plexus region and communicates herself. But only the strong and the initiates can understand her and are permitted the use of the mysteries.

Galilea in the time of Jesus included fourfoldness, namely, the territories given to Asher, Naphtali, Zebulon and Issachar or "the mountains of happiness"; it was the land which should see the Messianic light. Galilea also held the richest and most fertile land of all Palestine, the territory of Issachar which also witnessed historical events of great interest. If Galilea is called the head of the body in Kabbalistic language it certainly justifies the designation. It is fourfold by its component parts and by Asher again fourfold. Asher had four sons and his tribe had most male children and the most beautiful women. He himself was the eighth son of Jacob. His tribe was renowned for wisdom and his land rich in oil. Naphtali "the wrestler" could boast of Barak, "lightning", an intellectual quality which delivered Israel from long and severe oppression, characteristic of the gospel that came from Galilea later on. Zebulon means "habitation," and though it seems singular, its glory lies in falling into "idolatry" and in not driving out the natives when the tribe took possession of the land assigned it. The tribe, however, bore a prominent part in the great victory celebrated by Deborah and Barak. It also assisted Gideon and David. In all this the Great Mother added intelligence to Jesu environment and receptivity for foreign ideas without which Jesus could not have done her work. Issachar's tribe was made up of laborious people, addicted to rural employments, the very foundation of the Great Mother's work for her children. She begins to work for them by Art, *arare*: to plow. In the north of Palestine are some celebrated Mountains. Mt. Hermon is 9,000 feet high and means in Mohammedan mystic language "the chief mountain", and that is quite characteristic when it is remembered that it was the mountain of transfiguration. The top is partially covered with snow during the whole year. From Mt. Hermon Jesus had a view of vast extent. The Holy Land "lies far below, spread out

like a gigantic relief map." Kabbalistically the head overlooks the whole body and is rich. Wisdom, like Mt. Hermon, is remarkable for abundant dew. At the foot of Mt. Hermon lies Caesarea Philippi where Jesus was just before the transfiguration. Much Kabbalism connects with Caesarea Philippi. It lies in Iturea, which means "an enclosed region". It was here Peter called Jesus "the son of God." Much more could be written on the natural characteristics of Palestine or the Great Mother's "holy land" but enough has been said to explain the country's human character and thereby giving a key to Jesus and His works as an expression of Mother Nature's will and way. "With words man interchanges thoughts; by forms of art he interchanges feelings". And so does the Great Mother. Her Gospel is a fleeting and radiant universe and is to be read by feelings, by living into it.

If a landscape does not laugh to us, sing itself into us or dance before us, it is because we do not laugh, sing or dance. Apollo's lyre emitted flames.

In Judea, Jesus was life; in Samaria He was light and in Galilee He was the Way and Beyond. In all He was Wholeness, and in the parts He was spiritual virility. The three (4) parts of Palestine are all mental, moral and spiritual. The Great Mother is present in all in unlimited degree. Over all is Health, Purity and Salvation.

Jesus and the Beauty of the Great Mother

Jesu background in "the Father" is explained in the New Testament and His intimate relationship to Nature is described, but theologians have not brought out this relationship. Sporadically something has been done, but they have not cared to be emphatic on His intimate connection with His natural environment and they have not dared to show that His inspiration was drawn from Great Mother Nature or how the framework of His ministry is found in the Open.

As the great Mystic, He was, He drew His inspiration from "the Ground of the Soul" like all Mystics and thus He had immediate or direct knowledge, visions and gifts, but He also, and as a Mystic, drew His inspiration and power from "the Ground of Nature" and thus He lived in constant Presence. It was from

out "the Ground of Nature" or the immediate teachings of the Great Mother that He "learned" His clear and direct way, never needing to argue intellectually or seek verifications in sense. And it was Nature that preserved His wonderful freedom or self-praise and gave Him His sublime indifference to "this" world and the humility which kept Him out of all confusion. He saw how serenely all natural objects obeyed their law of life and did not waste life in vain desires. He not only saw this but drew His virtue from these facts. Jesus made Himself part of the Nature around Him and that determined His attitude. He made Himself part of Palestine where He was born. The soil bred Him; He never despised it. All this reveals His method of life, rich for an initiation.

The mountains of Galilea are not so rugged as those of Judea; they are smoother and more attractive. It is difficult anywhere else on the globe to find a territory of so diversified character as Galilea. Over Galilea lies an air of health; the people were hardy and brave. Most of the apostles were from Galilea. From the heights of Zebulon of nearly four thousand feet elevation, Jesus had a full view of the West of the blue-purple Mediterranean. From these heights He saw the Sea, the Great Mirror of the world. In the desert He felt the power of the Open. The two places gave Him the alphabet of the Great Mother's Song of Songs of her creation.

The Ocean or the Sea is the Great Mirror. Water is closely connected with light and air. We are in the Sea as much as we are in the Air. The two are only separated by "the firmament".

Light is a complete mystery. We know only color or light vibration. The sun's rays are charioteers. Jesus is a wanderer, a color vibration of a light mystery: the Christ. From the mountains of Zebulon Jesus lived into the blue of the sea and sky when He looked West to the lands around the Mediterranean, which were to be the bearers of His gospels and His revelations of the Mother. Below Him were green and yellow with masses of red and pink. Blue is a special Christ color and carries a peculiar message from the Great Mother. Blue was unknown till He came. It is not mentioned in the Rig Veda as color of the heavens, only as a dye. Neither do the Zend Avesta, Egypt or Babylon know the blue of the sky. The Homeric poems know

the blue sea but not the blue sky. The Eddas do not know blue, nor is that color known in High German. Not till the Middle Ages is there a clear distinction between blue, green and black. The Chinese, however, knew of the blue sky seven hundred years before Christ.

While there was no blue color sense till late, mankind had a light-sense, or a sense of quality. All ancient color-names distinguish between bright and dark, but no more. In the blue Jesus saw His Christ qualities reflected as apostle and prophet; in the green and yellow He felt Himself in His Jesus qualities as evangelist and pastor. Green is stirring, but not exciting and yellow exhilarates; these two qualities heal and teach. There was no disturbing red in His visions, the red of the flowers was lost in the greater harmonies. The blue quality preaches and commands.

To understand the Universal Logos or the Christ we must study the Beauty-Man as well as the man of Goodness and Wisdom. Too little attention has been paid to the subject. Beauty is being studied in the Occident and Art is its evangelist, but religion works more actively with the God-man than with the Beauty-man and that is a defect. The Beauty-Man is an incarnation of Beauty of course, and Beauty is intensity cast in the perfect form. It yearns and strives for life and exhibits itself in freedom. The Beauty-Man is that single tree in the woods which raises its head above the forest level and greets the sun, the moon and the stars in the name of all the other trees. Beauty speaks familiarly with the earth about curves, spirals and wavy lines. It reveals the Great Mother's mysteries of symmetry, harmony and eurythmy and shows her occult laws to be the norms for all development. Beauty is quality, not quantity; it alone can give form to goodness and truth.

Hellenism revealed the Beauty-Man and Beauty. The Hebrew *Hod*, *Kabod* and *Tiphareth* are limited conceptions. The Eternal Gospel which is the Great Mother's gospel of intensity reveals the Beauty-Man to the truth seeker. The Gospel is written in all plant and animal forms and the lines of the landscape. The art mind of the old Kelts and Scandinavians knew the Great Mother's meaning with curved lines and spirals. Greeks and Romans appreciated the accanthus and the scroll.

Byzantine foliage and Christian circles and vines on golden grounds are familiar to art history. Impersonal they seem, but they contain the latent genius of the Beauty-Man and are intensely active and attractive. Love guides the chisel and stylus which portrays Beauty.

By adapting and squaring the words of another to my purpose,* I will describe Beauty in relation to the philosophy of faith. Beauty is of course the Great Mother.

Beauty is the creator of the world and Mankind her well-beloved and chosen from eternity. Through long primeval ages untiringly she wooed us with most sweet persuasion. She called to us from pigments of flowers and berries and the gay plumage of winged creatures. She warmed us with sunbeams and fanned us with cool breezes, and smiled from the skies of summer. Upon green shaded banks she laid out for us soft and firm couches, and sighed to us from the water-courses as she passed by amid the songs of birds. She showed us symmetry and fitness in the forms of organisms, and divine order in the revolutions of the hours and seasons. Morning and evening she displayed to us her glory in the horizon from beyond the hills. At noonday she came down to us upon the sunbeams. 'Soul of man!' she said 'Thou must love me: for behold, I am lovely.' Mankind for its part was well pleased, but being so gross, has scarcely discovered her as yet. Accordingly, mankind has paid little attention to her more solemn visitations, but continued for a long time diverting itself with trifles, of shape, and color, and motion, and the rudiments of music. Mankind has been so pleased with these earthly mistresses that it has forgotten its benefactress and the true mistress of its soul. Mankind has lived with earthly wives and been concerned with the offspring, the nation and the country and learned too little about the spiritual. But now Beauty is becoming manifest and mankind is at last inquiring about her.

It is Beauty which Jesus reads in the Open when He sees color. And color formulates His fourfold office.

If Beauty has that universality I claim it has, it must be found in the fourfoldness of the Temple. And it is found there.

* Comp. B. Brewster: *The Philosophy of Faith*, N. Y., 1913.

Beauty is apostolic or "foundation," viz. it gives delight in and for itself. It is what the Greeks called Kosmos or Order, Plan, Purpose. Therefore when objects come together in such harmony that we perceive their intimate ground, we have found Beauty or the Ground we can build upon; we have then possession of the Form which can enlarge us and infill us with power to do great things. We are then in the Mother's Presence and have the light which lights every man who comes into the world. But let us not be deceived; such objects are more than art objects. They are rather correspondences. A landscape is really never local; it is always universal. The sun, moon, sky, sea, light, shade, perspective are always more than they appear. They always speak a universal language and draw us on to the Beyond. The human body and soul are really not individual, if our eyes are open. It is not the Madonna we see, but the mother and child. It is not this or that particular Japanese lacquered tray or vase which we admire; it is the craft that harmonized the bizarre, its power.

Beauty is also Prophecy or that imperative voice which does not argue, but simply declares or proclaims and nothing more is necessary. When the Great Mother touches a soul with Beauty, it leaps upward and forward, in and out of itself and without arguments, it proclaims laws and spiritual relationships never before realized or even suspected. In a moment the soul is matured and knows all mysteries. Beauty may well be called the ground plan and purpose of creation; the harmony of power and wisdom, all living and organic. Let us trust the magic spell of prophecy that comes by Beauty. Beauty is a pilot trained in the eternal laws for sailing to the ports of the Eternal Mother. Beauty reveals a truer and deeper knowledge than moral or intellectual judgments. Beauty is also Evangelist or that living appeal to our image-making faculty which is irresistible, because it is organic and full of the Great Mother's warm Nature. Intellectual study and learning is slow and wearisome, but the living Word touches us to the quick. It is so human, so personal and direct. There is Beauty in the living Word; it is its electric force and the power of its ministry. The senses may deceive, but the Word can not. It calls out the native beauty of the soul and elevates all it touches. And comes from the Presence.

Beauty is also Spirituality or Pastoral care of the soul. Spirituality is beyond all the limitations which bind intellect and will. It can not be pointed at and shown to be here or there but it is most real and gives the person or thing its value. It is mobility. Running water has charms; a stagnant pool has none; so with Spirituality; its forms flow into each other and it flows into all forms if not barred by force or brutality. It has the organic quality of Beauty and illuminates our existence. "To see things in their beauty is to see them in their truth" is a correct statement, because they in their Beauty are of the Mother and in their Truth they are also of the Mother.

Beauty has now been shown in the fourfoldness of the Great Mother. But lest my reader be deceived, let me add that the fourfoldness of the Great Mother is no mechanical affair. It is geometrical, to be sure, but her fourfold beauty is like a flowing river, like running water or birds wheeling in the air. Her beauty takes Art form for the sake of manifestation, but avoids the circumscribed. She is rather asymmetrical than symmetrical. Too much regularity is painful. Exactness is mechanical and necessary. Beauty is free and spontaneous. Nature is more beautiful than Art, because she can not be enclosed in a shape, in a system or in an intellectual thought. There is Art, which is Nature's Art and has Nature's benediction upon it. The Milesian Aphrodite and Michael Angelo's Aurora are such Nature-art. And so is the Madonna di San Sisto.

The Milesian Aphrodite is Mother Nature as Foundation, Apostle. Michael Angelo's Aurora is Mother Nature as Evangelist. Raphael's Madonna is the Great Mother as Prophet. In all three there is something of the Pastoral quality.

Why Did Jesus Call no Women to be Apostles?

This question was asked by a woman who knew of my writing this book. The question is proper and easily answered. Jesus worked in the Christministry and that ministry is specially masculine, hence He naturally drew His helpers from the masculine sphere. But all He does and is, is of the Jesus-quality viz., of Love nature, drawn from the Eternal Mother. He is, so to say, His own Mother; He does her work and that work is manifested in masculine forms. His work is done by apostles, but He lives

among women. His teaching and healing ministry was carried on among women as freely as among men. His means of support appears to have been derived chiefly from women. It was the custom of the day. Women were prepared to perform the last offices for the dead on the body of Jesus. There is no evidence for nor against women having been among the Seventy. Women were present on the day of Pentecost and must have been partakers of the gift, for Luke reports that the tongues "sat upon each of them," viz. all present. At Corinth women prophesied. Paul held that "in Christ there can be no male or female." (Gal. 3:28).

Jesus and His First Disciples

Jesus acted Beauty, I have said. The Great Mother was the power back of His actions. Did He act Beauty in the calling of His first disciples? He certainly did and the four were clearly Nature-men or Mystics. He called Peter and Andrew; James and John. Peter was the active, the practical man and the foundation stone; the apostolic character. John was "the disciple whom Jesus loved". It was he who had the apocalyptic vision of the church or Jesu Kingdom. He was the prophetic thunder and the pensive thought of his master. Andrew was, as his name indicates, "the man" par excellence and as such the Evangelist. No one can do evangelistic work except in manliness and virtue. And James, who was the first martyr, was the type of that righteousness which is spirituality or other worldliness. There is then no doubt about their Beauty types of the Great Mother or about their offices. Why did they follow Jesus and why did they leave their work so readily? The answer is easy and quickly given. Being Nature-Mystics, they at once recognized Him as a living stream of Beauty, the sea in a personal form, and the work they were called to do became the spiritual correspondence of fishing. Their perceptions re-generated them. Jesus called them because He saw them at once as members of Himself and His ministry. They and He both saw each other spiritually and that was the Great Mother's work, of course.

Jesus as a Teacher of Art and Beauty

It is a common objection that Jesus did not teach anything on

the subject of the Beautiful and Art. The objection has no true ground to rest on. It has only a foundation in ecclesiasticism. If I can show my readers how thoroughly Jesu actions correspond to Art, I shall thereby have proved Him to be an Art teacher. We know Beauty and Art by its effect upon us.

What is the artistic spirit? It is the spirit that delights in the truth of Nature or Spirit and not in the rules and precepts of men; it is to be unconventional, to do away with rules and unities as abominations, because they make Art lifeless and wither the soul. To an artist it is a sin to substitute the rules of men for the worship of Nature or Spirit.

Christ is just of such a spirit. He protests against the Pharisees for teaching the commandments of men instead of the great facts of life and the soul. He taught always that men are not under the law but under the Spirit and the truth of Nature. In that respect He taught exactly as the artist does. Neither would Christ have any one servilely copy Nature, but have us enter into her spirit by the free worship of the heart. Like the true artist, Jesus declared that the inside not the outside must be cleansed. A corrupt tree can not bear good fruit. No one is an artist who does not live the Inner-Life and in communion with the ideal or the seven spirits of God. The principle behind Art and morality is the same; Jesus and the true artist drink from the same fountain: the quiet place of the soul or the Great Mother. When Jesus spoke to the Samaritan woman and told her not to worship either on her own country's mountains or at Jerusalem, but to worship in Spirit, He gave expression to the artist's law of freedom. No artist will tolerate a second-hand worship of Nature; he means the Great Mother. He will not allow us to first ask what the great ones say about it. He demands that we—free from hypocrisy—follow our own heart and worship spontaneously and in the fulness of our heart, the moment Nature or the Mother calls upon us to do so. And Jesus said "They shall no longer say each man to his brother, know the Beautiful, but they shall all know it, from the least to the greatest." Do not lean upon an other man. Truth and Beauty can carry us. They are "the two everlasting arms underneath." They are the two trinities on the side of the Great Mother.

While the artist is to be absorbed in Beauty, he is not to lose

sanity or self-control. Neither will Jesus allow us to lapse into lawlessness. Jesus was ever quite as passionate as any artist. Both let themselves be directed by life's great currents; they do not stay in the narrow coves or stray into little private backwaters of their own. While Jesus and the true artist are passionate, they are nevertheless sober and demand rest. Jesus distinctly invited us to come to Him for rest, and, every artist looks for balance and harmony which is exactly the same quality.

Paul speaks much about God's preference for the weak things and says that the weak shall overcome the strong, the foolish the wise, etc. Christ looked upon Nature in the same way. But, what is the meaning of being weak when Paul speaks of it in the way, I have just mentioned? And what does Jesus mean when He says that the splendor of Solomon was not to be compared with the Beauty of a flower and the fall of a sparrow is noted by the Heavenly Father? Both mean the Spiritual, which in the world is always called weak and insignificant. What worldly person would consider the killing of a sparrow? The spiritual do not kill sparrows. Worldliness has no conception of the Small as being just as important a factor in the Cosmic Economy as the Great. There can be no Infinitely Great without the Infinitely Small. Both Jesus and the artist have a sense which the husbandman has not; the husbandman sows his seed; "it springs and grows up, he knoweth not how". But the artist and Jesus both live and have their being in the mysteries of life and its growth and that is why they are our teachers and mediators.

And we understand what Paul means by God's preference for the weak things. The seeming unreality of the Inner-Life is that very strength which overcomes the foolish, the strong, etc.

Weakness then is the method of the Inner-Life. An artist is not an ascetic in the horrid old sense and introduced anew by the ignorant; neither was Jesus. As a matter of course an artist can not be an ascetic because he deals in sensuous facts. Forms and shapes, flesh and blood and passionate motions are his field of work and interpretations. In our own day we are no more frightened by the old tales about the dangerous human nature. When we are with the Great Mother and in her Christorder we are in *anastasis*, viz., in the resurrection, "dead and freed from

sin"; and are in "the eternal life", though still here on earth. We are no more weaklings led by unscrupulous priests in whose interest it is to restrain us. We know what self-control is. We revere life; we do not fear it. We turn our passions into promoters. We do not seek "escapes", we seek "attainments". Jesus was no ascetic either. His enemies accused Him of eating and drinking and seeking the good things, yet He was never intemperate. He knew as well as the true artist the value of restraint and of self-limitation. As little as He indulged so little did He advocate rites and ceremonies; He declared that the "Sabbath was made for man" and by that He absolved us from any religion which is made in the interest of a god. He advised rather to "seek the kingdom of God first" and that advice coming from an artist would be "go down to first principles". They both have "meat" the world knows nothing about. That "meat" is spirituality and high communion. And that is why their influence is so eminent and redemptive. They, Jesus and the artist, live in the Whole, the Good, the True and the Beautiful. Early Christian art was weak and devoid of beauty but surely Jesus is not responsible for that. It was a result of the horror which the early believers entertained against pagan worship, processions, sacrifices and festivities; all of which they looked upon as deadly snares—and that was unnecessary. Had the early Christians developed the inherent power and truth and beauty of their belief, all those pagan abominations would have died of themselves. But fanatic priests declared for war and made their artists create the very opposite of what Paganism offered. Where Paganism offered joyous processions, the priests introduced funeral marches and dreary torchlight parades at night ending in wailing, flagellations and ascetic practices. Where pagan worship gloried in the Beauties of the human body and did all it could to exalt it, for instance in creating occasions for great assemblies to see its beauty, the church people did all they could to hide it and dress it in most hideously shaped clothes. They emasculated the body, they starved it and spoiled its appearance with stripes and scourges. Nothing of this can be charged against Jesus, though He has been accused of being behind it all.

The following tale is to the point. It illustrates the attitude

of ecclesiasticism. It is admirably described by Browning. The Prior directed Fra Lippo Lippi:

Your business is not to catch men with show,
 With homage to the perishable clay,
 But lift them over it, ignore it all,
 Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh.
 Your business is to paint the souls of men—
 Man's soul
 Give us no more of the body than shows soul!

The trouble is that the hypocrites do not see the body clearly, widely and deeply enough. Let them learn from Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh": "paint the body well, you paint a soul by implication, like the grand first Master." Let them study Raphael in whom the subjective and the objective artist were one. Raphael was a full-orbed artist, making the ideal appear more real and the real more ideal. In my indignation at this ignorance I exclaim with Fra Lippo Lippi in his answer to the Prior's dictum: 'paint no more body than shows soul':

—The beauty and the wonder and the power,
 The shapes of things, their colors, lights, and shades,
 Changes, surprises,—(and) God made it all!
 —For what? Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
 For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
 The mountain round it and the sky above,
 Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
 These are the frame to? What's it all about?
 To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,
 Wondered at? Oh, this last of course!—you say.
 But why not do as well as say,—paint these
 Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
 God's works—paint any one, and count it crime
 To let a truth slip.

.
 This world's no blot for us,
 Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good;
 To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

The world was no blot for Jesus. It was the Mother's Presence to Him. She had made it for Him and by Him and He was its Logos.

Jesus the Christ taught Beauty. Indeed He gave Beauty where the Greeks had only given Art. Instead of Dryads and Naiads He showed the world that the flowers of the field and the birds of the air were the Mother's nurslings; that harvest time was her gift and seed time, her promise; that rain and sun fell upon all without personal distinctions or favors. As a result of that, the Beauty there is in the sky, the air, in earth and the sea, was revealed and that created those sympathetic feelings which are so necessary for art productions. Thus Beauty followed directly in Christ's footsteps.

To Horace the rose was merely a scented plaything, but to Wordsworth, bred in the Christspirit, even the meanest flower came as a message from the Great Mother and laden with thoughts too deep for tears.

Jesus method of teaching was not that of a logician or preacher. He painted human pictures. That was His art. He made His listeners see themselves pass before their own eyes by a vivid use of daily human acts and thoughts. Paul followed the same method; all Paul's teachings, by some taken so terribly literal, are poetic imagery and his words should be seen dramatically and not read as syllogisms. See for instance how his fancy plays with the idea of baptism, death and resurrection and with the life of Jesus. He is not teaching philosophy or theology, he is a poet and paints scenery suggesting life. This method is the Mother's method everywhere. She is indirect and suggestive; she appeals to our aspirations in order to make us do her will which is really our own will and the idea of our life. The strength and correctness of this method is proved by the fact that the revivals which followed the presence of Jesus were the revivals of the desire to live.

L'envoy


To tell the whole story about the Great Mother is impossible. As much as seemed important and useful has been told and relates to the three so called "bodies": the physical, the psychic and the mental. But, no matter how much more were told or related better than I could do it, every narrative or discourse or revelation would fall very short if it did not frankly declare that the Great Mother is after all not to be found in her fulness in either of them.

The Great Mother is Spirituality and to be conceived Spiritually.

The life that feels most of her Being is Spirit and Love.

To say that She is Spirituality and to be spiritually conceived is to say that unless the present world puts itself under her tuition and under the guidance of her priestesses, it can not know her nor will she take the people of to-day into her arms. It is true, She lives for the world and Her tenderness is inscrutable, but the world can not know her unless it denies the blinding forms of self.

The lesson of my book is therefore that my readers shall seek the Great Mother's priestesses, the passionate pilgrims of eternity. They stand ready to teach and to help to lift the veil of lies and the cosmic burden. The future seems hopeless unless the Mother's call is obeyed! What can and will my reader do in the line of an organized effort?



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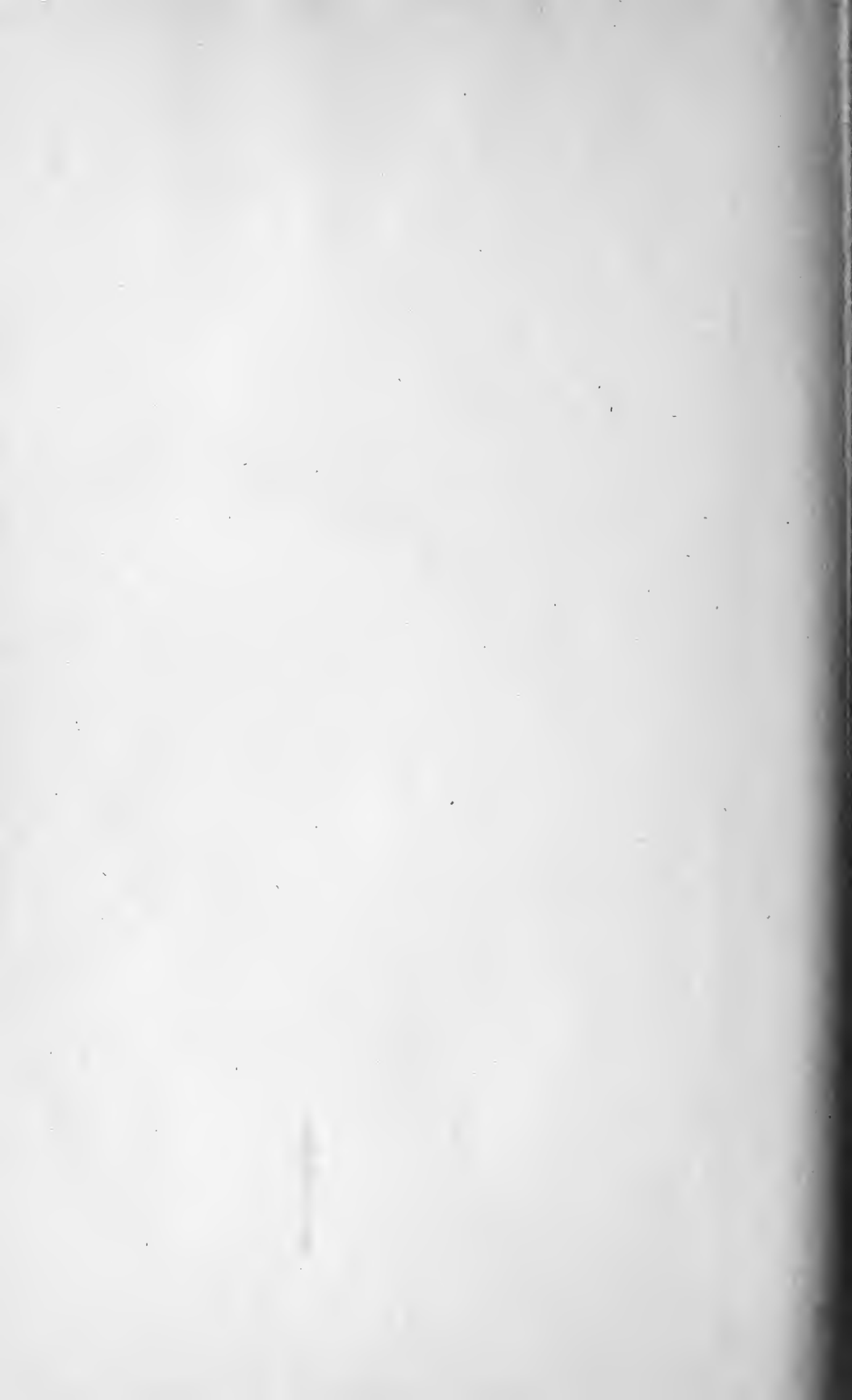
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